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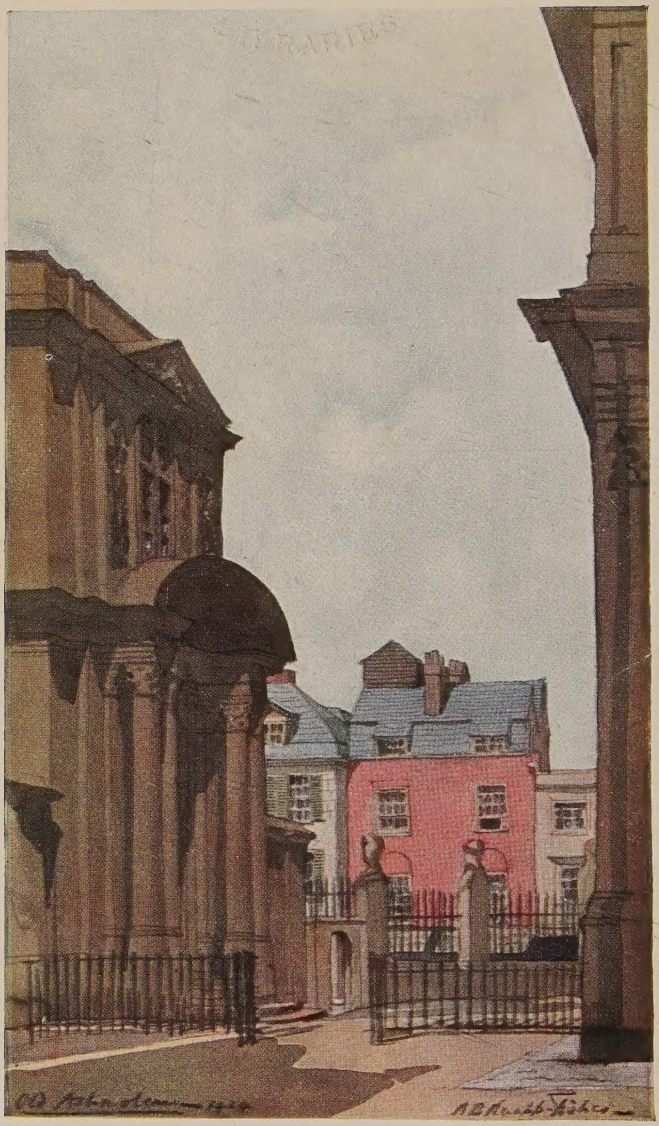

THE OLD ASHMOLEAN AND HOUSES IN BROAD STREET

OXFORD RENOWNED

BY

L. RICE-OXLEY, M.A.

ILLUSTRATED IN COLOUR AND MONOTONE BY

A. B. KNAPP-FISHER

(Fellow of the Royal Institute of British Architects)

"I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and things of fame
That do *renown* this city."
" Twelfth Night," Act iii. sc. 3.

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TO

THE MEMBERS OF MY OWN COLLEGE

HOPING THAT THERE MAY BE SOME WHO WILL

TAKE FROM THIS GENERAL DEDICATION

WISHES AND REGARDS MORE

AMPLE THAN CAN BE

HERE EXPRESSED

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CHAPTER I

Approaches to Oxford—The Railway—The River—The London Roads—Other roads—Carfax

MOST of us find that by no means the least attractive incidents in visiting a place are the anticipation, the preparation, and the approach; so first let there be discussed the ways of getting to Oxford and the arrival there. The best-known means of approach is by the railway, and perhaps it still remains the pleasantest. Oxford did not welcome the first trains, and our predecessors prevented their arrival for some while by petitioning Parliament in 1838 against the line being brought nearer than Didcot; they thought the existing means of communication sufficient; they feared that the cuttings and embankments might cause floods; they anticipated that those engines, belching smoke and fire like the Devil himself, would draw away the young men to idleness and temptation. In the old days to get to London and back in a day on horseback had been a rare feat, the subject of big wagers; and in the days of the fastest coaches the journey one way had taken just under seven hours; but now to get to and fro between Oxford and London or anywhere else, to evade work and discipline, would be a matter of ease and a few hours. Perhaps our predecessors recalled the frequent expeditions of young Edward Gibbon and how bitterly in his Autobiography he blamed the University for his own follies. Let us

hope that they also considered that the railway might detract from the beauty of Oxford and that they did not mention this in their petition, knowing how little such a plea would move the hearts of a post-Reform-Bill Parliament composed largely of a middle class grown rich by commerce and industry. Nevertheless, the railway from Didcot to Oxford was constructed in 1844; the inevitable came, and came in a most attractive form, for, whether because railways are inherently beautiful or whether because newer inventions have already cast upon them an atmosphere of romance and the shadow of coming obliteration, they are such things as one regards with affection and admiration. Talk of the delights of travelling by coach is the outcome of imagination detached from reality; can anyone discover a contemporary account of that means of travel which is enthusiastic about it? And, if in modern times we sigh with regret as we think of the blowing of the coach-horn in a village street on a morning of spring, let us also find something comfortable and romantic in speeding through the country to the tuneable sound of wheels behind one of those great green engines of beauty, "The Morning Star", "The Knight of the Golden Fleece", "The Lady of Shalott" (for so delectably are those engines named).

The railway will bring you, after Reading is passed (for up to that point the landscape is still blotched with buildings owing a vague and sordid allegiance to London), through some of the most beautiful country in England, in which river and hill and meadow are wonderfully arranged, sometimes together, sometimes separately: through Goring Gap (the interval between the Chiltern Hills and the Berkshire Downs); past Pangbourne and Cholsey. Thereafter, on one side, you may see the Wittenham Clumps (also more musically called the Sinodun Hills); on the other, the long receding range of the Berkshire Downs. As many times as you make this journey so many different appearances will these downs have, sometimes high, sometimes low, sometimes cold and

forbidding, sometimes mild and affable. Sometimes the setting sun seems to have melted them so that they flow down in mist and gold all over the landscape; then a few minutes later, when the sun is just behind them, they stand out clear, hard and sharp, like metal cooled from the fire. Shut your eyes at Kennington, where is a line of villas, open them again to see on the left a range of hills, and at the foot of them the two remote villages of Hinksey lying on the verge of the country which is told of in Mathew Arnold's *Thyrsis*. Leave your luggage on the rack until the train has stopped in the station for, if you are quick, you may get a fleeting glimpse, between the footbridge over the reservoir, known as Jacob's Ladder, and the Gasworks and between the Gasworks and the station, of one of the finest views in Europe: a glimpse of the towers and spires rising alluringly, perpetually changing colour in different lights, above a huddled, amorphic but not altogether unlovely mass of mean buildings in the foreground.

Then you arrive at the station where, as Mr. Max Beerbohm once said, the last enchantment of the Middle Age in Oxford is truly to be found. Recently in the local Press demand has been made for the abolition of this station and for the erection of one "worthy of Oxford". What is meant by that is uncertain; but it may be suspected that these agitators would like a towering structure of glazed brick, similar to a wash-house, public library, or super-hotel. But the present station is perfectly as it should be, simple, built of wood, inobtrusive, easy to understand and unadorned. But what Mr. Max Beerbohm was thinking of is that at this station you may still find in use that incredible invention, the hansom-cab, though even as these words go to press these cabs are driving away rapidly down the streets of Antiquity with Memory and Regret as their last "fares". The hansom-cab, by the way, in its original form very different from the later developments, was the product of Mr. J. E. Hansom, an architect whose career like that

of many inventive persons, had considerable ups and downs. He designed and completed in 1833 Birmingham Town Hall, but was made bankrupt by the undertaking, having stood bond for the builders. In the following year he patented his "Safety Cab", and later sold his rights in it for £10,000, but received only £300. He designed many schools, houses, and churches, including St. Walburghe's at Preston, whose spire, 306 feet high, is the loftiest built since the Reformation—from these works, let us hope, he received adequate material and spiritual reward. Until recently you could also have found outside the station the most incredible trams in the world, antique horsed vehicles which ran off the lines at sharp corners with a most charming ease, and were put back on the lines with an equal but more mysterious facility. For many years on these trams the tickets in use were headed "Oxford Electric Tramways Company", whether from a sense of dry humour or whether that the hurried voyager might travel in hope is not known. But the electric trams never came; the lines were taken up a few years since and the motor bus roams in their stead.

The two stations (for there is another station, the terminus of a branch line of what was once known as the London and North-Western, a spacious terminus where is no vulgar rush and where no one has ever been seen running for a train, perhaps because—and I hasten to get done early with that kind of joke traditional in books on the Ancient Universities—this is the way to Cambridge—the two stations occupy the sites of two great abbeys, the Great Western that of the Augustinian Abbey of Oseney,[1] founded in 1129 by Robert d'Oigli, second governor of Oxford Castle; and the London and North-Western station close by that of the Cistercian Abbey of Rewley, founded in 1281 by Edmund Earl of

[1] To be more exact the chapel of the cemetery passed on the left just before entering the station is on the site of the nave of the Abbey Church.

OXFORD FROM OSNEY: EARLY MORNING

Cornwall. The situation, says Wood, the seventeenth-century Oxford antiquary, was " . . . very pleasant both in respect of the chinking rivulets [1] running about it, and also for the shady walks and groves ". In 1754, when revisiting Oxford, Dr. Johnson viewed the ruins of these abbeys and remarked, after at least half an hour's silence, " I viewed them with indignation ".

It is interesting to speculate upon what he would have thought of even the scanty ruins which remained in his time being eventually replaced by railway stations. I think Dr. Johnson would have liked railways—he who loved the " full tide of human existence at Charing Cross ", he who would have agreed with Boswell, but for the necessity of taking another view in the argument, that man is supremely content when " being whirled along in a post-chaise " ; he, who on the way to Oxford, talked " without reserve in the publick post coach of the state of his affairs ". Given " clubable " fellow travellers surely he would have loved a railway journey ! This is not the place to examine narrowly the doings of Henry VIII, but the very thought of Johnson leads one astray into an argument. We may indeed view " with indignation " the ruins of beauty wantonly destroyed and sold for money put to ignoble purposes, but when one reflects that the few and only defects of an Oxford College arise from the remains in them of monastic character—the limitation of interests, the conversation, witty but somewhat futile, the endless arguments leading nowhere, the tendency to creature comforts, the day-in-day-out contact with a small and little varied society, the routine of the day's work ; when one imagines these things intensified, uncorrected by the many activities and means of movement in modern life, when one thinks of monks tied to their small society without pupils to teach, with the interests limited to the prosperity of their house, with the endless mechanical routine of services, when one reflects that monks were, after all, human and that

[1] Charming phrase !

stagnation breeds corruption, perhaps one condemns less what Wordsworth termed, in one of his dreary ecclesiastical sonnets, " the brutal tyrant's useful rage ".

If it is summer and you have the necessary leisure and inclination, you may travel by river and steamer: from London the journey occupies two days. In days when roads were as rough as an agitated sea and a vehicle on them might as easily be wrecked on their ruggedness as a ship on a rock, smooth rivers were a much-used means of travel. But the Thames, owing to varying levels, was not much used for long distances, though there was considerable traffic over short distances; it was made by means of locks more navigable in the first half of the seventeenth century but, says Plot in his " Natural History of Oxfordshire ", published in 1677, " notwithstanding these provisions, the river is not made so perfectly navigable to Oxford, but that in dry times, barges do sometimes lie aground three weeks, or a month or more, as we have had sad experience this last summer ". Under these circumstances, before the activities of the Thames Conservancy began, the carriage of goods, and passenger traffic by river to Oxford was infrequent. There is one journey, not to but from Oxford to London by river, which is notable and worth a digression. In the summer of 1826 the Lord Mayor of London decided to visit Oxford by road and return therefrom in the City state barge; he was accompanied by his chaplain, who wrote with all pomp and platitude an account of the expedition. But more than that, the reverend sycophant published the account to the delight and derision of an irreverent posterity. The party set forth, amid a " murmur of expectation " from a crowd, in a private state carriage, the coachman's countenance being " reserved and thoughtful; indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried ", and took the Henley road what time the sun " seemed to rise more bright and clear than usual . . . and the whole face of creation gleamed with joy ". While passing

Hounslow a huge volume of dark smoke was seen in the distance, which " columnar smoke " was found on inquiry to be the effect of an explosion at a powder-mill, an explosion accompanied by " a perceptible vibratory motion of the earth " and the loss of two lives. This gives the chaplain an opportunity for a moralization on sudden death, an opportunity which he seizes with zest. Without further adventure they arrive at Magdalen Bridge, after crossing which our author felt himself " now more exclusively within the solemn realm of literature ", and goes off into a frigid sentence on filial gratitude and classic veneration. In due course receptions, banquets, and other elegant entertainments are described, as are also the sights they see. One object especially struck the attention of the party (I suppose because it recalled pleasant memories of a famous City soup) at the Theatre of Anatomy, whither they were conducted by the Regius Professor of Medicine. " Among the principal preparations which the Professor's kindness exhibited—and which are all so elegantly constructed, as in no degree to offend the delicacy of the most refined female mind—was a portion of the alimentary canal of the turtle . . . ! " Eventually the time came to depart to London. " Long before seven o'clock the whole city was in motion ; and flocks of people were seen sweeping along the streets and hastening to the banks of Christ Church Meadow. . . . Every place from which a view was likely to be had, was crowded with expecting multitudes . . . every spot, in short, that could admit a face or footstep, was alive with spectators ". And so on and so on. At last the party embarked and began their five days' journey to London in the state barge, which was embellished with ten scarlet silk banners and manned by city watermen in scarlet liveries. " The immense tide of population which had rolled forth from the city, flowed along with the boats a considerable distance, on both sides of the river ; and extreme delight was visible in every countenance ". I imagine that this extreme delight is not

attributable to the departure so much as to the spectacle of the state barge, which indeed must have been an imposing thing. The book from which I have quoted has an engraved frontispiece of the barge, and it is interesting to see that it is very much like the college barges which to-day are such a pleasing feature of the riverside by Christ Church Meadow. Those barges are not ancient; indeed, rowing as an organized sport is itself not an ancient institution in Oxford. Thackeray, in his "Vanity Fair", describes the Reverend Bute Crawley as stroking the Christ Church boat in his undergraduate days, which must have been in the seventeen-nineties: but this is an anachronism, for the first rowing, as apart from pleasure boating, seems to have taken place in 1815, and then only two colleges competed—Brasenose and Jesus. These early races seem to have started above Iffley, and to have required skill in emerging rapidly from the lock. Also they seem to have been undertaken in a light-hearted way. A book by a certain John Campbell, B.A., called "Hints For Oxford", published in 1823, says: "There are worse things than cutting down swiftly, amid light breezes and a pleasant sunshine, to Sandford, quaffing a cup of Mrs. Davis's *Anno Domini*, accompanied with a few refreshing whiffs of fragrant Virginia, and then away home again, pulling like Trojans, bumping all opponents, hailed with cheers of victory from both sides of the river . . ." In following years more and more colleges took part. The first inter-University race took place in 1829, and the University Boat Club was formed in 1839. Barges were only gradually acquired: in 1846 the Boat Club purchased from the Merchant Taylors their state barge, which had been used in the Lord Mayor's river processions. By 1857 six colleges had barges; two years later Balliol bought one from the Skinners' Company, so that evidently city state-barges are the origin of those which to-day line the Meadows. Oriel is perhaps the only college whose barge is still a direct copy of the original; but those of other colleges, though the bows

have been shortened, still in general plan and in the detail of decoration, reveal their origin.

But it may be that you will come by a means at once more modern and more ancient than railway or river; by motor-car and by road. From London there are two main roads, one by Henley and Dorchester and the other by High Wycombe and Wheatley. Both cross the Chilterns, one by Bix and Nettlebed, the other by Stokenchurch, and both provide mighty and magnificent views therefrom. When crossing this range through the beech-woods you should pause and be thankful that you travel in this age and not a past one, for these woods were infested by robbers and highwaymen, so that the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds (which now carries a scarcely earned salary of one pound per annum) was once no sinecure. In the old bursary of Magdalen College, now converted into a Common Room, hangs still an imposing array of pistols and blunderbusses, without which, and armed servants, no bursar went visiting estates beyond Magdalen Bridge or Botley village, for west and east and specially in Wytham or Bagley Woods and on Shotover Hill or on the Chilterns the gentry of the road were active and numerous. I do not know that either of these two roads is to be commended more than the other. The Henley road near Oxford goes through perhaps rather prettier country, through Dorchester with its Abbey church and its old "George Inn" and the gently-dominating Wittenham Clumps, through Nuneham Courtney, a regular and uniform village transplanted by an eighteenth-century Harcourt to its present site with that same benevolent despotism which led the Earl of Dorchester in 1786 to root up Milton Abbas in Dorsetshire and rebuild it in a uniform style at a more decent distance from his new mansion; through Littlemore and past Iffley, whose famous Norman Church lies just off the main road, and so into Oxford by Magdalen Bridge. The High Wycombe road is a few miles shorter and has the merit of approaching Oxford between Forest Hill and

Shotover Hill. Forest Hill village (just off the main road) is notable since John Milton, setting out at Whitsuntide in 1643 for a purpose and destination known to none, arrived there and took to wife Mary Powell, daughter of Richard Powell, of whose house there now only remains the gateway, just outside the churchyard wall. Shotover Hill also has associations with Milton (whose family came from Great Milton near Cuddesdon), for his grandfather was ranger of Shotover Woods, once widespread and full of game. He was a Roman Catholic but sent his son to Christ Church, where he so imbibed the Reformed religion that he incurred parental displeasure and moved to London, where be became scrivener and father of the fine flower of Puritanism. I could wish that it were not known that " L'Allegro " was written at Horton in Buckinghamshire, for nearby here is a very apt country for it to have been written in, where

> Sometimes with secure delight
> The upland hamlets will invite.

Forest Hill is connected with another poet of interest, albeit he was a minor one—William Mickle (1734–88)—who lies in the churchyard, with the following lines inscribed above him :

> Mickle who bade the strong poetic tide
> Roll o'er Britannia's shores in Lusitanian pride.

This grandiloquent couplet refers to his translation of Camoens's " Lusiad ", but Britannia has a good many years since lost this sense of Lusitanian pride, and is more likely, sometimes, to remember Mickle as the author of a ballad on Cumnor Hall, which Sir Walter Scott used as the groundwork of " Kenilworth ".

At Wheatley you would do well to abandon the modern main road and your vehicle and walk into Oxford by the old coach road, which was the main road until about a century ago. This old road, with that directness of

purpose and scorn of arduous things which old roads have, goes straight over Shotover Hill with an ascent and especially a descent which must have tried the skill of coachmen, the foothold of horses, and the nerves of passengers. But it is a way well worth walking for it expands on the top of the hill into a flat green stretch known as Shotover Plain, and from there, the highest point near Oxford (562 feet), there is a most magnificent view southward, and bluebells, too, are to be found there, at the proper season, so numerous that from a little distance they look like a blue haze lying thick on the ground. Descending the hill there is one of the three [1] finest views of Oxford City—a view of amazing beauty when light catches the towers and spires and they stand brilliant against the dark background of the western hills. When Milton was here he must have exercised great caution, he, a Puritan, so near the Royalist centre, yet he must have ventured onto Shotover, have watched the cloud shadows drifting over the landscape so lovely and so English, like the shadows of vivid and religious confusion which lay over the land, thought of his ancestors over there at Great Milton, from whose ways of thought, through God's grace, he differed, stood exalted on this hill and lifted high in the consciousness that he was ordained an instrument by which something might be accomplished in those turmoils, and wondered how and when again peace and content would come upon those fields and villages spread out and scattered wide below.

Often on the same hill wandered another poet, Shelley. "He loved to walk in the woods," says his friend and biographer, T. J. Hogg, "to stroll on the banks of the Thames, but especially to wander about Shotover Hill. There was a pond at the foot of the hill, before ascending it, and on the left of the road; it was formed by the

[1] My choice of other views would be from Elsfield and from the track which runs between Chilswell Farm and Foxcombe Hill. You must take your stand so that the red brick suburbs are excluded by trees, hedges, or other features.

water which had filled an old quarry; whenever he was permitted to shape his course as he would, he proceeded to the edge of the pool, although the scene had no other attractions than a certain wildness and barrenness. Here he would linger until dusk, gazing in silence on the water". In these ponds, no doubt, as we are told he did on the Thames, he would sail his little paper boats. Says Francis Thompson in his "Essay on Shelley": "Very possibly in the paper boat he saw the magic bark of Laon and Cythna, or

> That thinnest boat
> In which the Mother of the Months is borne
> By ebbing night into her western cave.

In fact, if you mark how favourite an idea, under varying forms, is this in his verse, you will perceive that all the charmed boats which glide down the stream of his poetry are but glorified resurrections of the little paper argosies which trembled down the Isis". It is to be wondered also whether, with the vision that looked before and after, he ever saw predestined in the Shotover ponds that wreck in Spezia bay, or whether, when the last waves beat over him he thought of the paper fleets at the mercy of a Thames ripple. Of him there is more to be said in another chapter; we must now go back to the road from which, in company with Milton and Shelley, we have wandered. This old road rejoins the modern one half-way down Headington Hill and meets the Henley road just before Magdalen Bridge.

I have dwelt on the London-wards roads, for their importance makes them the main way into Oxford; by them have entered and left Oxford, kings and ministers, judges and soldiers, powers and potentates, and many generations of young men going away to London to make their way in the wider world. One might stand on Magdalen Bridge and think a long while of the traffic to and fro; at the moment I see vividly three great personages, George IV (who incidentally could have found

but little real attraction in Oxford apart from the wine) driving over the bridge and knighting the wrong man, an error easily and affably mended by immediately knighting the *right* one! Henry V coming over Shotover at night, in 1420, escorted by flaming torches[1]—splendid scene! And Elizabeth (glad probably to shake off the Latin speeches which during her visit had buzzed about her thick as flies on a summer day), going back to London accompanied as far as Shotover by doctors and proctors, and turning back to wave good-bye with "Farewell, farewell, dear Oxford; God bless thee and increase thy sons in number, holiness, and virtue".

Four other great roads lead into Oxford, which shall not here be described at any such length as the London ones. Two from the north, from Banbury and from Woodstock, which merge into St. Giles after each suffering a long anguish of socially respectable but architecturally abominable red brick houses, a desolation which our fathers made and called North Oxford; one from the west, formed at Botley by branches from the north-west and south-west, entering past the station, and one from the south coming from Abingdon through Bagley Wood and down Boar's Hill, a hill which must have once been very beautiful but which now, as Mr. John Buchan has remarked, is like the mountain to which Browning's Grammarian was carried for sepulture "citied to the top, crowded with culture", so many houses are there and so many of them occupied by poets and learned men. All these roads, except the northern ones which lie on a gravel spit, were brought into the city on causeways, for the Thames and Cherwell were much more diffuse than they are now. The Botley Road is still known as "Seven Bridges" Road from the number of waterways it crosses, and embedded under the Abingdon Road beyond Folly Bridge are still remains of carrying arches, perhaps of

[1] "Expense of wax torches at Shotover through the night waiting for the coming of our lord" (i.e. the king).—Twyne's "Chamberlain's Accounts".

the twelfth century, which have been exposed from time to time during road-repairing. None of these roads to Oxford are very ancient, for the Romans passed by the swampy situation and their nearest road, from Dorchester to Bicester, crossed Shotover at right angles to the later London Road. Perhaps the oldest of the roads is the one coming from the south, now carried over the Thames by Folly Bridge and passing northward through the city, for the ford from which Oxford derives its name [1] was, as it is supposed, on the line of the present bridge, and so here ran the first route for men and cattle. By this road, had you come by railway many years ago, you would have approached the town because the station used to be at the end of what is now Western Road (so called from the Great Western), a turning off the Abingdon Road, and that might have been a better approach, for there would be less suburb and general confusion of buildings. But yet a bad approach is not to be too hastily condemned; it is better to have expectation, to approach the beautiful through the ugly, than to arrive suddenly in its midst. I like to trudge first through that queer fester of streets and buildings which a railway makes where it pierces a town. Who would wish to step out of a station straight into the High?

All these four main roads meet in the centre of the town at Carfax, where they set up such a turmoil of traffic, no less in vacation than in term time, that you may well wonder where is the brooding atmosphere, the dignified quiet of an academic town! But so let it be; in the name of life let us have contrasts; let us not wish in a town for the streets to be like groves and the pavements like cloisters! The word "Carfax" is derived from the Latin *quadrifurcus*—that is, four-forked. Among old forms of the word are found *carrefurcs*, *carfoux*, *carfox*. Modern knowledge has much abbreviated the history of

[1] The first mention of the name is in the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle under the year 912 A.D. It there appears in the form Oxenaforda, the Ford of Oxen.

the name and stripped it of the glamour with which confident and romantic antiquarians once invested it; Antony Wood, writing in the seventeenth century, said "some there have bin that have thought it to come or be derived from 'Caerbos' (i.e. the city of Boso who was consul of Oxon in King Arthur's time . . .)". As far as belief in facts goes Boso is in a worse plight than King Arthur himself, nor did Oxford exist in the days in which these worthies are feigned to have lived!

In the centre of Carfax once stood a conduit—"a very fair and beautifull conduit . . .; such for its images of ancient kings about it, gilding and exquisite carving, the like (except probably in London) not to be found in England"—to which water was brought in pipes from the hill above North Hinksey "to the great content of the inhabitants of Oxon". It was the handsome gift of one Otho Nicholson, and may still be seen, not on its original site, but in Nuneham Park, where it was erected on its removal from Carfax in 1787. It stands on high ground on the bank of the Thames, which sweeps in such a fine curve past Nuneham Courtney House—in quiet retirement among trees, looking a trifle forlorn and as if puzzled why it, a thing for water, should be where so much water is and where are so few to drink it!

Increasing traffic swept Nicholson's conduit aside to Nuneham; the march of buildings demolished the body of St. Martin's Church, of which now only the tower stands on the west side of the cross roads, a tower whose alarm bell called the city to arms, as St. Mary's bell called the University, in the days when Town and Gown fought fiercely and often, and streets became battlefields and colleges castles. The body of the church was rebuilt in 1822, and pulled down in 1896. Of its contents the quaint figures known as the "Quarter-Boys", which used to strike the quarters in the south aisle, were moved to their present position under the clock. The font, by which perhaps stood Shakespeare when his godson William Davenant was

christened in St. Martin's Church, is now in All Saints' Church at the corner of Turl Street.

Looked at from a position some way down the High the old tower stands nobly; at night its illuminated clock-face is a likeable thing; but the best sight is when the sun, the father of all clocks, takes down another reluctant day, and the tower stands dark against one of those brilliant skies to which Oxford mists give additional beauty.

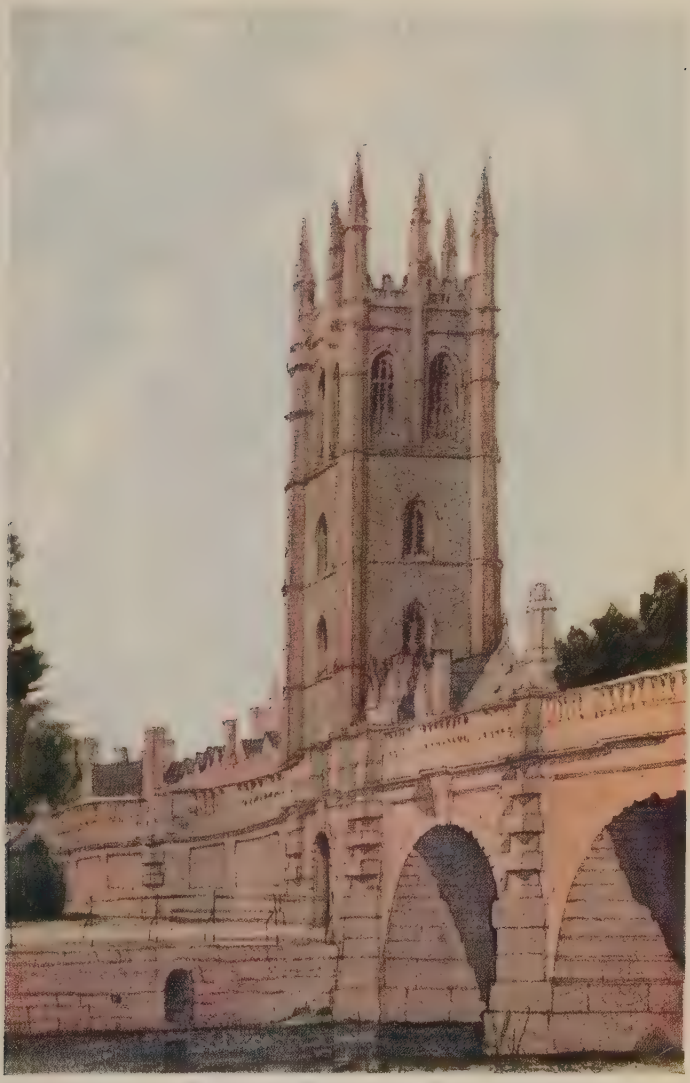
CHAPTER II

Magdalen College—St. Edmund Hall—The Botanic Garden

THAT "scambling and unquiet time", the fifteenth century, has at least to its credit no little building activity and certain remarkable educational doings for which much respect is due to Henry VI. In 1440 this monarch, then planning his colleges at Eton and Cambridge, visited Winchester, and there came upon William Waynflete, who had been Master of Wykeham's school there for some eleven years, and two years later removed him to a fellowship at Eton, of which school he became Provost in 1443. Thereafter Waynflete's rise was rapid through a series of great offices; membership of the King's Council, the See of Winchester and the Chancellorship of England. Closely connected early in his career with new and great foundations, in the days of his prosperity he decided to found a college at Oxford himself. Founding a college in those days was no simple matter of giving or bequeathing money, but involved constant care and protracted attention, drawing up of statutes and endeavouring to get them obeyed, accumulation of lands, diverting of money from this place to that, contesting law-suits in courts tardy and corruptible, and obtaining the favour of the powerful ones so that the young institution might survive political turmoils. Waynflete in all these things was astute and successful. In 1448 he obtained a license from the King to found a Hall of St. Mary Magdalen, and he acquired certain tenements somewhere about the site of the present Examination Schools. In 1457 he annexed, by legal proceedings, the

Hospital of St. John on the other side of the road, outside the east gate of the city, and on that site began the building of the college. Of the original Hospital little now remains; only some fragments in the "Chaplain's Quadrangle" and a blocked-up doorway on the High Street to the west of the tower. The building was begun in 1467 with stone from the Headington quarries, the source of the building material of so many Oxford structures, and by soon after 1481 the Chapel, Hall, and Cloisters were completed. The general plan adopted, both of structure and statutes, was that which William of Wykeham had laid down for New College. The early fortunes of the College were of course bound up with those of the founder, and it was not easy for any man to navigate himself unharmed through the Wars of the Roses, but Waynflete managed to keep on good terms with Henry VI, Edward IV, Richard III, and Henry VII, though he had, indeed, to pay to Edward 5,000 marks "for contynaunce of the King's gode grace and favour to the said reverend father to be shewed". Richard III was received at the college in 1483, and stayed there two days, and Henry VII also made a visit and showed favour to the college after its founder's death in 1486.

The reputation of Magdalen would be great and deserved were it nothing but a college attached to a tower: so famous and so splendid is that structure which stands like an isolated and visible gate-post of an imaginary entrance to the City Beautiful. In the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries Gothic architecture in this country reached its final point of structural skill and development; in spite of the peculiarly English character of this perpendicular period there are many people who prefer Gothic architecture in its earlier phases, and find this latest one a little cold, a little monotonous, somewhat skilled at the expense of inspiration. There is much to be said for this point of view, but at least it can scarcely be doubted that in one respect this period was masterly —in tower-designing—and of all the lovely towers of that



MAGDALEN TOWER AND BRIDGE

time Magdalen is among the most lovely. It is worth while to notice how its effect is obtained. In general the lower part is simple and unadorned, so that the eye wanders up undisturbed until it rests delighted at the decoration, rich but restrained, into which at the top the tower breaks as a flower-stalk breaks into leaves and petals. In particular, the designer has obtained the graceful soaring effect which all towers should have, by long perpendicular lines and by slightly diminishing the successive storeys; at the same time the vertical lines are broken with occasional horizontal bands which prevent monotony and give scale and balance to the whole. A favourite view is obtained from the meadow on the north side of the bridge; another very fine one can be obtained from the Magdalen College school grounds on the south side—if a blind eye is kept towards the glass-houses of the Botanic Gardens—from there the rhythmic line of the bridge with its curving arches and parapet forms a good foreground to the lofty simplicity of the tower itself.[1] The building of it was begun in 1492 and finished in 1507; the name of its designer is not known for certain; the principal mason was one Raynolds and two Fellows in particular, Richard Gosmore and Thomas Prutt supervised the work. Before artists became a separate and self-conscious class and before machinery killed the artist-sense among people in the mass, many a craftsman was capable of producing work of the best kind. Raynolds, who is nothing but a name surviving by chance, may well have been the architect as well as the chief mason employed on the tower. But the human race, perhaps because of a laudable natural curiosity and interest in our own kind, does not care for anonymous works and prefers to attach

[1] The present bridge was constructed in 1771–9, from the design of Mr. Gwynn, who was also the architect of the "English" bridge at Shrewsbury and of those at Worcester and Henley. In 1882 it was widened. The eighteenth century was especially good at bridge building; for another example see Swinford bridge over the Thames at Eynsham.

a name, and if possible a great name, and so attempts have been made to connect the tower with Cardinal Wolsey who, indeed, was a Fellow of the College from perhaps 1491 to about 1501 and Bursar in 1499 and 1500, but there is no record which gives grounds for belief that he had anything to do with the buildings. This graceful tower is a singularly appropriate setting for the charming ceremony which takes place on it at six o'clock on May Morning when the choir sing a Latin hymn, "Te Deum Patrem Colimus". Anthony Wood says, "The choral ministers of this House do, according to an ancient custom, salute Flora every year on the first of May at four in the morning with vocal music of several parts. Which having been sometimes well performed hath given great content to the neighbourhood and auditors underneath". The ceremony goes back to the first days of the tower, and its origin is obscured in mists of time as thick as those that lie about the Cherwell on May Morning itself. Towards the end of the eighteenth century the Latin hymn, written in the seventeenth century by one of the Fellows and set to music by the organist, was substituted for a "merry concert of both Vocal and Instrumental Music, consisting of several merry Ketches, and lasting almost two hours". We need not regret this curtailment for, believe me, who have stood much-overcoated on the tower watching the blue-nosed choir-boys sing on a dark, dull morning, the ceremony is in reality not much like Holman Hunt's picture of it, in which seraphic youths and patriarchal men holding flowers and set amid lillies sing to a warm and illumined sky. Nevertheless, the affair is well performed and truly does give "great content", and even were it not well done the ceremony would be charming by reason of its idea alone.

When the Prince Regent, with the Allied sovereigns, accompanied by Wellington and Blücher, visited Oxford in 1814 [1] to be entertained at a banquet in the Radcliffe

[1] The Prince stayed in Christ Church Deanery; the Emperor of Russia in Merton; the King of Prussia at Corpus.

Camera, to receive degrees in the Sheldonian and endure there much bad poetry in Greek, Latin, and English, Magdalen tower was pointed out to him as the edifice "against which James II ran his head". That collision is part of the story of the nation at large, and there is something very entrancing about a national event performed dramatically on a local stage. In bare outline the drama of the Fellows of Magdalen had its origin in the attempt of James II (a monarch so densely bigoted that, as Voltaire narrates, a Roman Cardinal said that he ought to be excommunicated for the harm he was doing to Roman Catholicism in England) to make Oxford a Popish seminary. This was the last and most serious attempt to subordinate the Universities to the State, a thing accomplished politically in Germany at a later time with dire results to both State and University. On the death of the President, in 1687, the King recommended as successor one Antony Farmer, a quarrelsome, drunken, and disreputable Fellow; but with your ecclesiastical zealots it is the opinion and not mind or morals which is important, and Farmer professed himself a Catholic, though in private he himself admitted that he was such from policy and not by conviction. The College elected John Hough as its President, but the King "dispensing with the college statutes declared Hough's election nul and void". The matter then came before the Court of Ecclesiastical Commission, where Jeffreys plainly stated to Farmer "that the court looked on him as a very bad man". James now put forward Parker, Bishop of Oxford, a person ineligible by the statutes of the College, since he had not been a Fellow of either Magdalen or of New College. This was not urged against him, but the Fellows merely reiterated that they had elected Hough and that therefore there was no vacancy. James summoned them to meet him at Christ Church, where he informed them that they would know "what it is to feel the weight of a king's hand", that they had been "a stubborn, turbulent college", and commanded them

to be gone to their chapel and elect the Bishop forthwith. They repaired to their chapel, but in result informed the King, with that politeness, deference and correctness which had characterized all their doings, that it did not lie in their power to do what the King wished. Let the rest of the story be told in the words of the diary of Cartwright, Bishop of Chester, who was one of the commissioners sent to enforce the King's wishes: "We went to Magdalen College Chapel, where the crowd being great, and no preparations made for our sitting, we adjourned into the hall, where the crowd being great, we sent Mr. Atterbury for the Proctors who came accordingly to keep the peace. . . . Dr. Hough . . . said he did submit to the Visitation as far as it is consistent with the laws of the land and the statutes of the college and no farther. . . ." The sentence of deprivation was then read and the King's mandate for the election of the Bishop of Oxford proclaimed. The diary ends "and then we sent for a smith and broke the outward door of the president's lodgings, in the first room whereof we found all the keys, and left Mr. Wickens in quiet possession, and so adjourned. The Bishop's lady, Judge Holloway's daughter, and many of the officers dined with us". [1]

Twenty-five Fellows were deprived of their Fellowships, but all these proceedings were annulled at the quickly-following Revolution, and the Fellows were restored. One interesting result of these turmoils was that during 1687 and 1688 there had been no elections to Demyships (the Magdalen equivalent of scholarship), and therefore

[1] The Bishop's account of the proceedings is mitigated by, and the whole diary interspersed with, brief notices of dinners. On one occasion he was "received by the noble Marquess (i.e. of Winchester) with all kindness imaginable at dinner from one at noon till one in the morning." Twelve-hour dinners were apparently a hobby of that nobleman, but during them his guests were allowed to smoke, go to sleep, take recreation and exercise, and continue the dinner at any course or time! A curious thing in the annals of dining, perhaps worth the digression.

in subsequent years a large number of candidates were elected, among them Addison, who migrated from Queen's whither he had gone in 1687, and Henry Sacheverell, who obtained notoriety in the days of Queen Anne and has a not very creditable place in the history books. Both of them became Fellows, the former from 1697–1711, the latter from 1701–13. They were men very different in type; Addison urbane, delicate, cultured, and diffident; Sacheverell bumptious, blatant, intolerant, and shallow-minded; yet they appear to have been friends at college and occupied the same rooms (entirely reconstructed since their day) in the north-east corner of the cloisters. Another occupant of rooms in these cloisters, an occupant distinguished in very different ways, was the present Prince of Wales, who, during his residence, led the life of the ordinary undergraduate. Though by tradition Edward the Black Prince and Henry of Monmouth, afterwards Henry V, were lodgers at Queen's College, the first recorded occasion on which a Prince of Wales had become an undergraduate was when the future Edward VII was in residence from October 1859 to June 1860. But he was warned by Prince Albert against social calls and mixing with other young men; he lived at Frewin Hall and not in Christ Church, of which he was a member; he did not attend lectures but Professor Goldwin Smith waited on him with textbooks, and Dean Stanley called frequently to give religious instruction. Smoking was forbidden to him, an injunction savouring of the manners of two centuries earlier, when in 1619 scholars of the University had been warned not to enter any house in the town "ad potandum vel ad fumigandum . . . vulgariter vocatum 'To take tobacco'".

The chapel is constructed on the plan which obtains in many colleges, and which was originated by William of Wykeham at New College, that is to say a long choir separated by a screen from a short nave, arranged for four altars, which serves as an ante-chapel, and which was used in mediaeval times as a place for lectures.

Going into Magdalen Chapel is like entering a great cavern, so dimly does one see at first because of the scanty light which struggles through the windows of the ante-chapel. This gloomy glass dates from about 1632, but that in the big west window was much repainted in 1794. Over the altar is a Spanish picture variously attributed to Morales, Ribalta, and Valdez Leal. In the oratory on the north side of the altar is the tomb of Richard Patten, William of Waynflete's father, brought here in 1830 when the old church at Wainfleet in Lincolnshire was pulled down. There is but little reverence in moving the remains of the dead and so denying to them "the quiet of their bones," but under these circumstances it was a gracious act to carry the tomb of an obscure father to the chapel built by an illustrious son.

The organ, which was once here, suffered some curious vicissitudes; it was given to Cromwell who, being dearly fond of music as a recreation, set it up at Hampton Court. At the Restoration it was brought back to Magdalen, but in 1737 found its way to Tewkesbury Abbey, where it remains at this day.

The hall, Wykeham's New College plan again being followed, is in continuous range with the chapel. Its oak roof, designed by Bodley on the lines of the original one, was substituted in 1903 for a plaster ceiling of the early nineteenth century. The roof is now worthy of the rest of the woodwork in the hall, which is notable even among the great quantity of beautiful carpentry to be seen in Oxford. The buttery screen was erected about 1605, and the "linen-fold" panelling, though bought in London in 1541, may have come, as tradition asserts, from Reading Abbey. The portrait of Dr. Routh in the hall reminds one of a curious time-link. During the space of a hundred and thirty-three years there have been only three Presidents of Magdalen—Dr. Routh, 1791–1854; Dr. Bulley, 1855–85; Sir Herbert Warren, 1885– . May it be long before this date is filled in! Dr. Routh, once giving away the prizes at Magdalen

College school, said to one of the recipients, " Remember, boy, you have shaken hands with one who shook hands with Dr. Johnson ". The prize-winner was John Richard Green, who went away from that awe-inspiring handshake to read all about Dr. Johnson, and thence to read about the history of England and thence to write about it. In connection with Dr. Routh there is recorded another curious link with the past : he could remember as a child speaking to an old lady who in her early days had seen Charles II walking in Oxford with his spaniels.

A narrow way leads out of the cloisters to the New buildings and to open spaces, where you feel you are in the domain of a great country house, for here are meadow walks, a garden, and a deer park. This last is called the Grove ; place of peace as it now is, with the quiet, browsing deer and stately elms, it has some memory of war. After the battle of Edgehill, Prince Rupert (whose portrait by Michael Wright is in the hall) made his head-quarters at Magdalen ; the " great guns " were dragged into the Grove ; its timber was felled to make defence in the Walks, and gunners exercised in the meadows. The tower was used as an observation post, and during the siege of Oxford the King's Sad Majesty himself sometimes watched the enemy's movements from its summit. But eventually the cause for which, early in the war, a great member of the College, John Hampden, had died at Chalgrove, triumphed. In May 1649, Fairfax and Cromwell were entertained at the College, where, as Wood tells us, they "had good cheer and bad speeches", and after dinner they played bowls on the College green. They in turn were broken on Fortune's wheel, the Restoration came about, new trees were planted in the Grove, and in time gave the quiet of leaves and shadows. Round the meadow, where the gunners had gone to the batteries, a half century or so later went the meditative Addison, after whom the northern part of the walks is named. What Addison meditated about is a matter of pure speculation, for of his thoughts and conversation

while at Oxford only one fragment has come down to us, preserved in the diary of Hearne, a well-known antiquary, Jacobite and university gossip at that time: "Mr. Collins of Magdalen College tells me that Mr. Joseph Addison of their College (who was afterwards Secretary of State) used to please himself mightily with this prologue to a puppet-show: 'A certain king said to a beggar, What hast to eat? Beans, quoth the beggar. Beans? quoth the king. Yea, beans I say, and so forthwith we straight begin the play'". This reveals a sense of humour pleasantly remote from the pomp of the Augustan Age and charming in a future Secretary of State, but nevertheless as he trod these walks Addison was probably not composing "Spectator" essays but rather Latin poems on the Peace of Ryswick, a bowling green, a barometer and suchlike topics, for such were his early labours and on such Latinity was his reputation at first based. Hearne died in 1735, and so his informant, "Mr. Collins", could not have been the poet William Collins who went as a Commoner to Queen's in 1740 and then in the following year, like Addison, migrated to Magdalen, where he remained until 1744.

There were at Magdalen, at an earlier date, two men of letters who must not be entirely overlooked: George Wither (1588–1667), minor poet and pamphleteer, who fought for the Parliament in the Civil Wars; and William Lyly (1554–1606), dramatist and author of "Euphues", the style of which had a great influence on literature.

In the library at Worcester College is a letter, dated 21 October, 1724, written to a friend at All Souls by Hawksmoor, Wren's pupil and assistant in the building of St. Paul's. "I do myself the honour", he says, "of sending you a view of Maudlin College, partly for your diversion & partly to shew my good wishes, this being a college soe decrepid that repairing any part (except ye hall and chappell) signifies but little, so that ye whole must or ought to be new". The "view" shows a mass of buildings in the style then fashionable with, on the

site of the old cloisters, a crescent facing an obelisk. Hawksmoor was not employed on the new works, but the College shared his opinions, for about 1733 the existing portion of the new scheme was erected from the design of Edward Holdsworth, a Fellow of the College and an amateur architect. We may be truly thankful that lack of funds prevented the entire replacing of the old by the new, but we should concede that the eighteenth-century men had the courage of their convictions, that they used a style of their own and that in that style was great dignity if also a certain heaviness of manner. This new structure is very tolerable but, had it been extended to the destruction of the cloisters, Magdalen would no longer have been, as James I described it on a visit with his son Prince Henry, "The most absolute building in Oxford".

In these new buildings lived the historian Gibbon, whose famous attack on the College in his autobiography, highly-coloured as it is by his peculiar prejudices and by the heat of youth (he was only fifteen when he came here in 1752), cannot be refuted. It has to be admitted that "the monks of Magdalen" were on the whole "decent, easy men" and that "from the toil of reading or thinking or writing they had absolved their consciences". In this building also lived Charles Reade while a Fellow of the College, and here he wrote two of the best of his novels, "The Cloister and the Hearth" and "Hard Cash". In "A Terrible Temptation" he described his room in which the mirrors remain as in his time: "It was large in itself and multiplied tenfold by great mirrors from floor to ceiling, with no frames but a narrow oak beading; opposite . . . was a . . . window, all plate glass, the central panes of which opened like doors upon a pretty little garden. . . . The numerous and large mirrors all down to the ground laid hold of the garden and the flowers, and by a double and triple reflection filled the room with nooks of verdure and colour. Underneath the table was a formidable array of notebooks, standing

upright and labelled on their backs. There were about twenty large folios of classified facts, ideas and pictures. . . . Then there was a collection of solid quartos and of smaller folio guide-books called Indexes. There were Index Rerum et Journalium, Index Rerum et Librorum, Index Rerum et Hominum, and a lot more; indexes so many that by way of climax, there was a fat folio ledger entitled Index ad Indices. "By the side of the table were six or seven thick paste-board cards, each about the size of a large portfolio, and on these the author's notes and extracts were collected from all his repertories into something like a focus for present purposes".

In its buildings, which are newer than the "New Buildings", the College has been fortunate; the President's lodgings next to the beautiful "Founder's Tower" in the quadrangle through which you enter and leave, were designed by Bodley and Garner, as was also the range to the west, some forty years ago. Between the lodgings and this "St. Swithun's" block is one of the most delightful buildings imaginable, known as the "Grammar Hall". To the College was at its origins attached a school intended to be to Magdalen as Winchester was to New College. The school has long since swelled out of this fifteenth-century bell-turreted doll's house, and it has now a hall built by Buckler in 1851 at the junction of Long Wall and the High, and other buildings designed by Sir A. W. Blomfield on the east side of Magdalen Bridge. Its original home, this toy structure, this miniature oddity at which I hope many will on going out of the College take a last, longest, and fondest look, ought to be reserved for an endowed Fellow who should live placidly in it writing nothing but romances and fairy tales.

Those who like miniature buildings should hasten to St. Edmund's Hall in Queen's Lane, for there they will find a miniature quadrangle dating from the end of the sixteenth [1] or early seventeenth century, a miniature

[1] The south-east building *may* be pre-Reformation.

hall (1659), a miniature library (1680), such as a private individual would love to have in his own house, a miniature chapel (1680), panelled with cedar wood and containing one of the earliest pieces of Morris and Burne-Jones glass. It should be explained why this is a hall and not a college, for the reason is interesting and takes us far back into the history of the University. When organized teaching in Oxford first began, probably early in the twelfth century, scholars found lodgings and teachers where they could, and the teachers found whatever place they could to lecture in. At a later stage students lodged in a house owned or rented by a Master of the University. The first college was founded in 1264 (Merton), but colleges did not supersede halls, and in 1440 there were eighty-four of the latter to nine of the former. In the seventeenth century the number of halls was reduced to five, and now there is only this one left. Though probably none of the present buildings go back to the Middle Ages [1] the hall existed in the thirteenth century. The halls derived their names sometimes from that of the owner, sometimes from peculiar features, sometimes in odd accidental ways, and very fascinating many of the old names were. Taken at random from a list we have *Bym*, *Chimney*, *Deep*, *Dup*, *Glass*, *Leadenporch*, *Perilous*, *Tingwick*, *Physick*, *Kepeharm*, *Salysurry*—some of these would provide titles for the books to be written by the endowed Fellow resident in the " Grammar Hall " ! St. Edmund Hall probably derived its name from being, as tradition has it, on the site of the house occupied when he was a teacher in Oxford, by St. Edmund Riche, Archbishop of Canterbury from 1231 to 1240. Of its distinguished members one cannot forbear to mention Sir Richard Blackmore, physician-in-ordinary to William III, who, not content with medical work, wrote books on theology and produced four immense epic poems entitled, respectively, " Prince Arthur ", " King Arthur ", " Alfred ", and " Eliza ". It was his medicine and not

[1] The south-east building *may* be pre-Reformation.

his poetry or adherence to Hanover which gained him his knighthood, and Pope was not fair to him in his "Satires and Epistles":

> Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise,
> You'll gain at least a knighthood or the bays.
> What? like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
> With arms and George and Brunswick crowd the verse,
> Rend with tremendous sound your ears asunder,
> With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss and thunder?

Nor can any son of Oxford refrain from mentioning Paul Methuen who, by concluding the commercial treaty with Portugal in 1703, which bears his name, is said to have introduced port-wine and gout into England and Oxford. Nor ought there to be omitted, by one indebted to his diaries and notebooks, mention of Thomas Hearne (1678–1735), a "good hater" if ever there was one, for he was an ardent Jacobite and always refers to those of a different political opinion as "stinking Whigs". George I is never anything but "the Duke of Brunswick", and with great joy he jots down a report that George II's wife, when travelling from Maidenhead to London, was ill in her coach from too much wine—"A thing much noted", he concludes. Nevertheless he was a careful scholar, a keen antiquary (he is the Wormius of Pope's "Dunciad") and an honest man, for he refused the chief librarianship of the Bodleian and other offices because of his political opinions. His room has recently been identified, and overlooks the place in St. Peter's churchyard where he lies at rest from controversy, though one ventures to think that he would have courage and tenacity enough to assail Whigs even on the other side of Time.

An honest visitor will sometimes ask if there is a place where he need *not* see sights but may be let alone; such I would lead back to where, opposite Magdalen, is the oldest Botanic Garden in Great Britain, established in 1621 by the Earl of Danby. There, if you are interested in botany, you will find many rare and interesting things;

ST. PETER'S-IN-THE-EAST AND ST. EDMUND HALL

if you are not interested in such things you may overlook the word "Botanic" and find yourself in a "Garden" only, a garden of notable peace, age, and dignity, wonderfully cared for, filled with odd and lovely things, and you can sit or wander there letting your mind flit like a bee from this to that or drift like a leaf on a stream. One of the chief joys of the garden are the grey stone walls on which many creepers and bright plants take their ease. There is somehow a graver and more stately tone in this garden than in any other and, moreover, the Cherwell flows on one side of it, whereby it is always good to sit and look idly at Magdalen Bridge or the meadow opposite. No matter how great the affection for streams, flowers, and trees in their wild state there is no shock in this clean opposite of those things here civilized to the utmost; neither tree nor flower have lost one jot of their beauty for being set, arranged, and tidied into a formality of such age and dignity as is here. Indeed, the wisdom and antiquity of Nature is as patent here as in the fields through which the Cherwell elsewhere goes as yet ignorant of towns.

Very old are the woods;
And the buds that break
Out of the brier's boughs,
When March winds wake,
So old with their beauty are—
Oh, no man knows
Through what wild centuries
Roves back the rose.

Very old are the brooks;
And the rills that rise
Where snow sleeps cold beneath
The azure skies
Sing such a history
Of come and gone,
That every drop is as wise
As Solomon.

When you leave these gardens (through the rich but unobtrusive gateway, carved by Nicholas Stone from a design in Inigo Jones' manner) you may have caught a mood which will appreciate Wordsworth's comparison of the High Street, which lies before you, with a bending stream :

> Yet, O ye spires of Oxford ! domes and towers !
> Gardens and groves ! your presence overpowers
> The soberness of reason ; till, in sooth,
> Transformed, and rushing on a bold exchange
> I slight my own beloved Cam, to range
> Where silver Isis leads my stripling feet ;
> Pace the long avenue, or glide adown
> The stream—like windings of that glorious street—
> An eager novice in a fluttering gown !

The comparison must have been still more apt in days when trees at frequent intervals overhung ; only a few now remain, one preserved by All Souls and some in All Saints churchyard. In Turl Street is a tree which, although it is a plane, overhangs as if from a bank, and gives to that road, also, a slight appearance of being a stream. There are not many modern devices which have added to beauty, so let one be noted which has made roads look like rivers—that device of tarring which gives the surface a polish. To come into Oxford on a wet night by the Woodstock or Banbury Road into the great wide space of St. Giles is like sailing in from a sea voyage ; you see nothing before you but the street-lamps reflected on the road as the lights of a jetty and of ships at anchor are repeated in the dark still waters of a harbour.

CHAPTER III

The Examination Schools—Queen's College—University College

GOING up the High from the Botanic Gardens one comes on the left to a place which few Oxford men have entered save under compulsion, and of which when entered, they have never studied the artistic merits, namely the Examination Schools. No more difficult task can be found for the architect than to build satisfactorily in Oxford: his work stands in perpetual comparison with masterpieces of other times; he must be original, yet modern taste demands, whether rightly or wrongly shall not be here discussed, that the new work shall be more or less in keeping with the old. It is not surprising that there have been some disasters, but rather that there have been so few. Sir Thomas Jackson (a member of Wadham College) has designed much of the new work in Oxford—the High Street front of Brasenose, the President's house and the new buildings at Trinity, the additions to Hertford, the Library of the Science Museum, the new buildings of Corpus on the north side of Merton Street, and these Examination Schools. Some would put among the less successful of these constructions Hertford (the chapel excepted), because of lack of inspiration, and the Brasenose front, because of over ornamentation (though that carries on, in a line with St. Mary's Church, which is adjacent, a general and pleasing effect of ornateness). Among the successful buildings opinion places those at Trinity and these Schools, which externally are dignified, rich without any meretriciousness, and expressive of their public purpose, for a public building should have the appear-

ance proper to a public building as much as a church should have the air of being a church or a house that of being a house. Internally, the great entrance hall is spacious and noble, and the large rooms are admirably what their use requires them to be, light, airy, restrained in ornament, and ample in size. It is said that the courtyard, which lies off Merton Street in undeserved obscurity, was designed to face the High Street, and very well would it have looked in that position, but by mischance there was a difficulty about obtaining land at the corner and so the design had to be altered.

Visitors of a cynical or morbid disposition may go into the schools and listen to viva voce examinations, at which " those who do not want to know the answers ask questions of those who cannot tell ".

Always doomed to be a place of pain the Schools during the war became the Third Southern General Hospital.

University, Queen's, and All Souls stand in what, artistically speaking, are critical positions on the curve of the High Street. Fortunately all of them, All Souls, with its simple fifteenth-century front and beautifully unadorned and well-proportioned eighteenth-century Warden's Lodgings below it; Queen's, with its unusual but effective open façade; University, with its twin gate-houses and its long frontage relying for decoration only on windows and gables—all avoid any excesses and extravagances which might have broken up the gracious bend of buildings along the street.

Of the mediaeval buildings of Queen's College, to the regret of most and to the bitter chagrin of many, no vestige remains. Except when there is necessity it is outrageous to destroy buildings, for man cannot employ the mind of past builders nor mix age with stones and mortar. Nevertheless it is foolish to let our rage be restrospective through two centuries and to concentrate on the destroyers to the entire neglect of creators. We may regret what is gone, but let us not despise what exists, just because it is newer, nor let us fall into the gross error of thinking

everything mediaeval beautiful and everything modern ugly. The present Queen's has very great merits and we ought to be glad to have in Oxford specimens of the creative ability of every architectural age. The back quadrangle was begun in the reign of Charles II and completed by the library, which was finished in 1696. Of that building something will be said in a later chapter dealing with the subject of libraries, and we may turn to the quadrangle which faces the High Street, and which is a complete example of the Palladian style. It has only three sides, there being, instead of a fourth, a wall with a central gateway above which rises an open cupola containing a statue of George II's wife, Queen Caroline, who gave a considerable sum of money to the College. The idea of the cupola and wall was, no doubt, derived from Dr. Caius' Gate of Honour (1575) at Cambridge, and from his plan there of building a three-sided court in order that more light and warmth might be admitted. The notion was a good one, since four-sided quadrangles, especially small ones, are apt to be dark and gloomy and, to quote Jude the Obscure's comparison, to resemble " mausoleums above ground ". The plan of facing south has not been followed, perhaps because of lack of opportunity, but three-sided quadrangles were built at Trinity, by Bird at New College (1682–5), and by Hawksmoor at All Souls (1734). The foundation stone of this quadrangle was laid in 1710, and the whole completed soon after 1730. The architect was Nicholas Hawksmoor (1661–1736), who at the age of eighteen had become the pupil and domestic clerk of Wren, whom later he assisted in the building of St. Paul's. Of his work elsewhere the best known is the churches of St. Mary Woolnoth in the City of London, and St. George's Bloomsbury, but, for good or ill, his reputation must rest on his more considerable work in Oxford. Wren may have made suggestions about the general plan of this college: as early as 1682 he had prepared a design for a new chapel and hall which, in the main, resembles the present edifice. Hawksmoor may

have adopted and modified Wren's idea, or Wren himself may have altered his own design at a later time. The College evidently considered several designs, which are still extant but are anonymous; one of these includes as a chapel a large domed building. Some, assuming that the chapel is by Wren, say that it is that master's best work in Oxford, but perhaps one may mention that praise without being party to it; for though the building has some interesting features—an elliptical ceiling, a Roman apse (over it is a painting of the Ascension by Sir James Thornhill)—it is rather dull and devoid of display of skill or imagination. Its glass came from the old chapel; the two westernmost windows contain some of the early sixteenth century and the rest are filled with products from the factory of the younger van Linge, who later in this chapter is mentioned with much honour—but either this glass was an inferior product or else, as is more probable, it was spoiled when restored in 1717; for there is little pleasing about it save the green tints. The most attractive thing in the chapel is the seventeenth-century brass lectern. The hall has about it that touch of domesticity which is characteristic of eighteenth-century architecture, and, compared with a mediaeval hall, has the air of being apt for stately balls and receptions, rather than for the feeding-place of scholars. On the whole, this front quadrangle is an addition to Oxford architecture well worth having; it has calm and dignity about it though it oppresses one a little with a feeling of stoniness, if one may use an uncouth word, as if the material had not been quite subdued to the architect's will. A certain heavy-handedness is generally conspicuous in all but the best of eighteenth-century public buildings, the word "public" being expressly inserted in order to except from any blame the numerous small houses of that period which have never been equalled in grace and comfort.

The College is much older than the buildings which have just been described, having been founded in 1341 by Robert de Eglesfield, chaplain to Philippa, wife of

Edward III: in her and in all future Queens Consort was the patronage of the College vested, by no means in vain, for many have taken an interest in it down to Her present Majesty, who in 1923 paid a visit to the College. Eglesfield was a Cumberland man, and ever since his day a close connection has existed between his College and the north country. It is said that in days when southerners considered the north of England barbarous and remote, there was a special suffrage inserted in the Litany of University College: "From the gentlemen in the back quad. at Queen's good Lord deliver us"! Eglesfield was also a man of very pretty imagination, and possessed with a fine sense of the value of symbolism. He ordained that there should be a provost and twelve Fellows, this number being chosen in commemoration of our Lord and the twelve Apostles. They were to sit in hall on one side of the table with the Provost in the middle, according to the traditional idea of the arrangement at the Last Supper; moreover, they were to wear crimson mantles as a symbol of the Saviour's blood. The "poor boys" or scholars were to wear tabards, whence the eight senior scholars are still called "Tabarders". He ordained further that on New Year's Day, in memory of himself, the Bursar should present to each Fellow a needle threaded with coloured silk—aiguille et fil, a pun on Eglesfield—saying "Take this and be thrifty", a custom which is still observed. Another custom still observed, dating back, as far as positive record goes, to the early years of the sixteenth century, and no doubt existing before then, is the carrying in to the High Table on Christmas Day of the Boar's Head with pomp and procession, while the precentor sings an old carol beginning:

The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedecked with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, masters, merry be,
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput Apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.

A legend, ancient and of ponderous academic humour, states that this feast began in commemoration of a contest on Shotover Hill between a scholar of the college and a wild boar, the latter being miserably slain by a copy of Aristotle thrust down its throat, the scholar at the same time exclaiming "Graecum est". But there is no need to look for any extraordinary origin. In days when England was an agricultural country and travelling was slow and costly, it was usual for students to go away only once in the year, for the Long Vacation, when their help was needed at home for gathering in the crops, and to remain in Oxford for the other vacations which were very short; and so Christmas ceremonies were generally observed in colleges until the Christmas vacation lengthened and undergraduates went away for that season. Perhaps the ceremony survived at Queen's because its members, being mostly north countrymen from remote homes, would be the last to avail themselves of changed conditions of society and travel. It may be added for the benefit of the curious that, since the genuine commodity is now very scarce, the boar's head is not brought from wild places afar, but is derived from the largest boar-pig which the emulous villages in the neighbourhood of Oxford can provide, while that which appears annually on 20th November at the Merton College Boar's Head dinner is a choice confection of meats excellently modelled, and skilfully shaped.

Before crossing the road to University College, a word must be said of the eminent men who have been at Queen's. Nicholas of Hereford, who translated the greater part of the Old Testament in Wycliffe's Bible, was a Fellow, and Wycliffe himself had rooms in the college, as, according to tradition did also Edward the Black Prince and Henry V, though neither he nor they were members. Compton, Bishop of London, who played a part in the Revolution and who crowned William III, was here. Among men of letters are Sir Thomas Overbury, William Wycherly, Joseph Addison, William Collins,

Jeremy Bentham, and Francis Jeffrey. And among scientists Edmund Halley, perhaps the most eminent of English astronomers, who has given his name to the famous comet, one of the appearances of which was before the battle of Hastings, as is recorded on the Bayeux tapestry. Halley was Savilian Professor of Geometry in Oxford, and the house in which he lived in New College Lane may be identified by the box-like remains of his observatory on the roof.

The first thing of interest about University is that it was *not* founded by Alfred the Great. On the summit of Kingsettle Hill in Wiltshire is a monument of Alfred, erected in 1766, bearing the inscription :

To him we owe the Origin of Juries
The establishment of a Militia
The Creation of a Naval Force.
Alfred the Light of a Benighted Age
Was a Philosopher and Christian
The Father of his People
The Founder of the English
Monarchy and Liberty.

To this preponderance of untruth over truth is only needed the addition of " Burner of Cakes, Founder of the University of Oxford and of University College therein ", to make it a sum total of all the fictions about that great but too much be-legended king. The origin of this particular fiction is curious, and indeed unintelligible, unless we remember that no scientific knowledge of history existed in the Middle Ages. Anachronism and anomalies are critical conceptions unknown to mediaeval man ; his mind roamed in the field of back-ward time among a confused company of Trojans, Romans, dragons, missionaries, Saxons, and saints working fantastic miracles. If they had an opinion that something once happened or that someone once gave some land to someone else, and if proof were required of that happening they argued, I suppose, that, since a written document

by chance or carelessness had never been made or had been lost by process of time or the wiles of the Devil, there could be no harm in making a document such as originally existed or ought to have existed. Hence forgery was much indulged in by laymen and clerics alike, and no one had the knowledge necessary to detect the genuine from the false. A schoolboy, asked to state what was meant by a lie, said, "A lie is an abominable sin and a very pleasant help in time of trouble"; likewise a forged document was a very pleasant help in a law court unless the other party forged more convincingly. In the reign of Richard II the Master and Scholars of what was then known as the Hall or College of the University, being involved in a lawsuit about some tenements and having in vain produced many forged charters, appealed to the King on the grounds that his "noble progenitor" had founded the College, and in warranty thereof they exhibited documents sealed with the University seal, and containing the names of the Chancellor and of the Master of the College. Their petition mentioned as two famous scholars of the foundation, John of Beverley and the Venerable Bede, the former of whom was Archbishop of Canterbury some forty-five, and the latter of whom died some fifteen years before Alfred was born!

Such industry and attention to detail triumphed. In 1727 the College was engaged in another lawsuit involving the question of whether the Crown was its Visitor. In the course of the proceedings in the Court of King's Bench it was pleaded that "King Alfred must be confirmed our founder, for the sake of religion itself, which would receive a greater scandal by a determination on the other side, than it had by all the Atheists Deists, and Apostates, from Julian down to Collins; that a succession of clergymen for so many years should return thanks for an Idol, or mere nothing, in ridicule and banter of God and religion, must not be suffered in a court of Justice". Such piety was also successful.

And thus did the foundation of the college by Alfred, to borrow a phrase applied by Charles Reade to something quite different, "go through the hollow form of being a fact". The truth is much duller than this fiction. In 1249, William, Archdeacon of Durham, left a sum of money to the University for the maintenance of some Masters of Arts, of which money some was lent to the Barons fighting against Henry III and some went in 1253 to buy a house, in which William's Masters probably lived, on a site where Brasenose now stands. In 1331 they moved to a house on the site of the present college (of which the name is derived from its origin in a hall purchased by the University). In 1280, statutes were drawn up for the governance of the community. Thus, if we accept the definition of college as "a self-governing corporate community with common rule, common life, common property, common end", University loses its claim to be the oldest college, for, though it was endowed first, Balliol had priority of fixed locality and Merton the concluding priority of statutes. All of which is perhaps plainer when put in tabular form:

	Endowment	Fixed place of residence	Statutes
University	1249	1331	1280
Balliol	*c.* 1260	*c.* 1260	1284
Merton	1264	1266	1264, 1274

The oldest part of the existing buildings is the main quadrangle; of which the west side was begun in 1624 and the east side finished in 1674. The smaller quadrangle, built from funds left by the munificent Dr. Radcliffe, of whom more will be said in another place, was built about 1719 in close imitation of the older one. On the inner side of the main gateway is a statue of James II corresponding to that of Queen Anne on the outer side. The

memory of that monarch is at least fortunate in its statues for there is only one other, that excellent one in St. James's Park by the Admiralty. The one here was erected during the mastership of Obadiah Walker, who declared himself a Roman Catholic on James's accession, and it was placed, so it was said, in order that the the king might see it on coming out of the chapel or out of what is now stairway No. 8 where, on the ground floor, a room had been fitted up in which to say Mass.

The ante-chapel, separated from the main chapel by a fine screen (1694), contains a monument by Flaxman to Sir William Jones. This eminent member of the College was a man of prodigious learning. At the age of twenty he knew Arabic and Persian, and ten years later was known throughout Europe as an Orientalist. Made a judge of the High Court of Calcutta he set out to become "the Justinian of India", by codifying all the systems of law in that country, but in 1794 death drew him from that enormous labour when he was but forty-seven years old. The glory of the chapel is its glass. The sixteenth century studied only the destruction of stained glass, so that when a demand for it recurred the art of making it did not exist in England, and foreign skill had to be obtained. Notably two Dutchmen came to Oxford, Bernard van Linge (known as "the elder") and Abraham van Linge (the younger), and executed so much the best glass of the seventeenth century that there is no other, with the possible exception of that in Lincoln College chapel, which is Flemish in design, which comes near it for excellence. The best work of the elder van Linge is the east window in Wadham chapel, painted in 1622 [1]; the best of the younger artist is the glass here at University, constructed in 1641, but not erected until the second danger period for church ornaments was ended by the Restoration. The beauty of

[1] The other glass in Wadham chapel is also excellent, especially that in the windows on the south side of the choir, possibly also the work of van Linge.

STATUE OF DR. RADCLIFFE
BY RYSBRACK (C. 1693-1770), AT THE RADCLIFFE CAMERA

these windows lies in their richness of colour and their luminous transparency. There is an apple in the window depicting the Fall of Man, which so gathers light into itself that it glows with colour and shines with such splendour that, were the original anything like it, it is no wonder that Eve risked all to take it. There are many other things of joy: trees with leaves of brilliant green, bright cities in the background, strange beasts in the foregrounds. Some may say there is a certain heaviness of design, but to compensate all defects there is light, light everywhere. The record of stained glass during the last two centuries or so has indeed been a dismal one, and a breaking of church windows on a large but discriminate scale would be no bad thing. The object of glazing churches in mediaeval times was to transmit light through instructive pictures for the edification of those who could not read the written word or had not the written word to read. Let no one imagine that the "Gothic Gloom", so dear to the melancholy of eighteenth-century romanticists, was deliberately sought by mediaeval man; it was due to his lack of skill in building, and as his skill developed he was always making his windows larger so that he might have more light and more space to decorate with instructive glass. Modern man can read his Bible, and so there is the less need for pictorial instruction, though no less a desire for light. It were well, then, to have no coloured glass at all unless it can be made so beautiful as to touch the spirit and emotions. It is better to have sunshine come plain into our churches than to have it smudged with crude colour, and better to see through the windows the sky and clouds and fields than to be shut off from these by dull conventional designs. Yet by some outrageous conservatism it seems to be considered that stained glass is essential. The art of making glass has, indeed, improved; there is some good work by Powell in the chapel of Trinity, in the hall of All Souls, in the hall of Oriel (by Comper), and in Pembroke chapel (by Kempe), but nothing yet

to match the rich, soft mediaeval colour or the brilliance and depth of van Linge's best work; nor do the moderns ever dare to display a sense of humour or to indulge in whims and oddities such as, no matter whether in them it was deliberate or not, we admire in the artists and craftsmen of old time. The new glass in this hall is by Powell, and is good in design and theme, though less rich in colour and less luminous than could be wished. There are also some good pictures: "Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester", by Zucchero; "Edward Hales" (who was killed at the Boyne in the service of James II), by Sir Peter Lely; "Horace Lord Davey," by Solomon; Burke's friend, "William Windham", by Sir Thomas Lawrence; "Lord Hastings", by Hoppner; and "William Scott, Lord Stowell", also by Hoppner. The last named was a tutor from 1765 to 1775 and had as a pupil his brother John, afterwards Lord Eldon. Of these two, there are in the library, built in 1861 from Sir Gilbert Scott's design, statues of such prodigious size that their merit has to be estimated by the ton. It was by cause of his friendship with Lord Stowell that Dr. Johnson visited this College, drinking in the Common Room on one occasion three bottles of port "without being any the worse for it". It was in the same room that Johnson made his rudest retort—which is saying little, for few of his answers were any ruder than the last move in a game of skill or the final blow in a friendly contest—but on this occasion, roused by the continual and ineffective "I deny that" of one Mortimer, rector of Lincoln College, he remarked to him with an asperity unabated by the Latin language, "you must have forgot that an author has said: 'Plus negabit unus asinus in una hora quam centum philosophi probaverint in centum annis'" (One ass will deny in one hour more than a hundred philosophers shall have proved in a hundred years).

From the time of Stowell until, towards the middle of the nineteenth century, Dean Stanley became a tutor, the efficiency of the College was in a low state, and it was

during this stagnant period that Shelley became, in 1810, a member of the College to which his father had belonged. He occupied rooms on the first floor, in the corner of the quadrangle nearest the hall, rooms which soon gave evidence of their owner's impetuous passion for science: "Books, boots, papers, shoes, philosophical instruments, clothes, pistols, linen, crockery, ammunition, and phials innumerable, with money, stockings, prints, crucibles, bags, and boxes, were scattered on the floor and in every place; as if the young chemist, in order to analyse the mystery of creation, had endeavoured first to reconstruct the primeval chaos. The tables, and especially the carpet, were already stained with large spots of various hues, which frequently proclaimed the agency of fire. An electrical machine, an air pump, the galvanic trough, a solar microscope, and large glass jars and receivers, were conspicuous amidst the mass of matter". Here he lived for eleven months, studying not science only but also logic, metaphysics and a mass of literature both ancient and modern. "Although . . . of a grave disposition, he had a certain sly relish for a practical joke, so that it were ingenious and abstruse and of a literary nature; he would often exult in the successful forgeries of Chatterton and Ireland". This taste led him to write and publish in Oxford "The Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson", purporting to be the writings "edited by John Fitzvictor" of the mad woman who had in 1786 made an attempt on the life of George III. Oxford was for a time deceived, then shocked, by the hoax. Then followed the publication of the famously unfortunate pamphlet, "The Necessity of Atheism". Its author was summoned before the Master and some of the Fellows and asked whether he had written it. Shelley, made obstinate by the "violent and ungentlemanlike deportment" of the Master, refused to answer any question, but said that since it was obvious from their manner that they intended to punish him if he acknowledged the pamphlet, it was for them to provide proof.

His friend James Hogg (from whose Life of Shelley the above quotations are taken) likewise refused to make explicit statement as the authorship, and both were expelled. There is no wisdom in losing our tempers about this matter after a lapse of more than a hundred years, and yet it is difficult not to. Let us concede certain things to the advantage of the Master and Fellows : Shelley was certainly a very eccentric young man and not yet a proven genius ; there have been in Oxford since that time many eccentric young men who have not turned out to be great men, and who very rightly have been treated as intolerable nuisances. To publish the pamphlet, a work of no merit, was a foolish thing to do. The standards of orthodoxy and convention were so much more rigid then than now, that it is unnecessary and unfair to attribute, as Hogg did, the Master's zeal in their preservation to the fact that he had his eye on the rich See of Durham. Yet there are things to be said for the prosecution as well as for the defence. Shelley was obviously by nature one who would have derived the greatest advantage from a University career, it would have removed the crudity from his philosophy and tempered the extravagance of his thought, had he come in contact with any directing mind older than his own. Yet his glowing zeal for knowledge was " so opposite to the listless langour, the monstrous indifference, if not the absolute antipathy to learning, that so strangely darkened the collegiate atmosphere ". He was susceptible to kind treatment ; in later days he excepted country clergymen from his general condemnation of the human race, because one had once been kind to him. No one seems to have made any effort to understand him, to remonstrate with him, or to win his attention to counsels of grace and wisdom but, instead, after months of neglect, those men, sodden with port-wine and orthodoxy, flung him out in an access of ignoble righteousness and warped thereby a rare and lovely spirit. There is little spiritual worth, no doubt, in the record of book

prices, but it is comforting to reflect that in 1924 one thousand two hundred and ten pounds was paid at Sotheby's for a copy of the "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson", whereas no one would give sixpence for a copy of anything written by those who expelled the author of that work. But we have stirred enough the waters of their oblivion; their victim has long outsoared the shadow of their night. What amends a beautiful memorial can make, have been made. In 1893 the College accepted from Lady Shelley a statue of the poet, by Onslow Ford, which had been intended for the tomb in Rome. At the same time the Bodleian Library accepted from the same donor the manuscript of "Prometheus Unbound", and of other poems, together with the copy of Sophocles which Shelley had in his hand when his boat was upset in the fatal storm. These relics are in the show-cases in the library. The memorial is placed now in a building with a dome, which by a happy idea is intended to recall a stanza from that great poem which Shelley wrote to the memory of Keats, whom he supposed to have been the victim of literary tyranny and convention.

> The One remains, the many change and pass;
> Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
> Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
> Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
> Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
> If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek!
> Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
> Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words are weak
> The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

CHAPTER IV

St. Aldate's—The Town Hall—Folly Bridge—Christ Church—Pembroke

THE street which runs southward from Carfax to Folly Bridge was until about a hundred and fifty years ago known by two names, Fish Street in the upper part and Grandpont in the lower, the dividing place being the site of the South Gate which, until the building of Christ Church, stood on the north side of the present Brewers Street. The name St. Aldate's is derived from the church which lies on the west side of the road, and is a shibboleth, being pronounced by all but strangers as St. Old's, and is found so spelt (with the variation St. Told's) from the thirteenth century onward. No one has ever discovered who St. Aldate was, and probably he, or she, is a fictitious being, derived like St. Veronica, from two words—Ald-gate, or Old Gate, for the church lay just within the old south entrance to the city. At the upper end the street suffers the indignity of two public buildings; on one side a post-office, a rectangular pile of dingy stone with vaguely "Gothic" features; on the other the Town Hall (which replaced a simple eighteenth-century building), endeavouring to be worthy of the ancient and honourable Corporation to which it belongs as a vulgar woman might endeavour to be dignified with the aid of flashy dresses and quantities of cheap jewellery, so tawdry is its design, so meretricious its abundant ornament, though one must add that the frontage on to Blue Boar Lane is much better than that on the main street; it is simpler, and has a good outline. But it is worth while going into this Town Hall to see

the city mace, the biggest in England, and a splendid piece of silver-gilt of the Charles II period. And while here, little apt as this building is to remind one of ancient histories and dignities, one should recall that Oxford is older than the University, that in pre-Norman times, being on the border of Mercia and Wessex and where the Thames was fordable, it was an important town; three national councils were held here in the tenth century; in that same century the town was twice besieged; and within its walls died two Kings, Edmund Ironside and Harold Harefoot. After the Norman conquest the town soon recovered from the devastation of that invasion; in the first half of the twelfth century a merchant guild existed here, and other guilds grew up soon after. Henry I granted the town a Charter, which is not extant, but that granted by Henry II testifies to the importance of the place, for it states that "The citizens of Oxford and the citizens of London have one and the same custom, and law and liberty". Other and distant towns, Bedford, Marlborough and Portsmouth, chose that their rights should be based on those granted to Oxford. Perhaps owing to the proximity of the royal palace at Woodstock and to the existence of that of Beaumont just outside the city wall, the Mayor was granted an especial privilege, that of acting, with the Lord Mayor of London, as assistant butler at the Coronation banquet, for which service he received three maple cups. This record considered, it is very intelligible that when the University overshadowed the town, when the Vice-Chancellor encroached on the power of the Mayor, when the gownsmen acquired privileges against the townsmen, there should have developed that intense hostility between the two bodies which lasted to a time almost within living memory.

The lower end of the street narrows, picturesquely but inconveniently and shabbily, to Folly Bridge, and is being widened for reasons of traffic and rebuilt for reasons of housing. It is to be hoped that Littlemore Court,

a fifteenth-century structure with a front remodelled in the sixteenth may survive, and that there may long survive a little shop adjacent (the only one in the street with the original small-paned windows), for Sir John Tenniel drew it in "Alice Through the Looking Glass" for "the little dark shop" where Alice was distracted by a spectacled sheep knitting behind the counter. Anyway, that fine many-gabled mansion (No. 1, Rose Place), known as Bishop King's Palace, is safe. It was occupied by Richard King, last Abbot of Oseney and first Bishop of Oxford, from 1546 until his death in 1557, but was rebuilt in 1628. The episcopal residence was moved from Oxford to Cuddesdon in 1635. The present palace in that village was built by Bishop Fell, in 1675, on the site of the earlier one destroyed during the Civil Wars by the Governor of Oxford lest it should become a base for the Parliamentary forces.

Grandpont was originally the whole roadway carried on an embankment across the low-lying ground and by a series of bridges across ditches and branches of the river. The main bridge, called South Bridge, had upon it a gateway, including a room which was said to have been used as a study by the great scientist Roger Bacon (1214 ?–92), a man of such originality of mind, and so far ahead of his age in natural philosophy, that he was held to be a necromancer, and is obscured by a mist of legend. But it is certain that his inquiring genius was suspected by the Franciscan Order to which he belonged, and that he was sent from Oxford to a ten years' confinement in Paris. In 1917 a tablet to his memory was placed on a portion of the old city wall at the end of King's Terrace in the district of St. Ebbe's, a position chosen because the Franciscan church stood nearby.[1] The tablet bears an inscription in Latin and English which, in the latter, runs :

[1] "Paradise Square" and "Paradise Street" nearby derive their names from the "paradise" or park or garden of the Grey Friars.

'THE JOLLY FARMERS,' PARADISE STREET

THE GREAT PHILOSOPHER
ROGER BACON
KNOWN AS THE WONDERFUL DOCTOR
WHO BY THE EXPERIMENTAL METHOD
EXTENDED MARVELLOUSLY THE REALM OF SCIENCE
AFTER A LONG LIFE OF UNTIRING ACTIVITY
NEAR THIS PLACE
IN THE HOME OF HIS FRANCISCAN BRETHREN
FELL ASLEEP IN CHRIST
A.D. 1292

At the place where this tablet is situated an annual service of commemoration is held.

In the eighteenth century Bacon's gateway was inhabited by one Welcome, who added a storey and acquired thereby for his mansion the name of " Welcome's Folly ". The building was pulled down in 1771, but left part of its odd name to the present bridge. Folly Bridge, which is a link between Oxfordshire and Berkshire, crosses the Thames nearly in a line with the old ford from which Oxford derives its name. It may be remarked here that the name Isis, applied to the river for a few miles above and below the town, though of respectable antiquity is not in common use, but is confined nowadays to indifferent poetry. It is a word perhaps manufactured out of the latter portion of " Thames ", or, in old Latinized spelling, " Thamesis ".

Half-way down the street is the long frontage of Christ Church. Go through the gateway and you find yourself in a great and spacious quadrangle and see, opposite, the spire of the cathedral peeping up as if the Middle Ages were striving not to be entirely obliterated by this monument of Renaissance splendour. A great building erected by a state or by a king will impress us considerably, but not nearly so much as one which is the outcome of the efforts of an individual citizen, for states are somewhat amorphous things, and splendour is expected of monarchs, but it touches us nearly to see

a great thing like this founded by an individual of lowly birth who rose to wealth and power, and whose imagination and sense of dignity kept pace with his ambition. For Cardinal Wolsey, the reputed son of an Ipswich butcher, was the prime mover in the making of Christ Church :—

> He was most princely. Ever witness for him
> Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
> Ipswich, and Oxford! One of which fell with him,
> Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
> The other, though unfinished, yet so famous,
> So excellent in art, and still so rising,
> That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
>
> "Henry VIII."

In 1524 Wolsey, since his private fortune was not nearly adequate for his scheme of making a college more magnificent than any existing, obtained permission from the Pope and the King to suppress the Priory of St. Frideswide, and to appropriate its house and revenue; similarly, a short while afterwards, he had leave to suppress any number of religious houses which should have less than seven members, to transfer their inmates to larger establishments, and to divert their income to the new college. The work of building was pressed on with the utmost energy and despatch: it was even commanded that colleges, monasteries and private persons should contribute to the repairing of the highways about Oxford so that the cartage of stone, lead, iron and timber might be expedited. First the monastic buildings were removed, some of the material being used to make walks in the meadows by the river; limestone and plaster gave whiteness to these paths; "white walk" became in the course of time "wide walk", which became "broad walk", as the avenue leading to the Cherwell is now known. A kitchen was then built, which to this day remains as it was in Wolsey's time, except for modern culinary contrivances in themselves very interesting. It is a noble place much visited, and should be seen when meats

are roasting on the long spits before the great fires. It was perhaps a dim memory of a report about this place which made a visitor from across the Atlantic say to the college porter, " Say, usher, is this a purely literary establishment, or can I get a snack here ". Then the quadrangle and hall were worked upon, but in 1529 Fortune flipped Wolsey down, and he fell from the full meridian of his glory " like a bright exhalation in the evening ". He wrote to Cromwell in " . . . Indysspo-sycion of body and mynde by the reason of suche gret hevynes as I am yn, being put from my slep, and mete for such advertysments as I have had from yow of the dyssolucion of my College . . .", praying him to look after the interests of the foundation. He wrote also to the King recommending to his " excellent cheryte and goodness the poore College of Oxford "—a sad and humble letter, but a tactful one, for, observe, it runs " the poore college ", not, as in the letter to Cromwell, " *my* college ", it was no time to intrude Meus in a supplication to Rex. The sister foundation at Ipswich disappeared altogether (its foundation stone is preserved in the wall of the Cathedral Chapter-house), but Henry reconstituted " Cardinal's College " at Oxford in 1532, into a purely ecclesiastical affair. Then, in 1546, he united the new See of Oxford (1542), of which the cathedral church had been Oseney Abbey, with the college, making a corporation styled " Ecclesia Christi Cathedralis Oxon ; ex fundatione Regis Henrici Octavi ", consisting of a dean, eight canons, eight chaplains, sixty students, and forty " children ", or, as they are called later, " junior Students ". Thus arose the strange anomaly of a college with a dean for its head and with a cathedral for its chapel.

That Wolsey's building was not completed is obvious from the buttress-footings, springers and wall-ribs which show that a cloister was to have run round the great quadrangle. He also intended to construct on the north side a chapel, which would have rivalled that of King's College at Cambridge. We need not regret that these

things were not done (the addition of cloisters would have detracted from the size and openness of the quadrangle, and the present cathedral is preferable to whatever chapel might have been built), and we have every reason to admire how the buildings were completed in later times. Dr. Samuel Fell (Dean of Christ Church, 1638–47) built the north-east archway leading now to Peckwater quad.,[1] and the beautiful fan-vaulted stairway to the hall. His son John Fell (Dean 1660 to 1686 and Bishop of Oxford from 1675) is best known, so do insignificant things sometimes outlast in popular memory the things which matter, as the subject of Thomas Brown's epigram :

I do not like thee, Dr. Fell
The reason why I cannot tell
But only this I know full well,
I do not like thee, Dr. Fell.

It is said that Brown, being on one occasion on the point of dismissal from the University, sent a letter of humble submission to the Dean. Fell pardoned him, provided that he translated impromptu the epigram of Martial which runs :

Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare ;
Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te.

The translation was so effective that it has endured some two hundred and fifty years. The story sounds like one invented afterwards to explain the fact which, indeed, may be sufficiently accounted for by the natural antipathy of an undergraduate to a masterful man who made him work or by mere jocularity on the part of one who later in life won considerable reputation as a wit and satirist. Certainly Fell was a firm-willed man who would have his own way, and a man of character, for Evelyn says he was wont to preach in blank verse, but with it he was active and public-spirited. He set the College in order after the tumultuous Commonwealth times, and gave his

[1] This passage between the two quadrangles has been nicknamed " Killcanon " because of the supposed effect on infirm canons of the north wind blowing through it.

attention to completing the buildings. He added the north wing where Wolsey's chapel was to have been, and caused to be made the terrace round the quadrangle with its flights of steps, and the basin in the centre, called "Mercury" from a statue put there some twenty-five years later. But, above all, he was zealous to get completed the main gateway which in Wolsey's time had gone only so far as the height of the adjacent wings. In 1681 the Bishop (as he now was) consulted Wren, who submitted his plan, remarking that "I resolved it ought to be Gothick to agree with the Founders worke, yet I have not continued so busy as he began". He meant by this phrase that he had not attempted any imitation, nor studied exactitude of Gothic form, and, indeed, the result is a wonder of originality and also of appropriateness, and the more a wonder when we consider that in those days the "fantastical and licentious manner of building . . . called Gothick" was quite out of fashion, and that Wren's other and later attempts at towers in that manner, St. Dunstan's-in-the-East, St. Mary Aldermary, and St. Michael's, Cornhill, are scarcely successful from any point of view. The trained eye can, doubtless, justly find fault in detail, but, on the whole, the tower is the most noticeable and among the most satisfactory additions made since the Middle Ages to the beauty of Oxford. A great name, too, often puts into shadow others which deserve praise for contribution to a famous work, and so let there be put into little light Wren's chief mason Kempster. Of him the architect wrote to Fell: "I cannot boast of Oxford artists though they have a good opinion of themselves. My Lord with submission I have thought of a very able man, modest, honest and treatable, and one that your masons will submit to work with because of his interest at the Quarries at Burford and therefore you will have the stone from him at first hand. His name Christopher Kempster he wrought the town House at Abbington. . . . I have used him in good workes he is very careful to worke trew to his design

. . . , and I can rely upon him ". Kempster was a Burford man, and is there buried, his tombstone recording that he was a freeman of the City of London, and that he was employed upon the cathedral and dome of St. Paul's. Some have thought that he designed the beautiful Town Hall at Abingdon (some six miles from Oxford), but it seems, from the letter above quoted, possible that Wren was the architect and Kempster the mason, though the latter may have been let much alone in the absence of his employer. Late in 1682 the tower was finished, and on the anniversary of the Restoration there sounded for the first time from it " Great Tom ". This bell originally hung in the central tower at Oseney Abbey, and being dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury, had upon it the pleasant inscription :

In Thomae laude resono Bim Bom sine fraude.

At the dissolution of that abbey it was transferred to St. Frideswide's, and finally, after being twice recast in the sixteenth century, in which process it lost its inscription and put on weight, being now somewhat over seven tons, it came to rest in Tom Tower, where every night at five minutes past nine o'clock (the cathedral services also begin at five minutes past the hour. This five minutes is due to Christ Church time being not that of Greenwich, but of the meridian on which Oxford lies), it gives the signal for the closing of college gates throughout Oxford, ringing a hundred and one times in commemoration of the number of students in Henry the Eighth's foundation, the hundred and first stroke being on account of a studentship added in 1663. There are few sounds more pleasant to hear than the gathering strength of that bell as it spreads through the night and comes to your ear in soft and even waves when you are some miles from the town, in a punt on the Cherwell, or walking on the hills nearby.

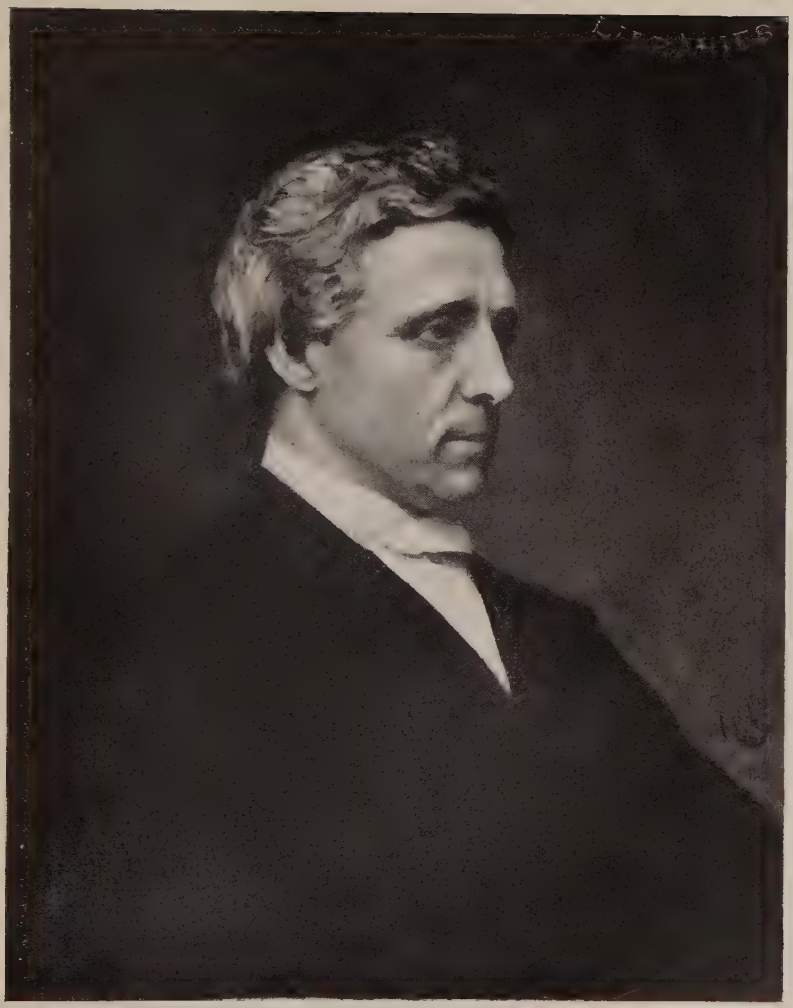
Peckwater quadrangle was built from the design of Dean Aldrich, whom we meet again in connection with All Saints' Church. The foundations were laid in 1706,

when, says Hearne, the Earl of Salisbury and other noblemen of Christ Church "pleased each of them to lay a stone". The library on the south side is somewhat later, but is reserved, as is also the cathedral, for subsequent pages. The latest addition to the college is the tower in the south-east corner of the main quadrangle, which is the work of the late Mr. Garner; it contains the Christ Church peal, famous from the "Round" of "The Bonnie Christ Church Bells". Seven of the bells came from Oseney Abbey, and by the sixteenth century had got the delicious series of names: "Mary and Jesus, Meribus and Lucas, New Bell and Thomas, Conger and Goldestone".

The hall is at once the largest and finest of its kind in Oxford, and a picture gallery notable not only as an assemblage of portraits of famous members of the college, but also as a collection of works of art. Of these pictures three are reproduced in this book, the little portrait of John Wesley by Romney, Sir Hubert von Herkomer's posthumous painting of Charles Dodgson ("Lewis Carroll"), and the group of Allestree, Dolben and Fell, by Sir Peter Lely. There are three other works of Romney in the hall, the portraits of Charles Agar, Archbishop of Dublin, Euseby Cleaver and David Murray, second Earl of Mansfield; but that of Wesley is much the most interesting both in subject and in manner of painting. The interest of Herkomer's portrait of Dodgson lies in its subject: the face we see is scarcely such as one would expect to be that of the author of the most humorous and delightful children's book ever written. But, indeed, he was not merely the writer of tales for children, and his main occupation in life was the study of mathematics, on which subject he wrote numerous works. It is said that Queen Victoria, delighted with "Alice in Wonderland", requested that future works by the same author should be sent to her. The next publication was entitled "The Condensation of Determinants, a new and brief method for computing their arithmetical values"! That the books about Alice and the Hunting of the Snark were written

by a clergyman who was for forty-seven years a resident member of an Oxford college, and whose function was to lecture on mathematics, is one of those whimsicalities of destiny rare and splendid, though perhaps less rare in Oxford than anywhere else. "Alice in Wonderland" was entirely created in Oxford: the story was first told in 1862 to the daughter of Liddell, Dean of Christ Church, in the course of an expedition up the river to Godstow, and the first edition was published in Oxford, but withdrawn owing to defective reproduction of the illustrations, and re-issued in London. The third picture here reproduced is interesting both as a painting and because of its subject matter. John Fell has already been mentioned in connection with the building of Tom Tower; John Dolben became Archbishop of York, and Allestree was the author of the once famous "Whole Duty of Man". The latter two fought on the Royalist side during the Civil Wars, and all three were ejected from their Studentships in 1648. During the Commonwealth period they maintained, in spite of penal laws, the Church of England services at Beam Hall, opposite Merton College. The picture commemorates that act of moral courage, and shows them reading the Liturgy.

Sir Peter Lely has suffered the fate which fashionable painters are liable to, that of being judged by work which is far from being their best, or by that which in fact is not theirs at all. Such a painter has often to work hastily, he has to deal with many uncongenial subjects, he has to please the taste of those whom he paints, he has to leave much to pupils, he has many followers and imitators. The pictures alleged to be by Lely are innumerable, and often very poor stuff, and therefore the more is the pleasure of seeing a really genuine and fine specimen of his art such as this triple portrait of Fell, Dolben and Allestree. Sir Godfrey Kneller, though at best not nearly so fine an artist, is in like case with Sir Peter; we think of him chiefly as the painter of those countless insipid portraits of stout, be-wigged



PORTRAIT OF 'LEWIS CARROLL'
FROM THE PAINTING IN CHRIST CHURCH HALL

gentlemen, and are surprised to find any work is good as the portraits here of John Locke and Henry Aldrich. There are three specimens of Reynolds' work, the best probably being the portrait of William Markham, and two of Gainsborough's, of which "Welbore Ellis" is very fine, and one of the best pictures in the hall. Other pictures which are notable as paintings are those of George Grenville by William Hoare, William Eden by Sir Thomas Lawrence, Liddell by G. F. Watts, Millais' Gladstone, the one, recently acquired, of the Bishop of Ripon by Sir William Orpen, and the portrait of Louis de Vismes by Raphael Mengs, who has been grandiloquently called the "Raphael of Germany". In this last case all interest in face and manner dwindles before our admiration of the blue coat and flowered waistcoat which the subject is wearing. Space will permit of the mention of only two other pictures which should be mentioned for the sake of their subject matter; the portrait, probably a posthumous one, of Richard Busby, and that, by Owen, of Cyril Jackson. Busby was headmaster of Westminster School from 1638 to 1695, and during that troubled time he kept the school not only unharmed, but in a state of very high efficiency. There was nothing about him of the educational faddist, he was a sound scholar and a fine teacher, he was a despot and ruled with the rod. A story, characteristic of him, is told to the effect that on the occasion of a visit to the school by Charles the Second he kept his hat on in the royal presence because he could not allow it to be thought by the boys that there was a greater man then himself in Westminster.

There is a close connection between Christ Church and Westminster by reason of Queen Elizabeth having assigned in 1561 certain Studentships at Christ Church to boys from her new foundation at Westminster. Thence it is that a very large number of famous men whose portraits hang in this hall came to Christ Church from that school. Cyril Jackson, Dean of Christ Church 1783 to 1809, somewhat resembled Busby in character, in that he was not

only a scholar of attainments, but also a man of great personality who ruled his College with great dignity and power, while at the same time holding the respect and devotion of those he governed. He was one of the prime movers in the framing and passing of the Examination Statute which came into operation in 1802 and established written examinations. One of the first to win double first-class Honours under the new system was his pupil, Robert Peel. One cannot refrain form quoting part of a letter which the Dean, who always took the greatest interest in his pupils, wrote to Peel after the Prime Minister to-be had made his second speech in the House of Commons: "Work very hard and unremittingly. Work, as I used to say sometimes, like a tiger, or like a dragon, if dragons work more and harder than tigers. Don't be afraid of killing yourself. Only retain, which is essential, your former temperance and exercise, and your aversion to mere lounge, and then you will have abundant time both for hard work and company, which is as necessary to your future situation as even the hard work I speak of, and as much is to be got from it. Be assured that I shall pursue you as long as I live with a jealous and watchful eye. Woe be to you if you fail me. . . ."

In June of 1924 Pembroke College, with appropriate festivities, celebrated its tercentenary, for on June 29, 1624, James the First issued Letters Patent creating the new foundation, which was named after William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, Shakespeare's patron, and at that time Chancellor of the University. The inaugural ceremony would be notable if only because Thomas Browne, senior commoner, pronounced at it one of four Latin orations —Browne, whom those who understand the huge and essential differences between poetry and prose, and who admire skilled orchestration and sweet intricate rhythm in the latter, will ever consider among the greatest writers in that kind; perhaps even to the point of wondering whether supreme prose has been written since his days, for to his style succeeded evenly-balanced sentences and,

to that, the snip-snap, work-a-day manner of modern times. In his oration he described the College as a Phœnix arising out of the rubble of an ancient hall: indeed, the very place in which he spoke (now used as a library) was part of the buildings of Broadgates Hall which preceded Pembroke College. From very early times there had been on this site a hall, called *Segrym's*, which was inhabited by students of civil and canon law. In the reign of Henry VI it acquired the name *Broadgates* from a larger gateway added to it. By the beginning of the seventeenth century it was notable both in quantity and quality of members, and had produced several famous men; Bishop Bonner, conspicuous in the Marian persecution, "scholar enough and tyrant too much", as Fuller briefly says; John Heywoode, the "Epigrammatist", who in the reign of Henry VIII wrote Interludes which lie between the mediaeval miracle and mystery plays and the later secular comedy; George Peele, the early Elizabethan dramatist (though he migrated to Christ Church); Francis Beaumont, the far more distinguished dramatist; William Camden, the antiquary and historian; John Pym, the Parliamentary leader, and Thomas Browne, who, as we have seen, was also a member of the new foundation. One of the epigrams of the John Heywoode just mentioned is "Send verdingales (farthingales) to Broadgates in Oxford"; which Fuller thus explains in his "Worthies of England": "This will acquaint us with the female habit of former ages, used not only by the gadding Dinahs of that age but by most sober Sarahs of the same, so cogent is a common custom. With these verdingales the gowns of women beneath their waists were penthoused out beyond their bodies; so that posterity will wonder to what purpose those bucklers of paste-board were employed". Though the college was called after Pembroke, and though King James was pleased to be called Founder, its real promoters were two private persons. First, a wealthy maltser of Abingdon, Thomas Tesdale, left a large sum of money for maintaining

seven Fellows and six scholars to be elected from Abingdon Grammar School to any Oxford college; which money was annexed by Balliol. Then one Richard Wightwick, Rector of East Ilsley, in Berkshire, gave a further sum towards Tesdale's benefaction, which caused the Corporation of Abingdon to desire the foundation of a separate college. Broadgates Hall seemed convenient, and so was converted after the necessary legal steps had been taken. Tesdale's bequest was recovered from Balliol, and in the course of time other benefactions came to the college, notably from Charles the First, who founded a Fellowship, as also at Exeter and Jesus, to be held by a native of Jersey or Guernsey. Later Morley, Bishop of Winchester, endowed exhibitions confined to Channel Islanders. The field from which the college drew its members gradually increased, though to this day its connection with Abingdon and the Channel Islands is maintained by means of scholarships and exhibitions. The old quadrangle was built between 1624 and 1670, and the gateway in 1694, a storey being added in 1829, when it and the outside of the college were "Gothicized". The beginning of a new quadrangle was made by the construction of the chapel in 1728, a very good work of its style, especially since it has been redecorated. Until then an aisle of St. Aldate's Church [1] had been used for purposes of worship: the pulpit and the Master's pew, taken from these, are now in the church at Stanton St. John. A range of buildings and a hall were added in 1844. This last is a good Gothic imitation, though the thinness of its walls betrays its modernity. At the time of the tercentenary sundry coats-of-arms on the college buildings were painted: how much brighter our quadrangles would be were this to be done everywhere provided that, as here, care were taken to use the true brilliant heraldic colours! But for some generations past, for reasons unknown, we have been afraid of colour, especially out of doors.

[1] This church was restored and enlarged in 1862, and the tower and spire were rebuilt eleven years later.

The library contains some manuscripts of Dr. Johnson and the table which he had at Edial Hall, near Lichfield, where he kept a school early in his career. Dr. Johnson must, of course, predominate in any account of Pembroke, to which he came in 1728, and for which he retained an affection all his life. He was in residence only fourteen months, since poverty compelled him to cut short his time, nor did he receive a degree until in later years the University gave him the honorary degree of D.C.L., which has provided that prefix for ever inseparable from his name. His love of learning and his innate sense of authority counterbalanced his masterfulness and spirit of independence and kept him on an even keel. The story of his throwing away the new shoes which a kind person, observing his poverty, had placed at his door, and that one of his remarking to his tutor who had imposed a small penalty for non-attendance at a lecture, "Sir, you have fined me twopence for a lecture not worth a penny", are well known. A fellow-undergraduate, one Edwards, said of him, "Even then he was delicate in language, and we all feared him". It was, by the way, this same Edwards who made the immortal remark which alone should give him place among the Pembroke worthies, "You are a philosopher, Dr. Johnson. I have tried, too, in my time to be a philosopher; but I don't know how, cheerfulness was always breaking in". Fortunately, too, he had as tutors men, if not of great intellectual powers, at least of sense and understanding. First, he was under Jorden, of whom he said, as Mrs. Piozzi relates: "That creature would defend his pupils to the last; no young lad under his care should suffer for committing slight irregularities, while he had breath to defend and power to protect them. If I had sons to send to College, Jorden should be their tutor". Then under Adams, afterwards Master of the College. Bishop Percy once told Boswell: "I have heard him say that the mild but judicious expostulations of this worthy man whose virtue awed him and whose learning he revered, made him really

ashamed of himself: 'though I fear,' said he, 'I was too proud to own it' ". Johnson's experience is a pleasant contrast with that of Shelley at University, as is his resultant affection with the dislike of Oxford expressed by Gibbon. The rooms he occupied and which he showed in his old age with touching pride and pleasure to Hannah More, are those in the second storey of the gateway.

Boswell says: "Johnson was peculiarly happy in mentioning how many of the sons of Pembroke were poets; adding with a smile of sportive triumph, 'Sir, we are a nest of singing birds' ". If we enlarge the variety of birds to include the dramatic note of Beaumont, the sweet prose tune of Sir Thomas Browne, the oratorical music of Whitefield, the legal croak of Blackstone's "Commentaries on the Laws of England", the balladry of the eccentric Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstowe, well and good, but if we think only of Johnson's contemporaries —Mr. Hawkins, professor of poetry; the Rev. Richard Graves, author of "A Spiritual Quixote" (a satirical romance about Whitefield and Methodism), and William Shenstone, vapid poet, there will be in *our* smiles also an element of sportiveness. A propos of this topic a game might be played of Oxford and Cambridge poets, since discussion about the merits of men of letters educated at the two Universities is always profitless and always interesting. It might be a card game: twenty-six cards inscribed with the name of a poet, his dates, chief works, notable quotations, and such information to whatever extent one wished to instruct and bore, would be dealt to each player. A low fee would have been paid by the patentee of the game to a committee of poets and professors to assess the value of the cards, or, if played among the learned, each player would argue the value of the card he plays, a referee determining whether he had made his case good. The game would proceed as in whist. Presumably the Oxford player would lead Sir Philip Sidney (Christ Church), Shelley (with some fear of being accused of cheating), and Beaumont, but Cambridge would trump

these with Milton, Spenser, Marlowe, and Wordsworth, and still have several high cards in hand. If Oxford played Shelley somewhat stealthily, so also Cambridge would have to place Dryden warily by reason of the often and maliciously quoted lines of his :

> Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
> Than his own Mother University.
> Thebes did his rude, unknowing youth engage,
> He chooses Athens in his riper age.

Real skill would be required when the lower cards are played ; when Suckling, Cowley, Crashaw, Herrick, Gray, and others of Cambridge are put against Chapman, Lovelace, Donne, Clough and Arnold of Oxford. Still Cambridge has for the conclusion of the game several Court cards, Ben Jonson, Fletcher, Prior, Byron, Tennyson, and, to make at all an even game, the contest would have to be enlarged to include prose writers, of whom Oxford would hold the splendid " hand " : Hooker, Browne, Johnson, de Quincey, Newman and Ruskin. Anyway, it is clearly a game to while away a wet summer and provoke much knowledge, humour and bloodshed. Pembroke is fortunate in possessing the most satisfactory relic possible of Dr. Johnson ; I refer not to Reynolds' portrait of him, but to his teapot, a great simple blue-and-white pot which will hold two quarts of the liquor he loved: (during one of his visits to Oxford his hostess poured him out no less than fifteen cups in one evening). There are in Oxford many relics of great men which recall the part they played on life's stage, for instance, William of Wykeham's beautiful crosier in New College chapel ; or infinitely pathetic, in St. John's library, the cap which Laud wore and the stick he carried to the scaffold, but such relics bring the man before us when he is, as it were, posed for historic action. The really satisfactory memorial of a man is something intimate, something which recalls him as an unadorned human being, something characteristic. It is a pleasant speculation to wonder what we

should ask for if we could approach the dead with a request for a souvenir. Obviously we should ask Johnson for his teapot. What from Shakespeare? Of course in a public mood we should ask for the manuscript of "Macbeth", but what if in a very private and intimate mood? His shaving-glass, perhaps, a thing certainly not characteristic, but certainly intimate, that into which he looked when, with doublet off metaphorically and actually, he meditated a play, planned a frolic or pondered trivial domestic problems, all the while adjusting certain details of the face we see in the "Folio" frontispiece. How we should look into that mirror and see things, though truly in "a glass darkly". I would ask Izaac Walton for a fish-hook, the Duke of Wellington, not for his baton, but for a certain copy of the Report of the Royal Commission on the University of Oxford, of which he was Chancellor. His housekeeper tells us the story: "The last time I saw him alive was the night before his death. . . . He had with him the Oxford Blue-book with a pencil in it and he said to Lord Charles Wellesley, who was with him, 'I shall never get through it, Charles, but I must work on'". What more satisfactory or characteristic memento of that conscientious and dutiful soldier could one possibly have?

I would ask Cromwell for his pipe which he would call for in recreative moments to interpose its fumes between himself and desperate affairs of state; would not one give all his letters and speeches for a record of his conversation with friends over that same pipe? Pepys, I think, might give some fitting souvenir of that June evening of which he notes down "From thence to the theatre and saw 'Harry the 4th,' a good play. That done I went over the water and walked over the fields to Southwark, and so home and to my lute". For is it not very pleasant to think upon this conjunction of Pepys and Falstaff with a conclusion of the Thames, the fields and a lute, all of a summer's night?

But of these speculations one must not make a whole book, sore though the temptation is.

VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH ANGELS
FROM THE PAINTING FROM THE 'WORKSHOP' OF PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA IN CHRIST CHURCH LIBRARY

CHAPTER V

Cornmarket Street—The Union Society—The Ashmolean —Beaumont Street

THE thoroughfare going north from Carfax both day and night is the most frequented in the town. Shops will account for this being so by day, by night habit of a long time has perhaps made it the principal promenade. In every town there is one street crowded with casual walkers, while the others are quite deserted: usually the main street of the town, but not so in this case. There is a small town in Oxfordshire where persons coming in from the country on Fair days collect at the end of a bye-street to exchange greetings and gossip before they go to the Fair, which is held in another street. The cause why they do not gather in a more obvious place, or go direct to the Fair, is that at the end of this particular street in days past was done the business of hiring labour, and the spot is still a rendezvous by instinctive and unwitting tradition. So it is somewhat with this street; by night people stroll where by day there is most traffic of business, though, no doubt, proximity of convenient and congenial taverns has something to do with the matter. The street used to be called Northgate, for the city wall ran across it with a gateway close by St. Michael's Church.[1] "Northgate" some two centuries ago was replaced by Cornmarket Street, a name of obvious derivation, and showing that the road must have been a busy one. In the sixteenth century a building was constructed in the middle of it to protect from the weather the sacks of corn, but "this covering or roof . . . was

[1] See Chapter XV

by the souldery in Oxon pulled downe Anno 1644 and the lead thereof converted into bullets and the timber into militarie engines". So once more the market became open and the wind and weather could sample the corn, until in the nineteenth century a special Exchange was built elsewhere; but for many years after farmers, though their place of business had been moved, still stood and bargained in Cornmarket Street—a further instance of the conservatism of man as to the places he frequents. An unfortunate result of the commercial activity of the street has been the destruction of ancient buildings which once abounded, but which have rapidly given place to ugly commodious shops and offices: a few old houses remain by which our loss may be judged. The lower part of No. 38 (the Plough Inn) is modern, but the upper part with its wide window, dated 1665, and its three oddly arranged gables above is a delightful thing. The house at the corner of Ship Street is a fine one, and probably is of the fifteenth century.

While we are on the subject of old houses it will be well to mention others in the High Street. Those which lie between All Souls and Queen's are of various periods and all good, especially attractive are the two nearest Queen's. No. 126 has a magnificent late seventeenth-century front, with windows, solid yet graceful, stretching across the whole frontage. Down a narrow passage by the side of No. 130 (itself a beautiful little double-gabled house) is Kemp Hall (1637), very difficult to appreciate owing to the narrowness of the passage in which it lies and because it is used as a printing establishment, but what can be seen of it is well worth the seeing, and a glimpse can be got of the rich stairway in the interior. But of all houses I personally prefer the group from Nos. 102 to 107, which show how beautiful complete simplicity can be and what effect can be obtained merely by shape and a happy treatment of windows. No. 103, with its balcony outside the top storey and its flagstaff, is very charming, and ought to be the abode of some old

sea-captain who would walk the lofty promenade with telescope in hand.

It is pleasant to walk streets at all times, but it is most highly recommended that a walk in them be taken between midnight and the early morning hours when the lamps are still burning, but no one about save yourself and an unobtrusive policeman or two. You have then the odd and, for a short while, very endurable sensation of being in a world out of which all its inhabitants have gone suddenly, forgetting to turn off the lights. In the absence of human beings the houses seem to have taken to themselves a certain vitality and humanity either essential or derived from those who have lived in them, but, as you go by, they become still as brick and mortar, quiet as timber, like misbehaving schoolboys who, caught in the act, become rigid when the master enters the room. Immune from collision with your fellows and from the risk of sudden death by traffic you may go here and stop there, look up and gaze side-long, and so remark many things which a crowded street would obscure or make inaccessible. You can see all the features of the houses and notice all the characteristics of their being: there are some brooding with memories of much time, some little ones squeezed between big neighbours like the Dormouse pressed between Alice and the Mad Hatter, some old and feeble, scarcely held up by adjacent friends, some jaunty, some dignified, and too many without significance of any worth, which merely sleep hideously waiting for the familiar rattle of cash in a very up-to-date till. With such one is angry by day, by night one pities them for their lack of shape, colour and individuality.

To be reached either by an entrance from Frewin Court, named after Richard Frewin (1681?–1761), Doctor of Medicine and Camden Professor of Ancient History, who lived at Frewin Hall, or by a more imposing gate in St. Michael Street, are the rooms of the Oxford Union Society. The Union, though a club with very handsome premises, is mainly known as a debating society which

has given so many Prime and other Ministers of State, archbishops, bishops, and all sorts of eminent men their early training in public argumentation. How many and whom, may be gathered from the numerous photographs which hang on the walls of the debating hall. The society has existed for more than a century, having been founded in the spring of 1823. The first meeting was held in private rooms at Christ Church, and for some five years, until the society moved into quarters in Wyatt's rooms in the High Street, sessions were held in various colleges. By mid-century the Society was in a position to have its own building, the debating hall of which was in use early in 1857. That hall is now the old library of the Society, and is of particular interest owing to the melancholy vestiges which it contains of some frescoes painted by famous artists. They are to be dimly discerned on the walls above the narrow gallery which runs round the building. The architect, Benjamin Woodward, who also designed the Science Museum in Parks Road, was visited in the summer of 1857 by his friend Rossetti, who suggested the idea of covering the walls of the new debating hall with frescoes. The plan was approved of and the work was entrusted to Rossetti, who was to choose his own associates in the task. Burne-Jones and William Morris joined him at once, and a little later Arthur Hughes, Val Prinsep, Spencer Stanhope and Hungerford Pollen each undertook to execute one picture. The scheme of decoration was to be a series of scenes from the Arthurian legends. Unfortunately the enthusiasm of the artists and their skill in painting were unassisted by any adequate knowledge of the technicalities of mural decoration. The brickwork of the building was new and damp, and the mortar damper still; on this unpromising surface no ground-preparation was laid except a coat of whitewash, and on to this the pictures were done with small brushes which gave a thin texture of paint. Besides which the decorations were subject to the heat and the fumes of the gas-burners with which at that time the hall was

illuminated. The result was that within six months the pictures began to fade and break up into flakes, and it soon became apparent that any attempt to restore or preserve them would be in vain. So that now they are but sad ghosts of their original selves, and it is more difficult to trace their forms and colours than those of paintings done a thousand years ago.

We are accustomed to associate uniformity in streets with mean and ugly houses and so to disregard its possible merits. Artistically speaking, uniformity is neither good nor bad in general terms, but is ugly or beautiful according to circumstances and the type of house of which the street is composed. The best instance in Oxford of architectural uniformity is Beaumont, which turns to the left and divides Cornmarket Street (or to be precise, Magdalen Street, which is a continuation of it) from St. Giles's, and for Beaumont Street I confess a partiality, not that its houses are of the best kind architecturally, but they are simple and built on a slight curve so that the whole has the same attractiveness as old Regent Street, which we are beginning to appreciate only when it is being pulled down to make way for vaster and more adorned buildings. Beaumont Street (built about 1825) has what Regent Street did not have, those iron first-floor balconies and verandahs which we associate with old-fashioned seaside houses, and which, when painted with a gay green or blue colour, as are some, but unfortunately not all, in this street, are so quaint and pleasant to look at. Out of Beaumont Street leads St. John Street also uniform, but being narrower, composed of smaller houses and quite straight has not the charm of the other, but is distinctly dull. It is chiefly notable for the fact that at No. 4 was born in 1837 the historian J. R. Green.

Beaumont Street was named after the palace which Henry I built on a site just to the north of the present street, a palace famous as the birthplace of Richard I. Edward II. gave it to Carmelite Friars, in whose possession it remained until the Dissolution: thenafter it

became successively a private house, a parish poorhouse, a pigsty and a quarry for stone, and now nothing remains of it except a wall between Beaumont Buildings and Walton Street. So did Oxford treat the residence of the great and learned king who gave her the first of her Charters.

On either side at the east end of Beaumont Street are buildings which are relics of that "Battle of the Styles" which in the earlier part of the last century was fought to the destruction of many an architect whose talent was maimed in that futile struggle. So lacking was architectural inspiration that when something was to be built the main question was "shall it be in the Gothic or in the Classical style?"

Some preferred lifeless imitations of Classical buildings, other preferred dull copies or hideous parodies of Gothic edifices, and fiercely were the two parties divided. All readers of Mr. Lytton Strachey's "Queen Victoria" will remember the passage in which he describes Sir Gilbert Scott's horror when Lord Palmerston refused his Gothic design for the new Foreign Office and demanded one in the Classical manner. In Oxford the Classical party scored a victory when Cockerell the architect of St. George's Hall, Liverpool, designed for the new Ashmolean Museum (1842) a building in the neo-Greek style with details closely modelled on those of the temple of Apollo Epicurus at Bassæ. However, the Gothicists, not to be thus outfaced, raised opposite it a building proclaiming their faith in the mediaeval style, a building, however, not possessing the merit, if merit it be, of archæological exactness which is notable in its antagonist across the way. We may be truly thankful, whatever be the faults of modern work, that good architects serve art rather than archæology, and do not waste their powers in a ridiculous conflict of styles.

Important though the Randolph Hotel is to visitors, we are not concerned with it here, but must turn our attention to the Ashmolean Museum and University Art Gallery.

The number of those people who turn to a museum with honest and wholehearted zest must be small; the loafer and street boy finds them but moderate as places of warmth and comfort, the ordinary man finds them wearisome, and puts them low on the list of places of entertainment, the connoisseur finds himself separated from the objects of his admiration by sheets of glass so that he cannot finger them, look over them, turn them this way and that, and examine them narrowly; moreover his attention is distracted by a multitude of other objects, for man is not born so strong-minded that he can go direct to a certain room or case to the total neglect of all others. It is different with picture galleries; one does not want to turn a picture upside down and take it out of its frame, and it is pleasant to wander about a large gallery comparing one master with another, rejecting old loves and finding new ones. But as for museums, why should their contents not be sold to pay off the national debt? Lovers of antiquities would then have the chance of getting a few objects for their own which would be more useful to them than a million things locked up in cases and shared with fifty million other people. Or why not give away their contents as rewards for public services? That would ensure only the cultured seeking for honours and would create a large number of private collections among which the student could adventure, possibly at ease and with social delight. One knows, of course, that there are difficulties and objections! But if museums perdure let them be small and choice, and let there be also a picture gallery, both of which conditions are fulfilled in the case of the Ashmolean. If anyone be offended at the above remarks he may comfort himself that they are a belated specimen of that ignorant levity which has been expended on museums from their inception; Young, for instance, called Sir Hans Sloane "the foremost toyman of his time", and Horace Walpole said that Sloane's collection "might be worth £80,000 for anyone who loved hippopotamuses, sharks with one ear,

and spiders big as geese", and I think it was Steele who described Salter's museum at Chelsea as containing "ten thousand gimcracks, including a petrified crab from China and Pontius Pilate's wife's chambermaid's sister's hat". The Ashmolean claims to be the oldest museum in Great Britain, and one of the oldest in Europe, having originated in a collection offered to the University in 1679 by Elias Ashmole, and acquired by him from John Tradescant the Elder (died 1637 ?), a traveller, naturalist and gardener, and John Tradescant the Younger (1608–62), who pursued his father's tastes. The Old Ashmolean in Broad Street (called by an irreverent contemporary "Ashmole's Nicknackatory") was built by the University to house this collection, which consisted at first mainly of objects of Natural History, but which in the course of time was increased by the addition of antiquities and objects of art. At the end of the eighteenth century one Dr. Randolph left money towards the provision of a gallery to house various works of art belonging to the University, and, a little earlier in time, Sir Robert Taylor had bequeathed a sum for the creation of an institution for the study and teaching of modern languages. The building at the end of Beaumont Street, part of which was called the Taylorian Institute and part the University Galleries, was decided upon in 1839 for the carrying out of these two bequests. Some fifty years later bountiful gifts of objects and money by Mr. Fortnum enabled the University to add to the building, and thenafter in 1894 the Ashmolean collections were moved into it, excepting the scientific portion which had previously been transferred to the new Science Museum in Parks Road. It is, of course, quite hopeless to direct anyone as to what to see in a museum; different people will want to see different things, and we do not all think alike ("and a very good thing too", said a late professor, "for if we did the price of oysters would be higher even than it is"). Some will like to see the collection, on the ground floor, of antique sculpture, including the "Arundel

Marbles", which the Earl of Arundel in the reign of James I diligently acquired in Italy, Greece and Asia Minor. They were obtained for the University by John Evelyn, who says of them in his Diary under the date 19 July, 1667: "To London with Mr. Henry Howard of Norfolk, of whom I obtained the gift of his Arundelian Marbles those celebrated and famous inscriptions Greeke and Latine, gather'd, with so much cost and industrie from Greece, by his illustrious grandfather the magnificent Earle of Arundel, my noble friend while he lived. When I saw these precious monuments miserably neglected and scatter'd up and downe about the garden, and other parts of Arundel House, and how exceedingly the corrosive aire of London impaired them I procured him to bestow them on the University of Oxford". Some will like the very important collection of mediaeval pottery, others will seek the Egyptian or Greek or Roman sections, or look for the Italian bronzes, but, really it is best to part company, and the present writer will go off to look again at the things which he always makes for by an unvarying and unreasoning route. First he will make for the Anglo-Saxon room to see King Alfred's Jewel (helmet-ornament, sceptre-head, pointer, pendant, or whatever it may be), to admire its beauty, as also that of the other adjacent jewels, and the strange chance by which three hundred and thirty years ago the soil of Athelney gave it up. Then he will turn to the watches, so lovely that if their owners grieved over Time's flight it must have consoled them to mark it by these choice pieces. There is one exquisite above all the others, though wanting their charm of solidity, a French one of the eighteenth century made in the form of a tulip, its tiny dial reposing among petals of gold filigree work. What an age! What a society! So graceful, yet somehow so pitiful, so futile if beauty ever can be futile. Probably, from the lady who held between her finger and thumb the stalk of this golden toy no goldsmith's or watchmaker's art could keep away the tediousness of her day. He will then

turn for contrast to the rough relics of prehistoric days, recalling to mind many a barrow-pimpled down and earthworks in high windy places. Let them excavate as much as they like and display all their scientific methods and knowledge, they will never know much about prehistoric man—at least it is to be hoped that they never will. Yet to the imagination he yields up some of his secrets, and very pleasant it is, goaded gently by the sight of an arrowhead to reconstruct him for ourselves ; a method so much speedier and more reliable than those scientific ones. Then the present writer will go to see the bronze head of a young athlete, a fragment of a statue done by a sculptor of the Peloponnesian school of the fifth century B.C., a fragment so wonderful that the eyes, though nothing but cavities, are full of life and expression.

And after that to the Tradescant Lobby, where are sundry congenial historical relics : the lantern which Guy Fawkes had with him in the cellar under the Houses of Parliament on the night of a certain famous November the Fifth, which lantern was presented to the University in 1641 by the son of the magistrate who made the arrest ; the hat, constructed on iron ribs and looking like an instrument of torture, which Bradshaw wore at the trial of Charles I; Queen Elizabeth's riding boots and the gloves presented to her when she visited Oxford in 1566, and those other miniature top-boots for the baby feet of the Duke of Gloucester. From this lobby he will go into the Combe Room of the picture gallery and will be glad to cease to be alone at that point. This room contains the collection of works by pre-Raphaelite artists formed by Mr. Thomas Combe, who was well-known in Oxford as an energetic official of the Clarendon Press, and who was the friend and patron of Millais. The pictures were left to the Fine Art department of the Ashmolean Museum by his widow, Mrs. Martha Combe.

In 1822 Constable had predicted that " there will be no genuine painting in England in thirty years time ". Indeed, when we consider the artistic taste of the period

DON GARCIA DE MEDICI
FROM THE PAINTING BY ANGIOLO BRONZINO IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM

included in the reign of William IV and the early years of that of Victoria, when we reflect how many good artists on arriving at that period declined into lusciousness, as trees lose their freshness in August heats, when we recall that galleries depended for patrons on those whom the development of machinery had enriched in wealth but not in taste, when we remember the dullness and formality that passed for beauty we may well think that the melancholy prophecy would have been fulfilled had it not been for the quickening impulse of the pre-Raphaelite Movement. That movement may be said to have begun in 1848, when the three young men, Holman Hunt, Rossetti, and Millais formed the "Brotherhood". Ford Madox Brown, Rossetti's early master and object of his admiration might have been one of them in name, as he was in affinity, had he not been an older man and an objector to coteries of all kinds. Others came under the banner, F. G. Stephens, Arthur Hughes, Charles Collins, Frederic Sandys.

It is difficult to state precisely what were the tenets of the Brotherhood, for each of them was of marked personality and individuality, and therefore had his peculiar outlook; in Rossetti, for instance, romanticism is predominant, in Holman Hunt exactness of observation and insistence on moral purpose. But in general they revolted against the pedantry, the formalism, the slavish obedience to rules of art which were prevalent in their day. They affected to lead "a return to nature". Now, that phrase either means nothing at all, since Art and Nature are opposite things, or else it means many different things, in fact as many different things as there are artists, for all schools can claim to seek Nature. In literature men so wide apart as Pope and Wordsworth each claimed to follow Nature, and equally opposite schools of art make the same declaration. It may be supposed that they meant a new interpretation of Nature, or a restatement of it. They endeavoured to depict Nature with utmost truth and sincerity, to show it as it *is*, not, as with the later Impressionists, as it *appears* to be. That is why

they painted with such great attention to detail. Not knowing much about early Italian art they imagined that in the painters before Raphael's time there was to be found the realism of detail which they themselves endeavoured after, but, in fact, in the Italian primitive painters detail is much symbolized and is not found meticulously painted as it is in the works of the pre-Raphaelites. In fact, it is not this attention to detail which is the merit of that group, but their imagination, for a very inferior artist can paint in a detailed manner, and, as for truth and sincerity, the Impressionists may be considered no less truthful and sincere than those from whom they reacted. It is, of course, easy for us now to see their defects and shortcomings, but certainly the pre-Raphaelite movement was a great and beneficial happening in the world of art.

The picture which perhaps will first strike the eye is Holman Hunt's " A Converted British Family Sheltering a Christian Missionary ", a picture of extraordinary skill of execution, though one may find fault with the grouping of the figures and with the sensation it gives that one is looking at a stage, but Holman Hunt has himself explained that the regulation size of the Academy canvas would not allow him to add to the central group a wider margin and more spacious foreground by which the openness of the homestead might be justified.

Millais is notably represented by " The Return of the Dove to the Ark ", a picture of which he said that it was " universally acknowledged to be my best work, parts of which I feel incapable of surpassing ". It was exhibited at the Academy in 1851, and was one of a number of his pictures which drew hostile criticism, which was replied to by Ruskin, who was a champion of the new " school ". He ventured the opinion of this picture that " as studies of both of drapery and every minor detail, there has been nothing in art so earnest and complete . . . since the days of Albert Dürer ". Of all the pictures in this room my personal choice would give preference to this one, or to Rossetti's water-colour of " Dante drawing an Angel

on the anniversary of Beatrice's death". It was this picture which caused Ruskin to seek the acquaintance of Rossetti, and it was this picture also which inspired Burne-Jones, when an undergraduate at Exeter College, to become a painter.

The faults of the School, one ventures to think, may be seen in Arthur Hughes' "Home from the Sea", a sentimental effort (which reminds one of the early specimens of coloured photography) which he painted in the old churchyard of Chingford, and in the "Gentle Spring" of Frederic Sandys, a hard painting in which the detail appeals to no emotion except perhaps to a purely botanical one.

In this room is an interesting wardrobe painted by Burne-Jones with scenes from the Prioress's "Tale of Chaucer". A romantic piece which would fit well in Madeline's bedroom in Keats' "St. Agnes Eve". It was designed in 1858 as a wedding gift for William Morris.

In a small room leading out of the Combe Room are some pictures of the Dutch School, notably the "Portrait of a Young Man" by Paulus Hennekyn, the "Sense of Smell" by Nicholaes Maas, the splendidly luminous "Portrait of the Sculptor van Opstal" by Michael Sweerts, and the portrait of himself by Oliver de Critz, which has the additional interest of having been presented by Elias Ashmole.

Before going further in the gallery it will be well to explain that the Fine Art section of the museum possesses many more pictures than can be exhibited on the relatively small amount of wall space, and so, from time to time, there is a change made, some pictures being put away and others brought out, and so it is not certain that any item here mentioned will be always visible, while the position of paintings mentioned may be altered sooner or later.

In the Great Gallery adjacent to the Combe Room is a fine collection of miniature paintings which illustrate the development of that art from the earliest kinds in enamel (see, e.g., those of Cromwell and Charles II), its technical perfection in the early part of the nineteenth century, and its decline towards mid-century under the

rising influence of photography. Particularly interesting are the specimens of the art of Samuel Cooper and Richard Cosway, the portrait dated 1666 of the antiquary John Aubrey by Faithorne, presented by the artist to Aubrey and given by him to the museum, the chalk drawing of Alcock by Samuel Cooper—the only drawing by that artist known to exist. Notable among the foreign miniatures are the lovely "Head of a Child" by Fragonard, J. Parent's portrait of Napoleon, and the portraits of the aeronauts de Rosier and Romain, accompanied by a representation of the balloon flight across the Channel in 1785, on which they were both killed. Here also are the water-colours, forming a very representative collection (the best collection outside London) of works by the English masters in that kind from the early Hearne, Dayes, Towne, and Sandby to the meticulously and wonderfully painted "November Rainbow in Dolwyddelan Valley" of A. W. Hunt. Concerning this last-mentioned picture one wonders whether the result has quite justified the enormous labour expended upon it, and whether one would find it comfortable to live with; his "Robin Hood's Bay" is perhaps more soothing and convincing. There are three good specimens of Thomas Girtin (1775–1802), "Ely Cathedral", "The West Front of Peterborough Cathedral" and "The Charnel-house, Stratford-on-Avon". Had Girtin lived longer he would perhaps have been the greatest of the water-colourists. But there is much uncertainty about the "might-have-beens" of the spirit: what a lament there would have been, for instance, over his years lost had Wordsworth died in 1810, and yet if such had been his fate little worth having would have been lost to literature. The water-colourists who lived longer than Girtin became liable to serious lapses of inspiration; the elder David Cox (1783–1859) produced much sorry stuff in later years, and Peter de Wint (1784–1849) fell often below his own best. There are several works of Cox which will illustrate his varying merit; there is the large and, one ventures

to think, sedate and dull "Harlech Castle", and there is the delightful little "A Windy Day" full of grace and life. Turner is here, too, in his earlier and later styles; there is the very early "Transept of Tintern Abbey" (1795), and there are several of his more lurid later sketches, in which he sought to depict the pure colours and elemental forces of Nature. It is rank heresy in the eyes of many to say so, but I would rather have one of his early water-colours than an hundred of his later.

The work of J. R. Cozens (c. 1752–97) is represented by a magnificent view of Vesuvius taken, on a windy autumn day, from the Mole at Naples.

There are three notable sketches by William Blake, illustrations of Dante, of which that showing "Dante, Vergil and Statius reposing on the steps ascending the Mount of Purgatory" seems to me to be the most remarkable, considering the attitude of the figures, the mystery of the hill, and the sense of infinity given by the dark, receding steps on the right of the picture.

Mention must be made of the large collection of drawings by Old Masters, among them a delightful little water-colour sketch of "A Lady", by Holbein, and some excellent sketches in that medium by van Ostade. It is curious, by the way, that water-colour painting should not have been more generally employed at an earlier time than it was. One thinks of it as beginning seriously in England in the eighteenth century with the increasing demand for illustrations for topographical books, but in these sketches of Holbein and Ostade one sees its charms at a much earlier time, and Dürer, of course, used that medium frequently. Why was its use restricted to sketches, and why did no artist devote himself mainly to that kind of painting until the eighteenth century?

But these are but small items in the large and magnificent collection of drawings, an important section of which is composed of work by Michel Angelo and Raphael, which at one time belonged to Sir Thomas Lawrence.

In the adjacent gallery is a collection of oil-paintings

by artists of many countries and ages. Of the English school one would like to mention a landscape by Crome, Robert Walker's portrait of himself, and, of the five portraits by Reynolds, those of Mrs. Meyrick and Dr. Charles Burney. Were the authorities at any time kind enough to allow me to loot this gallery, there are three pictures which with no hesitation and with the utmost speed I should remove and retain with a pleasure which would scarcely be like to grow less. They are—not in order of preference, for if I had to choose one only I should be so long about it that none would ever be mine—the portrait of Don Garcia de Medici by Angiolo Bronzino (1502–72), so strong and yet of such soothing colour: and what thought the painter has put into the face—more than the subject was himself quite aware of, more than the beholder can define or catalogue! Also, the picture of a Dominican saint preaching to a crowd in a square in front of a church, a work attributed by some to Jacopo Bellini, by others to the Veronese school of Domenico Morone, by others again to the Lombard school. To give an instance of the vitality and imaginative power of this picture; there are seven men seated on a bench with their backs to us, so that one sees nothing of their faces, and yet one sees the expressions on them and notes their attentiveness. Also the "Stag Hunt in a Forest by Night", a work of the fifteenth century Florentine school attributed to Uccello (1396–1475). How the painter has revelled in bright colour against a dark background! And what energy he has put into the hunting of the stag! But that is by no means all, for there is the romantic forest, depth beyond depth of it, and when you are tired of the baying of the hounds and the rigour of the chase you can retire into that forest and find continually fresh things to admire in it, looking upward you can see the gentlest wisp of a moon in a rich dark sky, you will find flowers scattered of many kinds, and even a river obscurely flowing (unless it is a misty-margined lake). And everywhere is quaintness and faery feeling.

CHAPTER VI

Worcester College—Ruskin Hall—The University Press—Port Meadow

AT the end of Beaumont Street stands Worcester College, on a site which has passed through many vicissitudes and which contains buildings which have been put to many uses. To understand the early history of the place it is necessary to go through the archway into the quadrangle and look at the delightful row of tenements on the south side of the grass plot. Of them Antony Wood has given an entirely satisfactory description as "divided, though all for the most part adjoining each other, by particular roofs, partitions and various forms of structure, and known from each other, like so many colonies and tribes, by arms and rebuses that are depicted and cut in stone over each door". The origin of this diversity in unity was the desire of various Benedictine abbeys to maintain in Oxford "mansiones" or "camerae" (houses or rooms) where their novices could study. In 1283 John Giffarde of Brimsfield Castle bought from the Hospitallers a mansion which had belonged to Gilbert Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and made it over to Gloucester Abbey as a place of residence and study for fifteen monks. By 1290 other Benedictine abbeys in the Province of Canterbury, recognizing the advantage of their novices living together in discipline and under a Head, obtained permission to share in the scheme, and by 1337 Benedictines from any part of England were allowed to participate, so that, eventually, fifteen abbeys had lodgings in this "Gloucester College". The "arms and rebuses" which are still over the doorways of the

remaining row of lodgings are much weather-worn and their blazonry has long since disappeared, so that it is difficult or impossible to tell to what abbey the several buildings belonged; but the arms over the western-most door, a comb and tun surmounted by a mitre, have been identified as those of Walter Compton, Abbot of Pershore 1504 to 1527, which identification not only allocates that particular building to its parent abbey but also dates it within some twenty-three years. The adjacent chambers (staircase No. 8) have been assigned to Westminster, and the next ones (staircase No. 9) partly to Winchcombe and partly to Ramsey, but uncertainty is made more uncertain by the possibility of different monasteries having occupied different rooms at different times. It has been suggested that in this row of buildings, apparently continuous yet each with its own entrance and containing a separate set of rooms, we have the origin of the peculiar staircase system and grouping of rooms which at this day exists in all colleges.

Though the students lived grouped within the same walls and were subject to a prior whom they elected themselves, and though they used a common hall, library, and chapel, they did not constitute a college in the usual sense of the word. The community, says Mr. Madan, " in the eye of the law was a cluster of small houses and no more. This circumstance hampered the development of the college, and confused its history, for every student served six masters: the Monastery he came from, which provided an allowance of money, the ' Prior Studentium ' of the college, the University, the Abbot of Abingdon as Visitor, the General Benedictine Chapter and the Pope, acting through the Archbishop of Canterbury ". Therefore, at the dissolution of the monasteries, the community, like the other purely monastic foundations, ceased to exist for there were no Benedictine students to come to it.

When the bishopric of Oxford was founded, the buildings of Gloucester College were granted by Henry VIII

'MONASTIC' BUILDINGS FROM WORCESTER COLLEGE GARDEN

to Richard King, the first holder of the see, and he probably occupied them until he moved into the palace in St. Aldate's. In 1560 the place was purchased by Sir Thomas White, the founder of St. John's. It may be that he intended to use it for his new college, and that his purpose was deflected by the dream elsewhere mentioned but, at all events, he created here a hall which for about a hundred and fifty years had a variegated career until, after a period of decline from 1660 onwards, it fell towards the end of the seventeenth century into neglect and decay. The first year of the existence of the hall was marked by an event of sombre interest, for hither was brought secretly, one September night in 1560, the body of Amy Robsart, which, after her sudden death at Cumnor Hall, had been hurriedly buried in the adjacent churchyard; but the Earl of Leicester determined on a reburial in St. Mary's, and in Gloucester Hall the corpse lay until the new grave was prepared. The room in which the body rested is, traditionally, one on the first floor of stairway No. 11. If Leicester's object was to allay suspicion of foul play he failed from the outset, for the funeral sermon was preached by Dr. Babington, Master of Balliol, who "tript once or twice in his speech by recommending to their memories that vertuous ladie so pittefully murdered, instead of so pitifully slain"!

During its comparatively brief existence the hall had several distinguished men among its members. Richard Lovelace (1618–58), author of the poems "To Lucasta, on going to the Wars" and "To Althea from Prison", came here in 1634 and was, says Anthony Wood, "then accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld—a person also of innate modesty, virtue and courtly deportment which made him then much admired and adored by the female sex. In 1636, when the king and queen were for some days entertained at Oxford, he was at the request of a great lady belonging to the queen actually created among other persons of quality Master of Arts, though but of two years standing:

at which time his conversation being made public and consequently his ingenuity and generous soul discovered, he became as much admired by the male as by the female sex". Earlier in time, one of the oddest men of letters, Thomas Coryat (1577 ?–1617) was here. He was a man of ability, of extraordinary persistency, of a quaintness of wit and character which made him a kind of Court buffoon. His fame rests on his account of his travels, which book was entitled, " Coryat's Crudities hastily gobled up in five Moneth's Travells in France, Savoy, Italy, Rhetia commonly called the Grisons country, Helvetia alias Switzerland, some parts of High Germany and the Netherlands ; newly digested in the hungrie aire of Odcombe in the County of Somerset ". The numerous dedications to all the members of the Royal Family are no less quaint than the title : Prince Henry is called " Most scintillant Phosphorus of our British Trinacria ", and King James is thus magnified " most invincable Monarch of this thrice-renowned Albion (not quasi ὄλβιον, but quasi Al-be-one, in regard of the happie Union of England and Scotland) and the refulgent Carbuncle of Christendome "! Here, also, was Sir Kenelm Digby (1603–65), author, diplomatist, naval commander, charlatan, philosopher, scientist, Protestant, Roman Catholic, Royalist and parliamentarian. Of him Wood says that had he " been dropt out of the clouds in any part of the world he would have made himself respected ; but the Jesuits who cared not for him, spoke spitefully, and said, ' Twas true but he must not have stayed above six weeks '"—which was a very shrewd saying of the Jesuits. Kenelm Digby perhaps derived his queer temperament from his father, Everard Digby, who was executed for his complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, which reminds one that another of those conspirators, Catesby, was a member of Gloucester Hall. He at least died fighting with his back to the wall and did not desert his companions as Digby did. Though educated at Trinity College, there lived in the hall for nearly sixty years Thomas Allen (1542–1632), a distin-

guished mathematician and astronomer, consulted sometimes by Queen Elizabeth on the matter of stars. Fuller says that he succeeded to the skill and scandal of Friar Bacon, and indeed he was popularly regarded as a necromancer and as one of the conjurers-in-ordinary to the Earl of Leicester. He deserves mention if only because his servant was wont to make the flesh of the ignorant creep by informing them that one might meet "the spirits coming up his stairs like bees"!

About 1694 a strange scheme was set on foot to utilize the hall as a college for boys belonging to the Greek Church, the idea being that such would help to promote the unity of Christendom; a few students from the Near East did actually arrive and join the college. But, like so many schemes based on theory and idealism instead of on an understanding of human nature, it broke down miserably. Money could not be got for its support, though the Principal, Dr. Woodroffe, went so far in his attempts to obtain a royal gift as to compare favourably Queen Anne with the Queen of Sheba; further, it was apparent that the unity of Christendom meant totally different things to different people: the Anglicans endeavoured to wean the Greek youths from their Orthodox faith, the Greeks received from their pastors letters and books condemning the Anglican position, and the Roman Catholics endeavoured to snatch a soul or two from between the devil and the deep troubled sea. By 1707 only one student remained, and he was the author of a book "against Traditions, in which he falls upon Dr. Woodruffe very smartly".

But new prospects had by then opened out. A Worcestershire baronet, Sir Thomas Cookes, made public his desire to found a college in Oxford, and the indefatigable Woodroffe set about working to get the new college established at Gloucester Hall. To that end he laboured for several years; his success flowed and ebbed, and he did not live to see the hall converted into Worcester College in 1714.

Sir Thomas Cookes also had died (in 1701) some while

before the college he intended had come into being, but the object of his munificence was cared for and endowed by Dr. George Clarke (1661–1736), a politician who had occupied the offices of Secretary at War and Joint Secretary of the Admiralty, a Fellow of All Souls College, and an enthusiastic amateur architect. With money given by him, and from his designs, the rebuilding of the College was undertaken. The library was finished in 1746, the hall in 1786, and the chapel partially so in 1786. Clarke was the architect of the very good warden's lodgings at All Souls, and of the library at Christ Church, but the buildings at Worcester must be confessed cumbersome, and it is fortunate that funds ran low, for the total destruction of the old buildings of Gloucester College and Hall was thereby prevented. The chapel is a dark square box, scarcely made less lugubrious by an expensive, elaborate, and didactic scheme of decoration executed some sixty years ago. The designer did, however, enlighten the work with one unconscious piece of humour: inscriptions run round in the panelling, phrases being disjointed by interposing mouldings and seat-arms, and it so happens that the back of the Provost's seat is labelled with the single word "God"!

Many people consider the Garden of Worcester to have the next place in beauty to that of St. John's, and indeed it is very charming because of the old monastic lodgings which look on to it, its spaciousness, its fine trees, its swan-rippled pond, and the meadows which lie beyond where sometimes you may see a haystack. I would always like to see a haystack from a garden; it removes any taste of too much formalism. The site was purchased in 1741, and laid out in 1827 by Richard Greswell, at that time Bursar, who appears as Mr. Harmony in "Verdant Green". It was he also who planned the willow-walk on the south side of Port Meadow. Before leaving this college three of its members should be taken note of: de Quincey, who came here in 1803 and bought books so assiduously that once he had to pawn his waist-

coat and go into hall without it; Henry Kingsley, who wrote novels which some consider more able than those of his better-known brother Charles; and the late Provost, C. H. Daniel, who maintained here the private printing press, well known to collectors of books.

Leaving the college and turning to the left to go along Walton Street you pass the old north-east gate of Gloucester College, and can see on the face of the wall above it three coats of arms—one of Ramsey Abbey, another of St. Alban's, and a third not identifiable. The gateway is of the late fifteenth or early sixteenth century.

A short distance along the street on the left side are the red-brick buildings of Ruskin Hall, founded in 1899 by two Americans, Walter Vrooman and Charles Beard, as a place of education for workmen. It is independent of the University, but its students, which now number about forty, frequently qualify for the University Diploma in Political Science and Economics.

Yet further up the street are the buildings of the University (or Clarendon) Press, which buildings, though they are devoted to offices, store-rooms, and machinery, are constructed in quadrangular form and have in their midst a green plot, very pleasant and most appropriate for a University institution. I suppose the two greatest manifestations of learning in Oxford are the Bodleian Library and the Clarendon Press. Though neither are so old as the University which they serve, and though both have developed rapidly in modern times, it is impossible to imagine the state of learning without either of them. The Bodleian is fittingly situated in the geographical centre of Oxford; so also was the Press at one time, since it was housed first in the Old Congregation House in St. Mary's Church, after 1669 in the Sheldonian Theatre, and in the eighteenth century in the Old Clarendon Buildings; but the ever-increasing demand for more space necessitated its removal to its present comparatively obscure site, where the buildings were erected during the years 1826 to 1830. The first book printed

in Oxford, a Commentary on the Apostles' Creed, bears the date mccccIxviii, but it is generally agreed that an x has been left out by a misprint and that the true date should be 1478. Even so, this refers the beginning of printing in Oxford to the year following that in which Caxton set up his press at Westminster. Here the first printer was a foreign craftsman, Theodoric Rood of Cologne, who seems to have worked until about 1485. After then, with the exception of the years 1517 to 1520, when a press was working in a house opposite to Merton College, there is a gap in the history of Oxford printing until the Chancellorship of the Earl of Leicester, who is regarded as the first of the four founders or patrons of the University Press. In 1586 the University made a loan to a bookseller, Joseph Barnes, for the installation of a press. He occupied a house, now part of Brasenose College, at the west end of St. Mary's Church. Probably about 1617, the press gave way to the public house, for Dr. Kettell, preaching in the University Church with the west door open, concluded his sermon by saying: "But now I see it is time to shut up my book, for I see the doctors' men come in wiping of their beards from the ale-house". In 1587 the Star Chamber Court issued an ordinance allowing one press at Oxford with one apprentice in addition to the master-printer. Laud, the second of the patrons, much enlarged the Press by obtaining Letters Patent authorizing three master-printers each with two machines and two apprentices, and for the controlling of this equipment he appointed in his Statues an "Architypographus", or overseer of the Press. Further, he obtained in 1636 a Royal Charter allowing the University to print "all manner of books". The third founder we have already said something of in connection with his work at Christ Church, Dr. John Fell. He promoted the establishment of a paper mill at Wolvercote, which still supplies paper to the Press; he suggested to Archbishop Sheldon the building of the Theatre in which for many years the Press was lodged;

but, above all, he made the collection of punches and matrices from which are still made the types which bear his name: "These are virtually the same as the founts from which were printed the first edition of "The Faerie Queene' and the First Folio of Shakespeare; and their beauty makes them still the envy of printers all the world over". The fourth patron, Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, has given his name to the Press, and was more munificent in death than ever he could have been in life, for the University was granted the perpetual copyright of his "History of the Great Rebellion", and chiefly from the sales of that book was constructed the Clarendon Building, the third home of the Press.

It would be an occupation pleasant but long, to expatiate upon the work done by the University Press, for the land of learning is wonderfully irrigated by its continually flowing founts of type,[1] to dwell upon the care with which its books are produced—on the art as well as the craft which goes to the making of them, on the skill of the compositors who set up, with miraculous accuracy, type in Latin, Greek, Arabic, Coptic, Chinese, Syriac, Ethiopic, Bengali, Tamil, Tibetan; in brief, in more than all the tongues of Babel, being themselves quite unlearned in those languages.

Not long ago an enterprising periodical[2] wrote to various publishers to inquire of them as to what they considered to be their most important production. The Clarendon Press replied that if they had to name a single work it must be the "New English Dictionary". That is perhaps the most prodigious work ever undertaken since the invention of printing, for it is all set up by hand and, completed, will comprise ten volumes with a total of more than 15,000 pages. With the exception of £5000, contributed by the Goldsmiths' Company, the whole

[1] Cp. the old witticism, "Fontes perpetues ubera *pressa* dabunt".

[2] Speaking of periodicals, the oldest newspaper still existing in England, "The London Gazette," originated and was printed in Oxford in 1665; it was at that time entitled "The Oxford Gazette."

expense of this work has been born by the University Press, one of the chief functions of which is to produce books which, as a leading article in "The Times" said: "the world would neither willingly let die nor find the wherewithal, on a merely commercial basis, to bring forth". It is estimated that the last volume of the dictionary will cost some £50,000 to produce. Perhaps the most famous activity of the Press is the printing of Bibles and prayer-books—one of the wings of the present buildings is called "the Bible side"—which it began to issue in 1675, largely through the activities of Dr. John Fell. During the exercise of this privilege the Bible has been reduced from a large, expensive and unwieldy book to one cheap, small, and yet most clearly and accurately printed. A guinea is on permanent offer for the discovery of any misprint, but the disbursements under this heading of expense give no anxiety to the authorities!

Those authorities, the Delegates of the Press, are always generous in the giving of permission to see over such parts of the printing works as it is expedient for the public to inspect; there are parts which it is inexpedient to throw open to the general gaze, such as those grim recesses wherein are set up examination papers! And a most delightful entertainment it is to go the strange journey of a book from the manuscript-grub to the completed beauty of binding and gilding. The working of the machinery will be most courteously explained, but perhaps there are others besides myself who cannot, and do not want to understand these things, who do not wish to probe the mysteries of machinery any more than those of the motion of the winds or the colour of rainbows. It is enough to listen to the rising and falling sounds of the massed machines, which is like the great surge and retro-surge of the sea, to watch their parts moving with grace and precision, dealing effortless with material which an author worked at, perhaps, all his life, laboriously; giving forth sheet in rapid succession upon sheet,

perhaps of the Bible itself, and, with a grand sweep of steel arms, laying them in trays, not without a certain reverence after the kind of well-ordered, smooth-working machinery. But the reverence of machinery is not as the reverence of men, and the philosophy of mechanism is a strange thing which one can think about much under the stimulus of its regular and exciting sounds, and to think rapidly and vaguely in the midst of these fantastic engines is more pleasant than to learn how this cog works or what that wheel does. Thought is, of course, impossible in the smaller monotype-rooms, where type is being cast by hot and furious contrivances, whose multitudinous inward parts swarm in activity like an ant-heap, and make a noise like a thousand devils dancing in delirium; but even there a sympathetic exhilaration takes hold of one, though after a few minutes one is glad to get to quieter rooms where, for a moment, the silence aches on one's ears.

Exceedingly commendable are the binding departments, and especially that section where the lettering on the covers and the edges of the leaves are gilded. In the latter process the leaves of the book are put under such pressure in a vice that no vestige of any division between them is visible; the edges are then smoothed to an ivory-like finish with a flint implement, and some adhesive preparation lightly washed on; then the flakes of gold-leaf are applied and burnished. In order to pick up the frail, shimmering gold-leaf the operator uses a pad which he first, with a rapid movement, flicks on to the top of his head so that by contact with his hair it becomes slightly charged with electricity. I noticed with a fascinated horror that the operator was like to become bald before not many years to come! Now, what will happen then? Will his occupation be gone, or will he be able so to break the habit of many years as to direct the pad to the back of his neck? It is a problem small but humanly interesting. (Memo.: to inquire of this matter at the Press in five or ten years time!)

By going farther along Walton Street, turning to the left down Walton Well Road and passing over the railway bridge, may be reached Port Meadow, normally a great green plain dotted with pasturing animals and flecked here and there with geese, but sometimes, when the Thames which flows by it is in flood, a large lake very enticing to sail upon. It is a pleasant walk along the tow-path, past the inaccessible and flood-sunk village of Binsey, whose church is concealed almost beyond search, to the ruins of Godstow Nunnery, and to Wolvercote at the far end of the Meadow. On the left is the range of the Wytham Hills, and what makes the walk still more attractive in spring time is that this Thames-gap between Wytham and Headington Hills is a highway for migratory birds as they come from the southwards making for the midlands, so that resting hereabouts you can see sandpipers and terns, dunlins and yellow wagtails baiting on their journey in green inns and hostel-copses.

The history of Port (i.e. Town) Meadow goes back far, for it is stated in Domesday Book that all the burgesses of Oxford hold in common a pasturage outside the wall, and to this day it belongs to the Freemen of the city. They are now a small body, and it has been suggested at times that they should give up their rights to larger bodies. But may they long reveal more than human obstinacy, for it has even been put forward in the local Press that the meadow might be converted into a People's Park; hideous thought that this tranquil stretch of green should become spotted with band-stands and iron seats, and be writhed about with asphalt paths! But perhaps the idea has got no farther than the "progressive" head of one uncivilized citizen.

In time past the meadow was the scene of considerable horse-racing activity; in 1680 the Duke of Monmouth, then engaged on a Whig campaign, found the inhabitants of Woodstock unfavourable to his cause and so, as a contemporary letter narrates, "by way of revenge he removes the races from Woodstock, and a collogue with

our townsfolk, whom he thought more for his turn, sets up his posts in Portmead; and there last year his £50 plate was run for, and the Duke of Monmouth and many of his gange, you may remember, were then there". A German visitor to England, von Uffenbach, has left some account of racing here at a slightly later period. Under the date 1710 he writes: "*Sept.* 17*th.* In the afternoon the annual Oxfordshire races were held, here, only a mile and a half from the City. We went by boat up the Thames, which flows by the meadow where the races were held. It is a meadow two and a half English miles round, and much more suited for racing than the place at Epsom, although it is rather swampy. There were many booths set up, where beer was sold, and each one had its sign, a hat, or glove or some such matter. Nearly everybody from the City was there and very many visitors, some on horse-back, some in coaches, some in boats. The horses that had to run were six in number. They had to run twice round the meadow, five English miles, which was done within ten minutes. . . .

"*Sept.* 18. We wanted to go in the afternoon to the Ashmolean Library[1], but the sub-librarian went to the races, which took place to-day for the third and last time. We did not want to go again, as our time, especially here, was precious. When you have seen it twice, you get no more enjoyment out of it, unless you are an Englishman, fond of torturing horses, and take pleasure in overdoing the poor animals. Still we would have gone out again, if there had been this time, as is usual on the third day, a 'Smoak-race'[2] where the women folk run for a prize in petticoats and low necked shifts, and the men folk in breeches without shirts. This time, however, it did not take place. . . ."

During the Civil War the meadow was the scene of one of the most interesting and most skilfully conducted moves of the Royalist troops, to explain which it is necessary to indicate briefly the state of military affairs in

[1] He meant the *Bodleian* Library.

[2] I.e Smock-race.

this district at that time. After the indecisive battle of Edgehill the King entered Oxford and established here his Court and his camp. According to Clarendon, Oxford "was the only city of England that he could say was entirely at his devotion", and he was "received by the university (to whom the integrity and fidelity of that place is to be imputed), with that joy and acclamation as Apollo should be by the Muses". A glance at a map of England will show how important, strategically, Oxford was, lying in a central position in the country and therefore being a possible point of convergence for the royal armies in the west and north, and being situated neither too far from, nor too close to, London, the headquarters of the Parliament party. It was a place, too, easily defended, since it lay in the fork of the Thames and Cherwell Rivers; by means of locks and sluices, ditches and banks, it could be surrounded by water except on the north side, which was protected by entrenchments which ran from the Cherwell by Magdalen College, through Wadham College garden, across where Keble College now stands, to the north of St. Giles's church, and so to the Thames somewhere to the south of Port Meadow. By June 1644 the Parliament party had decided that the time had come to make an attempt to capture Oxford and the King's person. Accordingly a move was made to surround the city: Sir William Waller advanced from Abingdon through Fyfield, across the Thames at Newbridge, through Stanton Harcourt to Eynsham; while the Earl of Essex moved across the Thames at Sandford and proceeded through Stow Wood, Islip and Bletchingdon to Woodstock; arrived there he was within five or six miles from Waller at Eynsham. The Royalist party decided to escape through the narrow gap thus left. On the night of 3rd June, about 9 p.m., the King and the Prince of Wales, with 2500 musqueteers, marched out of the City to Port Meadow, where 3000 horses were already drawn up ready to move.

In those days an old track, along which farmers used

to bring their produce to market, led across the meadow to Lower Wolvercote, and went thence through Pixey and Oxhey meads to Yarnton and beyond to Bladon. In places it is traceable still as a rough lane, secret and remote. This was the route taken by the army to avoid the more conspicuous way running from Oxford to Woodstock, and towards daybreak the critical part of the journey was accomplished, for, from Bladon, they crossed the Evenlode at Handborough, and thereafter the way was open to Northleigh and Burford. It was a bold adventure, admirably contrived, even if its success was largely due to a gross lack of vigilance on the part of the enemy, and it is indeed amazing that no spies or scouts or patrols were about and able to warn Waller and Essex of the passing of a considerable force through the silence of that summer night. Spies certainly were at work in Oxford at various times, for the manuscripts of reports sent by them in 1643 and 1644 are in the Bodleian Library. One of them, amidst more material information, gives the picturesque news "that at Court twoe gentlemen fell out and fought for a horse that was given between them, and one of them run the horse through and that Prince Rupert came forth with a Poleaxe and parted them". Having spoken of this incident of the night march, we may as well conclude here the whole matter of the subsequent fate of Oxford.

In November of the same year Charles returned from a successful campaign in the west of England and once more took up position in Oxford, now made more secure by the possession of neighbouring strongholds, with the important exceptions of Reading and Abingdon, which were in the hands of the Parliamentary forces and were held by them during the remainder of the war. In the spring of 1645 Cromwell was sent to Oxfordshire to prevent the King taking the field before the organization of the New Model army was complete. He won a cavalry skirmish at Islip and took Bletchingdon House, and a month or so later was joined by Fairfax in a blockade

of Oxford itself. Fairfax himself was quartered at Marston, Major-General Browne at Wolvercote, and Cromwell at Wytham. The blockade lasted only from 22nd May to 4th June, as heavy artillery was not available and as the King was then away at Leicester and had to be followed; nevertheless it was important, since urgent requests from Oxford for relief turned Charles from his plan of going north to relieve the Yorkshire castles and then fight the Scotch, and kept him in the Midlands, where occured the fatal battle of Naseby. After this defeat Charles returned to Oxford to pass a winter made gloomy by continual news of the ebb of his cause in all parts of the kingdom. In April 1646 he once more slipped out of the City, not this time accompanied by any force of cavalry or musqueteers nor engaged in any dexterous manœuvre, but accompanied only by one scholar to serve for a guide, and by Mr. Ashburnham, as whose servant he was disguised, and bound on a vague journey which ended in his surrender to the Scotch. At the beginning of the month following, the siege of Oxford was undertaken seriously and yet at leisure, for Fairfax, who had his quarters then at Garsington, on viewing the town, saw that it was "no place to be taken by a running pull, but was likely rather to prove a business of time, hazard and industry". Accordingly, he constructed bridges, entrenchments, and batteries, especially a "great fort" over against Magdalen College and bridge, since from that quarter, from works in Magdalen walks, protected by the Cherwell, the Royalists with artillery "played thickly" upon the besiegers. The garrison within was divided in opinion, the military part being in favour of holding out, while the courtiers, who had lands to lose, favoured surrender. Eventually negotiations for surrender were entered upon and concluded towards the end of June at Marston, where still stands the place, known as Cromwell's House, in which the discussions took place and in which the treaty was signed. The garrison was allowed to march out with the honours of war to a distance

PORTRAIT OF PRINCE RUPERT
FROM THE PAINTING BY J. M. WRIGHT (C. 1625-1700) IN MAGDALEN COLLEGE HALL

of fifteen miles, where it was dispersed; Prince Rupert and Prince Maurice were allowed to reside near London, and the Duke of York was to go to the Capital to be at the disposal of his captors; the University was to retain its privileges and property, subject to the control of Parliament.

To bring the history of Port Meadow up to date it may be mentioned that in 1911 it was a matter of marvel that Mr. Latham flew in an aeroplane from Brooklands to Oxford, alighted on the meadow, and returned the same day. In the following year occurred near the meadow one of the early tragedies of flying, as is recorded on a memorial tablet let into the wall by the roadside near the Trout Inn at Wolvercote. It was put up to the memory of two officers of the Royal Flying Corps who met their death in the wreck of a monoplane on 10 September, 1912, in the field to the north of the road. During the war was situated on the Meadow a training school for pilots of the Royal Air Force, and aeroplanes rose from and settled down on the meadows like many great flies; but, more oblivious of them than of the natural insects which they whisked with their tails, the cattle still fed quietly on that pleasant place, as I have no doubt they did when King Charles went stealthily by and as they did in the times long before him.

CHAPTER VII

St. Giles's—St. John's—Pusey House—The Radcliffe Observatory—St. Giles's Fair

SIR JOHN PESHALL, in his "Ancient and Present State of the City of Oxford" (1773), says: "In the north entrance into this city, through St. Giles's (a 'rus in urbe' having all the advantages of town and country) is a well-built street, 2055 feet long and 246 broad, planted with rows of elms on each side and having parterres of green before the respective houses". To this he has to add, concerning the elm-trees, "but these on the new plan of improvement are mostly cut down; and will totally, it is said, when the laying out or paving of this street (perhaps the broadest in England) is agreed upon". It was so; the elm-trees were totally cut down and their loss has only partially been made good by the planting, some forty years ago, of plane-trees on the west side of the street. Whoever commanded the destruction of the timber deserved the application of the contemporary epigram:—

> His fate the knave foresees
> And bears a just antipathy to trees,

or of that earlier one, written on "Ye bursar of St. John's cutting down a fine Row of Trees":—

> Indulgent Nature to each kind bestows
> A secret instinct to discern their foes.
> The goose, a silly bird, yet shuns the fox;
> Lambs fly from wolves; and sailors steer from rocks.
> This rogue the gallows for his fate foresees
> And bears a like antipathy to trees.

Gone, too, are the parterres or fore-courts, as are also those which used to be in front of Balliol and Trinity Colleges in Broad Street, with the exception of that which remains before St. John's, a notable exception, for it provides a curious link with "Macbeth". It is a very reliable tradition that Shakespeare was an intimate friend of the Davenant family, to the extent of standing godfather to the poet William Davenant, as has been already mentioned. William's father, John Davenant, came to Oxford from London and settled down here as landlord of a tavern, known later in the seventeenth century as the "Crown", situated in Cornmarket Street, where it now stands, the shop numbered 3. There he must often have been visited by Shakespeare when the poet, on business or pleasure bent, was journeying between Stratford and London, or acting in this neighbourhood. John Davenant was a man evidently of some ability, for he became a freeman of the Merchant Taylors' Company, and was Mayor of Oxford when he died in 1620; also he seems to have been a man of culture, since he gave some books to the library of St. John's, a college to which he sent one of his sons and in which he would be interested, since it had been founded by a Merchant Taylor. From him, then (even if he did not witness the show himself), it is most probable that Shakespeare heard of a certain spectacle performed in front of St. John's in August 1605 in honour of King James, who was paying a visit to Oxford. Three members of the college, representing "sibylls", having made reference to the legend of the Three Sisters prophesying to Banquo that he would not be king but the ancestor of kings, each in turn greeted James with a "salve" or "all hail". If "Macbeth" is assigned, as by most critics it is, to the year 1606, it is reasonable to think that this incident at the fore-court of St. John's College turned Shakespeare's mind again to the Macbeth story in Holinshed's Chronicle.

The interest of the subject will perhaps excuse the using of this fore-court as an entry to some further remarks

on the topic of dramatic matters in Oxford, and naturally one continues on from Shakespeare. Though the title-page of the first quarto of "Hamlet" states that the play had been "diverse times acted by His Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere", it is not to be supposed that professional acting was approved of by the University. In 1584 "common stage players" were forbidden to act within the precincts of the University, and when it was found that this prohibition did not prevent the City authorities countenancing travelling companies, successive Vice-Chancellors, as their accounts show, paid those actors sums of money to go away. Anthony Wood, writing in the middle of the sixteenth century, says, in his diary, that he saw plays performed at the Cross Inn, the "Roebuck", and the "Blue Anchor"; and another diarist, under the year 1634, mentions that travelling companies generally lodged at the King's Arms in Holywell and that plays were acted there in the open. Since, in 1580, the City had prohibited the use of the municipal buildings for dramatic purposes, "Hamlet" must have been performed in the open or in the courtyard of one of the inns. Though in Elizabeth's reign and in the seventeenth century also (for in the statutes drawn up by Laud actors are classified with rope-dancers as forbidden amusements) the professional stage was frowned upon, amateur acting by students was encouraged and was looked upon as a legitimate and valuable part of education.

The plays acted in the college halls were sometimes classical ones, sometimes native drama. At Merton College, for instance, were performed in 1567–68 an English comedy and Latin ones by Terence and Plautus. Sometimes the plays were written by members of the University; frequently elaborate performances were given on the occasion of visits paid by royalty or other great persons. No doubt many of the plays were exceedingly boring, heavy with learning and convention,

and of very poor quality. James I witnessed at Christ Church one entitled "Technogamia: or the Marriage of Arts", during which, says an observer, "thrice his Majesty essayed to go"! On another occasion he was present at a comedy, "Vertumnus", written by Gwynne, a Fellow of St. John's, and of that the report runs: "It was acted much better than either of the other he had seen before, yet the King was so over-wearied that after a while he distasted it and fell asleep. When he awaked he would have gone, saying, 'I marvel what they think me to be', with such other like speeches, showing his dislike thereof. Yet did he tarry till they had ended it, which was after one of the clock". But others were less trying. When Charles I and Henrietta Maria came to Oxford in 1636 three plays were provided for their entertainment, one of them called "The Hospital of Lovers", at St. John's, the college being, as Archbishop Laud proudly notes, "at that time so well furnished as that they did not borrow any one actor from any college in town". The other two—"The Floating Island", by Strode, the University Public Orator, and "The Royal Slave", by William Cartwright[1] were produced at Christ Church "on a goodly stage reaching from the upper end of the hall almost to the hearth-place", and were furnished with movable scenery, ceiling cloths, and artificial waves, "originally due to the invention of Oxford scholars". Laud says: "The Queen liked it so well that she afterwards sent to me to have the apparel sent to Hampton Court that she might see her own players act it over again. I caused the University to send both the cloths and the perspectives of the stage; and the play was acted at Hampton Court in November following.

[1] Cartwright held the, for a playwright, unpromising position of Reader in Metaphysics at Christ Church. But Ben Jonson admired him, called him "son", and said that he "wrote like a man". Busby, afterwards most famous of headmasters, acted in this play with such distinction that he contemplated taking up acting as a profession.

And by all men's confession the players came short of the University actors". Anthony Wood maintained that the London playhouses copied the novelties introduced on to the college stage; be that as it may, it is possible that Sir William Davenant, a pioneer in the use of scenery, though not a University man, derived some ideas from the plays he had seen in the town in which he was born and bred. The academic drama seems to have died out during the eighteenth century and a greater part of the nineteenth until a revival took place in 1880 with the foundation of the Philothespian Society, composed of undergraduates, who were helped and encouraged by Jowett, Master of Balliol and Vice-Chancellor. To that society succeeded, in 1884, the Oxford University Dramatic Society, which flourishes yet and gives performances which (be it said deliberately and advisedly) in skill are but little beneath, and in vigour and freshness much above, those to be seen on any professional stage. As for plays produced in college halls, of them also there has been within the last few years an interesting revival. Merton led the way in 1922 with Dryden's "All for Love", which was followed the next year by Massinger's "The Duke of Milan". Since then dramatic societies in several colleges—Balliol, Magdalen, Worcester, Keble—have given performances in their halls or on the college premises. Such enterprises take time and involve expense, and it is not to be wished or expected that every college every year should undertake a play; such frequency was unknown even in the great days of academic drama. But to do so occasionally is to conform with an ancient and beneficial custom, though one which was for long unobserved, and to add to education an incident both noble and delightful.

Having reached so much through the fore-court, we now revert to elm-trees, for an elm-tree, as the legend goes, determined the situation of St. John's College. Sir Thomas White, a wealthy clothier and Lord Mayor of London in the year when the rebels, led by Sir Thomas

Wyatt, attacked Southwark Bridge, was directed in a dream to found a college where he should find three trunks growing from the root of a single elm-tree; and such he found near the dismantled buildings of St. Bernard's college, which had been founded by Archbishop Chichele in 1437 and dissolved in 1539. Dream or no dream, to make use of these buildings which Henry VIII had given to Christ Church, but which were not of much use to that body, was a sufficiently obvious thing for a prospective founder to do. In 1555 the new college, dedicated to the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. John the Baptist, was created by Letters Patent, issued by Philip and Mary, and was entirely supported by Sir Thomas White, there being no connection with Chichele's College except the buildings of which the front and south side of the present main quadrangle are part. A fortnight before his death the founder wrote a letter to his college, which is set out here at length because of the excellence of its sentiments, and the grace of its style, and for the advertisement of high-mindedness in a great and wealthy Tudor merchant. "Mr. President, with the fellows and scholars, I have me recommended unto you from the bottom of my heart, desiring the Holy Ghost may be among you until the end of the world, and desiring Almighty God that every one of you may love one another as brethren, and I shall desire you all to apply your learning, and so doing God shall give you His blessing, both in this world and the world to come. And furthermore if any strife or variance do arise among you I shall desire you for God's love to pacify it as much as you may, and so doing I put no doubt but God shall bless every one of you. And this shall be the last letter that ever I shall send unto you, and therefore I shall desire every one of you to take a copy of it for my sake. No more to you at this time, but the Lord have you in His keeping until the end of the world. Written the 27th. of Jan. 1566. I desire you all to pray to God for me that I may end my life with patience and that He may take

me to His mercies. By me, Sir Thomas White, Alderman of London and founder of S. John Baptist College in Oxford". Every Fellow and Scholar of the College may receive a printed copy of this letter.

The founder was buried in the chancel of the chapel. Close on a hundred years later there was put by his side the remains of the most distinguished son of his college, Archbishop Laud. The controversies of the seventeenth century still heat our blood when we think upon them. For my part I prefer to divert my enthusiasm for a party to admiration of the great men on either side, and to carry it to the point of holding that they were greater than the causes for which they struggled. In a great man there are defects and flaws, but not nearly so many as in a party, for parties contain necessarily little men as well as big and are compounded of fools, self-seekers, and fanatics as well as of the virtuous and high-minded. If it be that we cannot admire a cause, there is still no need to disparage its leaders. Laud, like Strafford and Milton and Cromwell, is too great to be still snarled at by prejudice: at least in Oxford, he should always be considered with veneration and respect, for no man has left so definite a mark on it as he, nor can any man so much as he be considered its re-founder. He came to St. John's as a scholar from Reading school in 1589, four years later he was elected a Fellow, in 1611 he became President, and in 1629, when Bishop of London, was appointed Chancellor of the University. During his presidency the College, which he ruled with leniency and wisdom, increased greatly in numbers and influence, and became the centre of reaction against the Calvinism or extreme Protestantism which was then dominant in Oxford. He was "low of stature, little in bulk, chearful in countenance": when Junior Proctor he was "civil and moderate", not easily to be made ridiculous even by the drunken man in Carfax, who said sleepily "Thou little morsel of justice, prithee let me alone and be at rest". As Chancellor of the University he was careful

to enforce discipline and to raise the standard of scholarship, in both of which objects—and it was high time that attention should be given to them—he was eminently successful. But his greatest work was the revision and codification of the statutes, which had become chaotic, and many of which had fallen into abeyance. Laud added not only to the reputation of his College, but also to its buildings, by the completion of the inner quadrangle, of which the south side had been finished in 1596. "Canterbury" quadrangle, as it was called since Laud was Primate at the time of its building, was finished in 1636, and the occasion was marked by a lavish entertainment of the King, Queen and Prince Rupert at a play and banquet. On the east and west sides of the quadrangle, are bronze statues of Charles and his Queen, by the contemporary sculptor Le Sueur, who also designed that equestrian statue of Charles which stands at the top of Whitehall, and which has been named as the most beautiful statue in London. Laud's buildings are a happy mixture of the Gothic and Renaissance styles,[1] and the garden front is justly considered one of the masterpieces of Oxford architecture. It should be looked at from the far end of the lawn, from where the long unbroken line of the grey stone roof and the simple frontage, ornamented only with five oriel windows, can be seen and appreciated. I think that this and Wren's Orangery in Kensington Gardens are the two most perfectly proportioned buildings in England, and both of them have alike an extraordinary atmosphere of repose, so that they are as soothing to look at as the lawns, trees, and flowers that are near them.

For a long while this delectable building was considered to be by Inigo Jones, but there is no evidence at all for the attribution, and it must be numbered among the many great anonymous works of architecture.

[1] It has been suggested that the prototype of the arcading in the quadrangle is at the Foundling Hospital in Florence, the work of Brunelleschi, 1419.

A writer on Oxford gardens has, in connection with that of St. John's, very aptly quoted from Chaucer :—

> I woll not long hold you in fable
> Of all this garden delitable
> I mote my tongue stinten nede
> For I ne may withouten drede
> Naught tellen you the beautie all
> Ne halfe the bountie therewithal.

In brief, it may be said that of many lovely gardens this one is generally considered the loveliest. Originally it was a formal one of the kind admired in the earlier half of the eighteenth century, but was laid out anew by Humphrey Repton (1752–1818), author of the once celebrated "An inquiry into the changes in Taste in Landscape Gardening", and by Lancelot (or, more familiarly, "Capability") Brown (1715–83), who designed the gardens at Kew and Blenheim, and was one of the pioneers in the natural method of landscape-gardening. But much of the interest and beauty of the place is due to the late Bursar, Mr. Bidder, who made many additions and improvements, and gave especial attention to the rock-garden, which now contains nearly a thousand varieties of plants. Annually, on the magnificent lawn, occurs a meeting of the St. John's Archery Club, held after a lunch, such as, one might think, would conduce to ardour rather than to accuracy of shooting.

By the side of Sir Thomas White and Archbishop Laud lies in the chapel another eminent Johnian, William Juxon, scholar of the College and its President from 1621 to 1633. Between the time of taking his degree and that of becoming President, he had been for seven years vicar of St. Giles's Church. The Presidency he resigned to become Bishop of London, and as well as that office he held the political positions of a Lord of the Admiralty and Lord High Treasurer. It was he who attended Charles I on the scaffold. It was a confused memory of that sad occasion and of the Merry Monarch's affection

for Nell Gwynne which made the schoolboy write down that the last words of Charles I were "Remember Juxon, don't let poor Juxon starve". During the Commonwealth period, Juxon retired into the country, where he occupied his leisure in hunting, for, says Bulstrode Whitelocke (himself a member of St. John's), he was "much delighted with hunting, and kept a good pack of hounds, and had them so well ordered and hunted, and chiefly by his own skill and direction, that they excelled all other hounds in England for the Pleasure and orderly hunting of them". In connection with this pastime a story is told by a biographer of Juxon, which is pleasant reading: "His Lordship's hounds rebelliously running through Chipping Norton churchyard, during the time the Puritans were engaged in public worship, grievously offended them. A member of this pious assembly was sent to complain of this affair to Oliver Cromwell. 'Pray', said Oliver in reply, 'do you think that the bishop prevailed on the hare to run through the churchyard at that time?' 'No, and please your Highness, I did not directly say he did, but through the holy ground the hare did go at that time'. 'Get you gone', rejoined the Protector, 'and let me hear no such frivolous complaints; while the bishop continues not to give my government any offence, let him enjoy his diversion of hunting unmolested'". At the Restoration Juxon became Archbishop of Canterbury, and it may be hoped that in his heart of hearts he had some respect for the memory of the late Protector, for regicide though he was, he was also like Juxon himself a tolerant, wide-minded man and a keen sportsman.

St. Giles's has of late years lost a great deal of its domestic appearance, but notable among the old houses which remain, is the Judges Lodgings (No. 16), a beautiful building which in the earlier part of the eighteenth century was rented as a "Town House" by the redoubtable Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough. It is dated by an inscription in the lead on the roof: "Thomas Rowney Esq. Elizabeth

his Wife. Anno 1702". Opposite to St. John's is Pusey House, a theological institution intended to carry on the work of E. B. Pusey, one of the leaders of the Oxford Movement. The buildings, the work of Mr. Temple Moore, are perhaps the best constructed in Oxford in modern times, and it is very notable and refreshing that in a place where there is so much drab imitation of Gothic, there is at last erected in that style something original and inspired. Next to Pusey House, on the south side, is being erected a building for the Dominican Order, a building without architectural interest or character, but fortunately simple in design. The home of the Dominicans before their suppression, was in St. Ebbe's parish, and the site of it is marked by the name Black-friar's Street. The wits have not failed to remark that only a thin wall divides the inhabitants of Pusey House from the Roman Catholics.

At the end of St. Giles's the Woodstock and Banbury Roads make a fork junction at a point where stands the City War Memorial, which artistically is well worthy of notice, being as it is so much better than most structures of its kind. On the left side of the Woodstock Road is the Radcliffe Infirmary, built in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Though Winchester was the first town to possess a county hospital, and though the architect of the Oxford Infirmary followed the plan of one at Gloucester, this one, the "Radcliffe", must be among the earliest of its kind in England. Beyond it is the Radcliffe Observatory (1772–95), a very handsome building designed in days before it was received, as it would appear, that buildings devoted to science must needs be ugly. It was the work of two architects; a certain Mr. Henry Keene was responsible for the astronomer's house, while the tower of the Observatory was designed by James Wyatt, who took the Temple of the Winds at Athens for a model. Wyatt at first was a devotee of the Græco-Italian style, but later was a leader in the Gothic taste and, as such, did, it must be

confessed, much damage to cathedrals and churches under the guise of "restoration". An interesting detail of his career is that in 1805 he was temporarily President of the Royal Academy, and was President Elect at his death in 1813. No other architect has been President until the election of Sir Aston Webb in recent times.

The Infirmary and Observatory both derive their names from the fact that they were constructed with funds left by Dr. Radcliffe, who is mentioned in Chapter XII. From this point onwards the Woodstock Road goes, as does also its twin the Banbury Road, through a wilderness of brick, until at last the traveller is mercifully released into the open country.

St. Giles's is annually (early in September) the scene of the celebrated fair of the same name. Sir John Peshall, in the book quoted at the beginning of this chapter, remarks, "At present we have no Fair, a Wake is at St. Giles's called St. Giles's Wake, yearly, the Monday after St. Giles's day". Though at the present time fair is the word used Peshall is correct in calling it a wake, the difference being that a fair is granted by Royal Charter whereas a wake had no such authority and protection; there is probably a further difference, namely that at fairs a special court of summary jurisdiction was set up which superseded, for the time being, the local courts, while at wakes there were no such special courts. Oxford did at one time possess a fair of great fame and magnificence, that granted by Henry I, and confirmed by subsequent kings, to the priory of St. Frideswide. During the period of the fair, which lasted seven days, the Canons of St. Frideswide had governance of the whole town, the Mayor and other officers temporarily relinquishing their authority; even the keys of the gates were given up to the Prior, and the local courts of justice were replaced by the Pie-Powder Court.[1] It was a very

[1] The word is a corruption of the old French "pied pouldre," i.e. "dusty foot". The most obvious general characteristic of those who frequent exhibitions, fairs, and such-like places in modern

profitable thing to own a fair, since to the owner went all fines inflicted and the fees imposed for pitching booth and stalls. At the dissolution of the monasteries the fair was at first granted by Henry VIII to Christ Church, later the City purchased it from Edward VI, but by the middle of the sixteenth century the resulting profits had much dwindled and before long the fair diminished to nothing. St. Giles's Wake, though an ancient institution, at no time had such importance as this fair, and in origin is only an overgrown village wake. In the Middle Ages it was under the patronage of Godstow Nunnery, which owned the Manor of Walton, within the boundaries of which the wake was held. When the religious house at Godstow ceased to be, the manor of Walton passed to St. John's College, which receives one shilling for every stake fixed to the ground.

Wake or fair, by either name the event is notable. The regulations prohibit any preparations before 5 a.m. of the first of the two days on which the fair is held, and so at the entrances to St. Giles's there is banked up, awaiting the removal of the barriers, a stream of carts, waggons, roundabouts, hucksters, quacks, showmen, contortionists, giants, dwarfs, fat women, strong men, rarities, oddities, eccentricities, monstrosities—an invasion of freaks and chapmen impelled hither by old custom and by mankind's demand for what is bright, curious and trivial. If one should be awake at five o'clock of that September morning it makes one's toes twitch in bed with the humour of it to think of that strange caravan passing by the conventional and respectable villas of the northern roads which lead to the camping ground. But when that ground is reached the setting is suitable, that great wide space, closed now as a thoroughfare, lined with old building or with new ones which have a mediaeval savour about

times is the dust on their boots; so likewise in the Middle Ages was it with those who were suitors at the summary courts established at fairs to deal with trading disputes, petty thefts, breaches of the peace, etc., etc.

them. For, with all their modern appliances, steam-organs, gas-flares, motor-cars added to roundabouts, the atmosphere of fairs is ancient; mankind is perhaps seen at them in its most permanent and unaltered form enjoying, as it did in the Middle Ages, jolly vulgarity and delighting to move in flippant and fluent crowds. All men have much of the vulgar in them, and on these occasions I have known dons, parsons and suchlike wishing heartily that they might disguise themselves so as the more to abandon themselves and their trammelling dignity to the dust and sweat of common fun. No doubt gentler manners have modified the incidents of fairs; nowadays at cockshies we throw things not at live birds but at the insensitive coco-nut, we break plates instead of watching men break each other's heads, monstrosities of a disgusting kind are not shown to us; no doubt they have lost the dignity of serious commerce, we can no longer buy here learned books as college librarians used to do, and we can purchase nothing of real use or beauty; perhaps they have gained no attractiveness by elaboration of machinery; one would rather sit on a dappled horse on a roundabout and be twirled round by hand than on an ostrich or in a motor-car and be revolved by steam power to strains of steam music, but nevertheless, fairs do taste of ancientry and are very pleasant.

CHAPTER VIII

Broad Street—Balliol College—Trinity College—The Ashmolean—The Sheldonian—Clarendon Buildings

BROAD STREET, as its name implies, is wide and spacious, a thing which is accounted for by the fact that it, like St. Giles's, lay outside the city wall, and so was built irregularly and without consideration of compression within a fixed area. If you go down a narrow sloping passage by the side of the shop numbered 13 you find yourself in a blind alley the low level of which shows that it is on the site of the town ditch. Looking from there to the right you can see a bastion of the wall with houses surging around it like a besieging host. Evidently the south side of the street was built on the far side of the fosse, while the buildings on the north side of the street were constructed at such a distance as not to interfere with the flight of arrows or with the vision of defenders on the City wall. The bastion is called "The Bishop's Bastion" because, either immediately in front of it or close to the gateway of Balliol College or midway between the two on a spot where a cross is let into the roadway by the side of a lamp-standard, were burnt Ridley, Latimer, and Cranmer after they had been condemned as heretics by courts held in the Divinity School and in the chancel of St. Mary's Church. Cranmer's death was delayed, owing to the necessity of obtaining Papal confirmation, until a year or more after that of his brother-bishops, and he witnessed their fate from his cell in the North Gate or from the summit of the adjacent St. Michael's Tower in Cornmarket Street. What is noble in the story

OXFORD (FROM THE HINKSEY MEADOWS) IN FLOOD
FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY WILLIAM TURNER OF OXFORD (1789-1862) IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PROVOST OF ORIEL COLLEGE

of that martyrdrom—Latimer's words, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out"; Cranmer thrusting first into the fire the right hand which had signed his recantation; the steadfastness and piety with which all three faced the terrible death—these things are too well known to be repeated at large. What is horrible and pathetic in the story one does not wish to dwell upon. To their memory the Martyrs' Memorial was erected in 1841, not without some disgusting controversy between ecclesiastical parties, for in those days Oxford did not deserve the magnificent (and presumably unintentional) compliment which Newman paid to our race when he said: "It is not at all easy, humanly speaking, to wind up an Englishman to a dogmatic level". It was designed by Gilbert Scott on the model of the crosses which Edward I raised, where rested, on its last journey, the body of his Queen Eleanor. At the same time the north aisle of St. Mary Magdalen Church, nearby which the memorial cross stands, was restored in memory of the martyrs. In that church is to be seen the doorway of the prison in which Cranmer was confined.

Some of the first buildings on the north side of Broad Street must have been the tenements originally occupied by Balliol College—a College which was the outcome of a virtuous necessity. John Balliol, father of him to whom Edward I awarded the crown of Scotland, had "unjustly vexed and enormously damnified" the churches of Tynemouth and Durham and had laid hands on the Bishop of the latter place, who, since it was his function not only to defend the Borderlands but also to promote pious works, caused John Balliol to be scourged at the cathedral door, and added to that penance the obligation to hire a hostel in Oxford for sixteen poor scholars and to provide for their maintenance there. After the founder's death in 1269 his widow, Dervorguilla, carried on voluntarily the good work which her husband had been

compelled to initiate, and she gave the community a permanent endowment and drew up, in 1284, statutes for its government, which statutes were much amplified and revised in 1507 by Foxe, Bishop of Winchester, the founder, some ten years later, of Corpus Christi College.

Foxe was a man of quaint imagination. When he founded Corpus he called it his hive and bee-garden, in which the scholars were to make wax to the glory of God and honey for the profit of themselves and of all Christians. In the statutes which he provided for Balliol the College is elaborately compared to the human body: the Master is the head; the senior Fellow the neck by which head and body are united; the Deans are the shoulders, and the Bursars the arms and hands; the Chaplains are the ribs, which include the "spiritual members"; the other Fellows are relegated to the position of the stomach; the Scholars are the legs; and the servants the feet, since they go whither they are bidden. The Visitor is represented as the physician who brings health to the body when it is sick, which reminds one that Foxe's statutes are peculiar in another way, since by them the College has the privilege possessed by none other at Oxford or Cambridge of electing its own Visitor. This right was, in fact, not exercised until 1691, when it elected Busby, the renowned Headmaster of Westminster School. Before the present Visitor, Lord Grey of Fallodon, the office was held by another old Balliol man, Lord Loreburn, who bequeathed to the College an interesting object which is to be seen in the library, his copy of the Great Seal of England. The Great Seal used to be broken up when a new one was made on the appointment of a new Lord Chancellor, but now it is only tapped with a hammer and becomes the property of the retiring official. The adventures of the Great Seal would make a curious book; there is the famous one, of course, which James II threw into the Thames before his flight, and there is the one which Lord Eldon buried in the garden when his house caught fire. He forgot which flower-bed he had put it

in, and had to set his family to work to probe the garden diligently with sticks !

Balliol's age of glory begins in the nineteenth century, but here and there in its previous history a name stands out in distinction. John Wycliffe was Master for a short while about 1360, and may have been a Fellow before occupying that position. In the fifteenth century the notable members of the College are Grey, Bishop of Ely (died 1478), one of the early Humanist scholars in England, who by assiduously collecting books in Italy or having them transcribed formed one of the best libraries in northern Europe. He left this collection to his old College, and what remains of it to-day, about a hundred and fifty volumes, is one of the features of the present library ; Lord Berners, famous in English prose as the translator of Froissart ; Cardinal Morton, so popular in Oxford that when he fell into disgrace with Richard III the Masters assembled in Convocation protested that " the bowels of our brother the University, like Rachel weeping over her children, were moved with pity at the distress of this her dearest son " ; John Tiptoft, Earl of Warwick, who was called, by reason of his cruelty during the Wars of the Roses, " the butcher of England," and who in the eyes of posterity has somewhat balanced that ill repute by his scholarship and by his patronage of Caxton.

In the sixteenth century there comes, with Lawrence Kemys, scholar in 1579 and Fellow in 1582, a breath of the Spanish Main into these academic groves. He was mathematical tutor, but abandoned Oxford to serve with Sir Walter Ralegh, whom he accompanied on the voyage up the Orinoco in 1595–6. It was he who told Ralegh of the gold-mines which were the object of the last and fatal voyage. On that expedition to Guiana, Kemys acted as pilot and captain, and when, largely through his mismanagement, it failed, he took his own life in 1618.

In 1637 John Evelyn entered the College, but left,

without taking a degree, in order to reside in the Middle Temple and study law. There he found that " . . . being at the University in regard of these avocations was of very small benefit . . ." The blame must be imputed to himself rather than to the University, for Evelyn by nature was probably not given to concentration; he admits in his Diary that at school he had been very " remiss " and that at Oxford he frequented the " dancing and vaulting school ". It is true that his tutor was so much occupied in quarrelling with the Master that " he seldom or never had the opportunity to discharge his duty to his scholars ", but, on the other hand, the Diary remarks that " then was the University exceedingly regular, under the exact discipline of William Lawd, Archbishop of Canterbury, then Chancellor ". However, during the remainder of the sixteenth century and through the eighteenth Balliol did fall on inert times; it was during the long and lax rule of a Master in the latter century that the soubriquet " men of Belial " was applied to members of the College. But the said Master was active enough in promoting Jacobitism and reaction of every kind and in stirring up a dislike of Scotchmen, so much were the origins of the College forgotten or disregarded. Adam Smith, author of the " Wealth of Nations ", was an Exhibitioner in the mid-century, and the story goes that, when he fell into a reverie in hall one day, his neighbour roused him and remarked that he had better finish his dinner since, being a Scotchman, he was not likely to see again in his life such a joint of meat as was before him!

In 1792 Robert Southey came to the College, and was informed by one of his tutors: " You won't learn anything from my lectures, sir, so, if you have any studies of your own, you had better pursue them ". The elder Mr. Weller in " The Pickwick Papers " exhibits a similar point of view concerning the upbringing of his son Sam: " I took a great deal o' pains with his eddication, sir, let him run in the streets when he was very young and shift for himself ". Nevertheless the remark is, perhaps,

not so foolish as at first hearing it appears, for even in these days of frantic endeavour after efficiency the wise tutor knows that with some undergraduates of ability a policy of discriminate neglect is the right one to adopt, and some tutors suspect that lectures, a survival of days when books were few and costly, are convenient chiefly for those who cannot or will not or have no time or inclination or opportunity to read for themselves. In any case that tutor was more sensible than another who made Southey write Latin verses on King Charles the Martyr. In fact, the poet did pursue his own studies, which consisted of beginning an epic on Joan of Arc, and, after Coleridge had visited him in College, of devising schemes of a pantisocracy or community where all are equal in rank and social position, or, in Gilbert's words, where "everyone is somebodee" and "no one's anybody". The nineteenth-century greatness of Balliol begins with Dr. Parsons, elected Master in 1798, a stout Tory but in College politics a wise Liberal. He instituted an entrance examination and revived the tutorial system in College. He was also one of those who drew up the Examination Statutes of 1800 and 1807, which instituted examinations for the B.A. degree and Honour Class lists. Not without opposition were these reforms made. The Rector of Lincoln (whom opponents accused of "fighting with filth and soot-bags") for many years was a frantic enemy of the new system; he vowed to the Dean of Christ Church that he would cause his "half-formed and mis-shapen offspring to stink in the nose of every scholar in Europe"; he objected to all Plucking, because it would discourage the student and would be an injustice if young men were sent away after spending their parents' money with a stigma on their backs! But, as Dr. Godley has said, "the examiners, I suppose, remained unmoved by this eloquent appeal; the undergraduate, like the patient earth, still submitted to be ploughed, and probably will do so until Socialism abolishes the horrid practice as contrary to the great doctrine of Equality of Opportunity

and unfair to those who are unduly handicapped by lack of brains".

To Dr. Parsons succeeded Dr. Jenkins, also a stout Tory of definite views, but a good judge of men and one of such magnanimity that he always gave way to reforms strongly urged by persons whose opinion he respected, and was always ready to listen to and weigh other people's opinions; and soon after him came the liberal and critical-minded Jowett.

The visible sign of the modern intellectual distinction of the College is the number of eminent men who were educated there: Lord Chief Justice Coleridge, Lord Peel (sometime Speaker of the House of Commons), Lord Lansdowne, Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, Mr. Asquith, Archbishop Tait and Archbishop Temple, Professor T. H. Green, Mr. Arnold Toynbee, Matthew Arnold, Clough, Calverley, and Swinburne. Matthew Arnold, who became a Fellow of Oriel and Professor of Poetry in the University, was, of course, a devoted Oxford man, and wrote about it the best and most celebrated poetry which the place has ever inspired, but the relations between two other Balliol poets and their Alma Mater were not so cordial. Calverley, or Blayds, as his name then was, made a compulsory transfer of himself to Cambridge, his high-spirited activities at Balliol having reached a pitch intolerable to the authorities. At Cambridge he became a Fellow of his College (Christ's), though even then he was apt to show some irreverence of authority. Among his papers were found after his death some "Notes Taken at College Meetings":—

"*Remarked by the Master.*—That no people give you so much trouble, if you try to extract money from them, as solicitors.

"*By the Junior Dean.* Except, perhaps, parsons.

"*By the Senior Dean.* The latter possibly because they have not got the money.

"*By Mr. A.* That a ton weight is a great deal of books.

"*By Mr. B.* That it is one o'clock.

"*By Mr. C.* That that is likely, and that in an hour it will be just two".

Swinburne, who matriculated in 1856, expressed a great disgust of Oxford, and asserted in after years that his "Oxonian career culminated in a total and scandalous failure". If so, the blame should not rest entirely on Oxford; genius in its growth is often malformed and noxious. It was not with him as with Shelley, a case of unfair and too strong a twist of authority, but his nature then would fit in with nothing around it. For his perversity there is the testimony of the landlady of his lodgings in Broad Street (and I think that Oxford landladies are usually tolerant, certainly accustomed to eccentricity), who stated after her experience of Swinburne that she had had her "fill of them tiresome Balliol gentlemen". There is also the indirect testimony of Jowett, whom Swinburne admired and respected, who wrote in a letter in praise of Browning: "I had no idea that there was a perfectly sensible poet in the world, entirely free from vanity, jealousy, or any other littleness, and thinking no more of himself than if he were an ordinary man". Doubtless Jowett had Swinburne in mind as a contrast to Browning!

The mind adventurous and passionate must often feel rebellious in the calm, critical atmosphere of Oxford, often be inclined to despise the dull creeping on from precedent of authority to precedent of authority, and the insistence upon learning in which there is so much letter and so little life. "No one in Oxford", said Swinburne bitterly, "can be said to die, for they never begin to live". Nevertheless, much littleness as there may have been in the Oxford of that time (as perhaps there is also now), it would have been good for Swinburne to have tolerated other points of view than his own. "Wisdom is a hen", said Swift, "whose cackling we must value and consider, because it is attended with an egg". Had Swinburne attended more to the cackling of Oxford, he might have

undergone an intellectual discipline which would have induced that serenity of mind without which no poet can reach the greatest heights. If he accused the learned world of dull and heavy thinking, the learned world might fairly accuse him of shoddy and chaotic thought, and there is perhaps not much to choose between substance without imagination and imagination without substance.

The buildings of Balliol are of various kinds and ages, disposed with an irregularity which is not unpleasing but a welcome change from the system of regular quadrangles. The least successful buildings are the Broad Street front designed by Waterhouse (1867–9). That architect flourished at a time when slavish imitations of Gothic forms had given way to some originality of composition and the style was applied and used in ways novel and often fantastic, as witness other works of Waterhouse: The Natural History Museum in South Kensington, Eaton Hall in Cheshire, the offices of the Prudential Insurance Society in Holborn, and in Oxford the University Museum and the "Meadow Building" at Christ Church. The appearance of these Balliol buildings has gained from them the not inapt designation of "the Broad Street Hotel". The quadrangle which is reached through these buildings contains the chapel, built by Butterfield (1856), an unlovely structure which, however, contains the sixteenth-century glass which was in the old chapel, and the only remaining portion of the mediaeval buildings of the College—the library—which dates from the early part of the fifteenth century. The most interesting of the contents of the library are probably the Browning manuscripts and the "small quarto, part print, part manuscript", which was the origin of "The Ring and the Book". The buildings on the west side of the garden quadrangle are of various dates: the southernmost were put up in 1769, the next range about eighty years ago, and the northernmost about 1907, being designed by Mr. Warren. Nestling amid these last is a delightful sixteenth-century timbered house. The hall, designed

by Waterhouse, and vastly superior to his other work in this College, was erected in 1877, and in 1910 was fitted with very good oak-panelling the gift of Mr. Younger. Round the cornice runs an inscription from the Vulgate version of the 37th Psalm, very appropriate for a dining-hall, and containing a charming pun on the donor's name: "*Junior* fui, etenim senui, et non vidi justum derelictum, nec semen eius quaerens panem". ("I have been young, and now am old; yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.") In this hall the "musicians' gallery" is more than a name, since it contains an organ which is used when the Musical Society hold their Sunday evening concerts, which being generously open to all undergraduates, have done much to develop a taste for good music.

In origin Trinity College resembles that of St. John's. It was founded in the same year, 1555, and a situation was obtained by the purchase of the buildings of a monastic foundation, Durham College, which had been the place of study for students from the monastery of Durham. The founder, Sir Thomas Pope, like Sir Thomas White, was one of that new middle class which rose to wealth under the Tudors. Whereas White was a merchant, Pope was a politician, an intimate friend of Sir Thomas More and a collaborator with Cromwell, a high official in Chancery, the Mint, and in the Court of Star Chamber, Treasurer of the Court of Augmentation and a Privy Councillor. Like Sir Thomas White, while an advocate of the new Humanistic Learning, he tended in religious matters towards the old order of things, but had sufficient dexterity to keep in with all parties and to come through the reigns of Henry VIII, Edward VI and Mary unharmed and with his fortune intact. Among other duties he had charge of the Princess Elizabeth during her detention at Hatfield. The two got on well together, having a common interest in learning, and Elizabeth discussed with her "jailer" the details of his projected College at Oxford. Sir Thomas Pope died in 1559 and was

buried in London, but a few years later his remains were laid in the chapel of the College he had founded. Of the buildings of Durham College, which he purchased, comparatively little is left: the buttery at the north end of the hall and two rooms at the south are of the thirteenth century; the library on the east side of the quadrangle, in which is the hall, is of the fifteenth century. The hall itself was rebuilt about 1620. The north side of the garden quadrangle was erected from Wren's design in 1665, the other sides being added after 1682. But by the addition of a third storey and by alterations in the windows at the beginning of the nineteenth century Wren's work lost all its character, since the buildings lost their original proportions and the double-sloped "Mansard" roof with a central pediment disappeared. The present chapel was built on the site of the old one between 1691 and 1694, possibly from the design (with suggestions from Wren) of the accomplished Dean of Christ Church, Aldrich, of whom there will be more to be said when speaking of another of his architectural works, All Saints' Church. The four figures which stand on the Tower, in rather less chilly eminence than those of Queen's College and those on the Old Clarendon Buildings, represent Theology, Medicine, Geometry and Astronomy. The interior of the chapel is splendid with cedar-wood, carved by that glorious master, Grinling Gibbons. The new buildings in the front quadrangle have been mentioned elsewhere, and it remains to draw attention to what is perhaps the most attractive part of the College, the old cottages facing on to Broad Street, and, just east of them, Kettell Hall. It should be noticed how the beauty of the former depends on the unornamented wall surfaces and on the simple roof-line interrupted by gables.

In Kettell Hall plays were secretly performed during the Commonwealth period, and there Dr. Johnson stayed for several weeks, perhaps as the guest of Warton, Professor of Poetry, while he was collecting in Oxford material

for his Dictionary. Its name is derived from its builder, Ralph Kettell, President of Trinity from 1599 to 1643. Of him the antiquary, John Aubrey, himself a member of the College, has left a charming description in his "Brief Lives". He had sharp grey eyes and "a terrible gigantique aspect". He could not abide long hair or idleness. "When he observed the scholars' hair longer than ordinary . . . he would bring a pair of cizars in his muffe (which he commonly wore) and woe be to them that sate on the outside of the table. I remember he cutt Mr. Radford's haire with the knife that chipps the bread on the buttery-hatch. . . ."

He roundly abused the idle, calling them Tarrarags, Blincinques, Scobberlotches, and other and more unpleasant things, and he would peep through keyholes to see whether the scholars were at their books or no. He was also sharp of speech.

Sir John Denham, the poet and son of a judge, was an undergraduate at Trinity, and once got into debt; Kettell, at a lecture in chapel, rattled him, and told him, "Thy father has hanged many an honester man". A lady once sent him by a serving man a present of wine and cheese-cakes: "The Doctor tastes the wine: 'What', sayd he, 'did'st thou take this drinke out of a ditch?' and when he saw the cheesecakes: 'What have we here, crinkum, crankum?' The poor fellow stared on him and wondered at such a rough reception of such a handsome present; but he shortly made him amends with a good dinner and half-a-crown". But with this severity he was sensible and charitable; as regards the former virtue he was careful to keep in use for the College the best possible beer, so that its inmates were not disposed to go out in order to "comfort their stomachs" and, in consequence, there were fewer drunkards in Trinity than in any other college; as regards the latter, if he observed that any scholar was particularly poor, he would stealthily slip money in at their windows. Kettell was surely one of the great and admirable Oxford

oddities. Aubrey thought that the Civil War troubles shortened his days. In the groves of Trinity garden [1] at that time used to walk the ladies and the gallants of the Court, "many times", says Aubrey, "my lady Isabella Thynne would make her entry (into the garden) with a theorbo or lute played before her. I have heard her play on it in the grove myselfe, which she did rarely; for Mr. Edmund Waller hath in his poems for ever made her famous". And he proceeds to relate that she and her friend Lady Fanshawe once made a visit to the President who, seeing that they came to abuse him, spoke sharply and insinuated that the ladies were but little better than what it were not decent to state in print. It makes a vivid picture of the times, the thought of the old President with his sharp grey eyes sorrowfully and indignantly regarding the fine ladies and gentlemen of the Court, lightly passing the day in the college garden. But there is, too, the darker side of the picture of Oxford during the Civil Wars, and it is shown to us by the very Lady Fanshawe mentioned above. She writes in her diary: "My father commanded my sister and myself to come to him at Oxford, where the Court then was, but we, that had till that hour lived in great plenty and great order, found ourselves like fishes out of water . . . from as good a house as any gentleman of England had, we came to a baker's house in an obscure street, and from rooms well-furnished, to lie in a very bad bed in a garret, to one dish of meat, and that not the best ordered, no money, for we were as poor as Job, no clothes more than a man or two brought in their clothes bags: we had perpetual discourse of losing and gaining towns and men; at the windows the sad spectacle of war, sometimes plague, sometimes sickness of other kinds by reason of so many people being packed together . . . "

Dr. Kettell lies buried at Garsington, whither he used to ride of a Sunday to his parsonage there "on his bay

[1] The garden is not now as it was then. The celebrated Lime-walk was planted in 1719.

gelding, with his boy Ralph before him, with a leg of mutton and some college bread". One wishes that he could have eaten his mutton in peace until the end; but still he was eighty years old when the Civil Wars came upon him, and he must have acquired some philosophy against them, but those ladies who flirted and played the lute in the garden in the little sunshine of those stormy times were young, and had dark days before them: so who will blame them for teasing Dr. Kettell, and who will not forgive them many errors and strayings?

One should proceed to say somewhat of the eminent men who have been members of this college but, in truth, I am so in love with President Kettell and Lady Isabella Thynne as to be in no mood to grow enthusiastic over others whose shades haunt this place, much enthusiasm though they deserve. Two men prominent in these very Civil Wars were here: Cromwell's son-in-law Henry Ireton, and that stout Republican Edmund Ludlow. Not by any means have Oxford men always been, as is sometimes supposed, on the side of things as they are, as witness the number of Parliamentarians who were educated in Oxford—besides Ireton and Ludlow, there were Hampden of Magdalen, Pym of Pembroke, John Eliot of Exeter, Blake of Wadham, Waller of Magdalen Hall. Indeed the glory of the place is that it has never tried to force men's minds into moulds, to dragoon them into believing this or that, to distort opinions unduly, to present only one side of a matter, to make Truth and Learning partisan. Every movement, whether religious, political or literary, has in its time agitated Oxford, and many have been initiated here: "home of lost causes" is a description both feeble and false. Another seventeenth-century celebrity is George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, founder of the colony of Maryland. In the eighteenth century the greatest name is that of Lord Chatham, who entered the college in 1726—a very great name, but has anyone ever really loved the memory of Chatham, and don't we find his fame a little theatrical, with the

limelight always on it? In 1749 the Prime Minister, Lord North, who lost much of what Chatham had gained in America, entered the college; it was his father, by the way, the Earl of Guilford, who presented, in 1737, the iron gates which face Broad Street.

At the end of the century Walter Savage Landor came to Trinity, but was not long in residence as he was sent down for firing a gun at the windows of a man who, being a Tory, roused the worst passions of the Jacobin poet. In the nineteenth century the greatest name is perhaps that of Cardinal Newman, a fine prose writer, a good scholar, a man of charm. Matthew Arnold, who was not in sympathy with Newman's views, yet wrote of him: "Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful?" A great man, no doubt, but somehow one who touches our pity rather than our affection; one pictures him as shackled by logic and looking at bright and beautiful things through the prison bars of dogmatism. I think Stubbs, the historian and Bishop of Oxford, is the pleasantest of the famous men of Trinity. The story goes, and I hope it is true, that in his last illness he was attended by a certain Dr. D'Aeth, who from time to time gave him injections. Stubbs, once in great pain, calling for an injection, exclaimed, "O Death, where is thy sting?" Should we not prefer to die joking rather than in solemnity? and would not that be pleasing to God? If He has infinite pity and compassion He must have also what goes with those qualities, infinite humour, and without infinite humour, be it asked in reverence, how could He endure the naughtiness and folly of man?

Opposite to Trinity is the Old Ashmolean, a building around which controversy rages, some saying it is a work of Wren's and some denying this. It was built in

1678–84 to house the collections of the antiquary Elias Ashmole. The bulk of opinion inclines to the view that it is not by Wren, since it was not attributed to him until about the middle of the eighteenth century; and since it lacks unity of design and shows varying skill and is made of different kinds of stone, it was probably composite contract work. But still it is a very pretty building, and the two doorways (one of them, facing Broad Street made into a window about a century ago) are very fine. It has recently again become a museum of scientific antiquities, since there has been deposited in it the great collection of scientific instruments given to the University by Mr. Lewis Evans—a collection not only of great value to scientists but also artistically interesting by reason of the beauty of design and workmanship displayed in the old instruments.

A curious incident in the history of the museum was the theft of coins and medals in 1776 by the future Revolutionary leader, Jean Paul Marat. He was, in consequence, sentenced at Oxford to five years hard labour on the Woolwich prison-hulks, but after a few months he escaped to Paris.

Next to the Old Ashmolean is the "Sheldonian Theatre", "the whole designed", says John Evelyn, "by that incomparable genius, my worthy friend, Sir Christopher Wren". It was built by the munificence of Archbishop Sheldon, a member of Trinity College and Warden of All Souls, as a place in which degrees could be conferred and in which other assemblies of the University might be held, for up to that time St. Mary's Church had to be used for such occasions. Wren was, at that time, Savilian Professor of Astronomy. "He was indeed a very extraordinary man", says Evelyn, "being an admirable architect, a profound mathematician and well versed . . . in classical learning". The building was begun in 1663 and finished in 1669, so that it is one of the earliest works of the architect. A famous feature of the exterior is, of course, the classical heads which "decorate" the railings; they

are quaint but disgusting with their battered countenances, and give me a fancy that they are rotted by some awful disease caught from obsolete over-annotated editions of the classics. There is a story of a very ugly eighteenth century Divine who took lodgings in Broad Street opposite to t.. se heads in order that by looking at them he might console himself with the idea that there *could* be uglier countenances than his own! Internally the Sheldonian is wonderfully suited to its purpose, and is arranged somewhat in the manner of a Grecian theatre: the great ceiling, remarkable for its wide unsupported span, is painted in imitation of the open sky, since classical theatres were unroofed. The paintings are the work of one Robert Streater. Pepys went to see them in the studio and remarked that critics thought them "better than those of Rubens at Whitehall": he adds, "I do not fully think so", and we shall probably most of us agree with him in that opinion.

In the building is held annually the "Encaenia", at which degrees are bestowed on distinguished men; the ceremony should be seen once but not often, being indeed ill-ordered and tedious. In general and ordinarily the University is very dignified, but when it endeavours on extraordinary occasions to be dignified it comes perillously near to being ridiculous. The reason is that it maintains ancient ceremonies, but has so whittled them down that they are but mangled relics of former state, and time has evaporated the meaning of them; nor is anything ever added to them to make them reasonable or to inspire new life into them.

Two pulpits will be noticed in the Sheldonian, from which annually at the Encaenia prize-winners read portions of their works. One of these prizes, the Newdigate Prize for English Verse, has acquired great fame, and though one may well think that prizes may produce fine orchids or cabbages but not great poetry, yet this one has justified itself if only by the humour which it has caused. During the eighteenth century a prize

BUST OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN
BY EDWARD PIERCE (D. 1698)
IN THE ASHMOLEAN MUSEUM

was given for poetry, but there was no permanent benefaction (or malefaction) until 1806, when Sir Roger Newdigate left provision for a prize for "a copy of English verse of 50 lines and no more in recommendation of the study of the ancient Greek and Roman remains of Architecture, Sculpture and Painting". The ridiculous restrictions on length and subject matter were removed twenty years later.

In 1807 was published a collection of prize poems which makes very good reading, and from which the following four lines is culled as a specimen from a poem on "The Beneficial Effects of Inoculation":

> With anxious fear the fainting mother press'd
> The smiling infant to her venom'd breast;
> The smiling babe, unconscious of his fate,
> Imbib'd with greedy joy the baneful treat.

It must be said that most of the quotations one hears are either "faked" or taken at best from unsuccessful poems. Famous among fakes is the quotation from "The Feast of Balshazzar", 1852 (actually won by Edwin Arnold):

> While at these words the wise men stood appalled,
> Someone suggested Daniel should be called.
> Daniel was called and just remarked in passing,
> "O Mene, Mene, Tekel and Upharsin".
>
> . . . . .
>
> King Nebuchadnezzar was turned out to grass
> With oxen, horses and the savage ass.
> The King surveyed the unaccustomed fare
> With an inquiring but disdainful air
> And murmured as he cropped the unwonted food,
> "It may be wholesome but it is not good".

That was invented by Goldwin Smith in the Common Room of University College, and it is said that Dean Stanley, who was present, murmured, "Well, after all, the lines are not so bad".

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The following lines come from an unsuccessful poem on General Gordon :

> When winter came again we find this man
> Made Governor-General of the whole Sudan ;

and, from one on the " Pilgrim Fathers ", these :

> Then by the blessing of Almighty God
> With bellying sails the Fathers made Cape Cod.

Two quotations are famous for their merit, one from Reginald Heber's " Palestine " (1803), when he writes of Solomon's temple :

> No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung,
> Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung—
> Majestic silence ;

and the other from a successful poem by Dean Burgon :

> A red-rose city half as old as time.

In 1858 Swinburne competed for the prize on the subject of " the North-west Passage ". His poem, which has survived, shows great promise, but the prize was awarded to a less-inspired but doubtless more " correct " candidate.

Next to the Sheldonian, the Old Clarendon Buildings now used as the University Offices, but originally built (1711) to contain the University Press. The designer was that versatile amateur Sir John Vanbrugh, soldier, playwright, theatre-manager and architect. The epitaph composed for him by a wit is well known :

> Under this stone reader survey
> Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay :
> Lie heavy on him, Earth, for he
> Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Certainly his chief work, Blenheim Palace, is ponderous, and this building also is ponderous, but perhaps not by lack of skill but because he thought that massiveness

would give dignity and grandeur.[1] A very fine house, designed by the same architect, used to stand where now the Indian Institute is, and since the destruction of that, there is only one other specimen in Oxford of Vanbrugh's work, namely No. 20, St. Michael's Street, nearly opposite to the entrance to the Union Society. It is a house of curious design and typical of its designer's manner; it contains a very beautiful staircase. In the archway which leads through the Clarendon Building are some very lovely and elaborate gates by Tijou, who executed a considerable amount of work in St. Paul's Cathedral. This is one of the best pieces of iron-work to be seen in Oxford. Other very notable specimens of that craft are the doors of the ante-chapel at All Souls, probably of the Restoration period, the two gates of Trinity College —one leading into Broad Street (1737), the other in Parks Road at the end of the garden (1713)—and the gates in New College Garden quadrangle (1711). All but the first of these were the work of one Thomas Robinson, evidently an excellent artist-craftsman, but of whom there is little to record save that he is designated as " Thomas Robinson of Hyde Park Corner ".

[1] Hawksmoor helped Vanbrugh to a considerable extent in the designing of the Clarendon Buildings, but the style of the latter architect predominates.

CHAPTER IX

The Turl—Exeter College—Jesus College—Brasenose Lane—Lincoln College

IT is with streets as with individuals, one has an instinctive liking for some and a dislike for others. In London, for instance, one has a loathing of Oxford Street and the Strand and a great delight in Piccadilly or Whitehall. No doubt, with some searching, reasons could be found for such variety of taste, but one does not argue the matter out. It is so in Oxford to a less extent: one likes to walk in some streets much more than in others. Personally I am fond of the "Turl", which goes between the "Broad" and the "High", perhaps because it is frequented enough but not too crowded; perhaps because it definitely leads into main streets; perhaps because it has a good mixture of colleges and shops, and those shops not aggressive and ultra-commercial, but contained in pleasant old gabled buildings; perhaps because on fine mornings the sunlight, falling slantways, makes a beautiful curtain of mist before All Saints' Church, which so finely terminates the road; perhaps this, perhaps that—anyway it is a pleasant street. It is popularly called the "Turl", and quite rightly, for the name is derived from a postern-gate in the city wall known as the Turl. It is first mentioned in 1590 as "the hole in the wall called The Turle". "Turl" has often been taken to mean a twirling-gate or turn-stile, but it seems to me that there can be little doubt but that it is simply the old word "thurl", meaning a hole or aperture, which survives, for instance, in "nostril" (i.e. nose thurl). The gate itself was destroyed in 1772, and the passage leading to it

was widened in 1796, but the High Street end was not altered and the proximity of All Saints' Church to the Mitre Hotel shows the original narrowness of the passage.

The Colleges in the street are Exeter, Jesus, and Lincoln. Neither of the former two are fortunate in their road frontages: that of Exeter, facing Broad Street, is a drab piece of work by Sir Gilbert Scott (1854), and that facing the Turl was reconstructed in 1834; while the front of Jesus was refaced and a tower added in 1856 in dull imitation of the late Perpendicular style.

Indeed, but very little remains in Exeter of ancient buildings: the quadrangle is seventeenth century, the hall was built in 1618, the library in 1856, and the chapel in the year following. The hall, like others of that period, contains a richly-wrought buttery-screen. The library contains a most interesting fourteenth-century Psalter presented by the Sir William Petre mentioned below. The book was used by the Tudors as a kind of Family Bible, and the entry in it concerning the future King Henry VII is the only authority for the date of the birth of that monarch. The chapel is an adaptation, by Sir Gilbert Scott, of "La Sainte Chapelle" in Paris; it therefore can scarcely be considered as an original architectural work, but rather as a curiosity, and it ranks as a work of art with those models of the Colosseum, of Roman temples, etc., which one sees in local museums and in school libraries, and, like them, it exudes an atmosphere of dullness, dustiness, and depression. It contains, however, a delightful object, a piece of tapestry representing "The Adoration of the Magi", designed by Burne-Jones and William Morris, and executed in 1890 by the William Morris Works at Merton Abbey. Other copies were made for the chapel of Eton College and for the art galleries at Manchester, Hamburg, and elsewhere. The original cartoon is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum at South Kensington. Burne-Jones and Morris were undergraduates together at Exeter in the middle of the last century.

The main quadrangle has recently been much improved

by the addition of a grass lawn. From time to time two aesthetic controversies agitate Oxford. One, which not long ago raged virulently, turns on the question of "creeper or no creepers on old buildings?" As for that, the present writer only makes the remark, so mild as scarcely to be a *casus belli*, that some old buildings are improved by a growth of creepers, while others are not. The other controversy is "grass or no grass in college quadrangles?" There is general agreement that in most cases grass is desirable, though sometimes, and rarely, paving or gravel is best. In the inner quadrangle at St. John's, for instance, the gravel seems somehow to suit the surrounding buildings; perhaps one is accustomed to gravel courts in Renaissance edifices in Italy and France.

The founder of the College was Walter de Stapledon, Bishop of Exeter, 1307–26, a wealthy and generous person who contributed largely to the rebuilding of Exeter Cathedral, and who founded grammar schools at Exeter and Ashburton. Being a mediaeval ecclesiastic, he was also of necessity a statesman, and in 1320 was Lord High Treasurer; but politics was his undoing, for, as he adhered to Edward II, his end was summary execution by the London mob. In 1566 the College was endowed and its statutes revised by one of its members, Sir William Petre, Secretary of State from 1543 to 1566. In the seventeenth century, under the Rector Prideaux, afterwards Bishop of Worcester, the College was Puritan in tone, and at that time, besides Sir John Eliot, the promoter of the Petition of Right, William Strode, one of the "Five Members", and the lawyer Maynard,[1] Antony Ashley Cooper, later Earl of Shaftesbury, was an undergraduate. Not that Cooper was consistently or deeply Puritan; at first an adherent of Charles, he changed over to the side of the Parliament and served on the Council of State during the Commonwealth; then he led the Parliamentary Opposition to Cromwell, and later co-operated with Monk;

[1] A Royalist lawyer, Attorney-General Noye, of Ship Money fame, had also been at Exeter.

under Charles II he was a member of the " Cabal " (another member of that group, Thomas Clifford, negotiator of the Treaty of Dover, had been an undergraduate at Exeter) and held high offices of State, including the Lord Chancellorship. He promoted the Exclusion Bill, which was designed to exclude James from succession to the throne in favour of the Duke of Monmouth. In the capacity of chief of the Whigs and Exclusionists he was the object of Dryden's famous satire, " Absalom and Achitophel " ; therein, as Achitophel, his character is sketched :

> Of these the false Achitophel was first ;
> A name to all succeeding ages curst ;
> For close designs and crooked counsells fit ;
> Sagacious, bold and turbulent of wit ;
> Restless, unfixed in principles and place ;
> In power unpleased, impatient in disgrace.
> A fiery soul which working out its way
> Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
> And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
> A daring pilot in extremity,
> Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,
> He sought the storms ; but, for a calm unfit
> Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.

This is a character drawn by an opponent, but Dryden s satire would not have been so great did its shafts not hit very near the truth. Shaftesbury wrote a fragment of an " Autobiography ", which includes an account of his life in Oxford, and in it we can discern in rudimentary form some of those characteristics which Dryden has indicated : " I kept both servants and horses in Oxford, and was allowed what expense or recreation I desired, which liberty I never much abused ; but it gave me opportunity of obliging by entertainments the better sort and supporting divers of the activest of the lower rank with giving them leave to eat when in distress upon my expense. . . . This expense, my quality, proficiency in learning, and natural affability easily not only obtained the good-will of the wiser and older sort, but made me

leader even of all the rough young men of that college, famous for the courage and strength of tall, raw-boned Cornish and Devonshire gentlemen, which in great numbers yearly came to that college. . . ." He then describes himself as being "not strong of body" and so guarded from violence by two or three of the sturdiest youths as their chief, and as one who relieved them when in prison and obtained their release and paid neighbouring farmers for poultry which those young men poached. He continues: "Two things I had also a principal hand in, when I was at the college. The one, I caused that ill custom of tucking freshmen to be left off; the other, when the senior fellows designed to alter the beer of the college, which was stronger than other colleges, I hindered their design". This he did by advising all the poorer students to keep quiet while he collected those of independent means and led them in a body to strike their names out of the buttery-book. Whereupon the Fellows, "seeing their pupils going, that yielded them most profit, presently struck sail" and promised "never to alter the size of our beer".

As for abolishing the "foolish custom of great antiquity", the "tucking" of Freshmen, the manner of it was this: "One of the seniors in the evening called the freshmen to the fire and made them hold out their chin, and they with the nail of their right thumb, left long for that purpose, grate off all the skin from the lip to the chin, and then cause them to drink a beer glass of water and salt". When Antony Cooper's turn came, he reflected that the Freshmen of his year were a very lusty body, and, consulting with them, persuaded them to "stand stoutly in defence of their chins". "We all appeared at the fires in the hall, and my Lord of Pembroke's son calling me first . . . I according to agreement gave the signal, striking him a box on the ear, and immediately the freshmen fell on, and we easily cleared the buttery and the hall, but bachelors and young masters coming in to assist the seniors, we were compelled to retreat to a ground chamber in the quadrangle. They pressing at

the door, some of the stoutest and strongest of our freshmen, giant-like boys, opened the doors, let in as many as they pleased, and shut the door by main strength against the rest; those let in they fell upon and had beaten very severely, but that my authority with them stopped them, some of them being considerable enough to make terms for us, which they did, for Dr. Prideaux being called out to suppress the mutiny, the old Doctor, always favourable to youth offending out of courage . . . gave us articles of pardon for what had passed, and an utter abolition in that college of that foolish custom. . . ."

These quotations give us not only a picture of a young man, destined to be a leader of men, of "pigmy body" but already "sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit", but also a vivid glimpse of undergraduate life in the seventeenth century.

The dullness of the reconstituted front of Jesus College is more than compensated for by the charm of the interior of the quadrangle, which is small and neat and pretty, and is somehow made more attractive by the crookedness of the main pathway.

The College was founded by Hugh Price or Ap Rice, a native of Brecon and Treasurer of St. David's, who obtained in 1571 a Charter from Queen Elizabeth establishing "Jhesus College wythin the Citie and Universitie of Oxforth, of Quene Elizabethe's fundacion". It is possible that the Queen gave timber from the royal forests of Stow and Shotover towards the erection of the buildings, but her position as Founder rested on her goodwill and not on her bounty, since Price provided what endowment there was. Naturally, from the first the College tended to be Welsh in character, since its founder was a Welshman, but apparently it was not designed to have a purely local connection. It so happened that all the early Principals were Welsh, and in 1686 it became statutory that they should be such.

Dr. Price had purchased an old hall, known as White Hall, and several adjacent tenements, and on their site the present College buildings were begun. The south-east

corner of the outer quadrangle dates from the Founder's time: the rest, with the hall and the chapel, was built while Sir Eubule Thelwall was Principal (1621–30).

The inner quadrangle was mainly built between 1675 and 1679, though some of it was begun before the outbreak of the Civil Wars, and it was not quite completed until 1713. Since that date no additions were made until in 1906 the new buildings in Ship Street were begun.

Probably all halls are pleasing if they are vast or if they are small; it is those of a between-size which need special qualities to make them attractive. The hall of Jesus is diminutive and has also a very fine oak screen; it contains also some interesting portraits. That of Queen Elizabeth is not the best of her in this College, as in one of the common rooms there is one by Zucchero. There is one by Vandyke of Charles I (who established a Channel Islands Fellowship) and one by Lely of Charles II. There is a fine portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence of the architect John Nash, who laid out Regent's Park in London and designed most of the adjacent terraces of houses, and who also planned Regent Street, now fast disappearing. He was not a member of Jesus College, but did for it some work, requesting that instead of payment his portrait might be painted and hung in the College. He is not to be confused with a very different personage, Richard, or "Beau", Nash (1674–1762), who established the Assembly Rooms at Bath and became there Master of Ceremonies and autocrat of taste, and who *was* a member of the College. Also there is an interesting portrait of Sir Leoline Jenkins (Principal from 1661 to 1673); it was painted by Tuer at Nimeguen, and represents him seated at the council-table, for Jenkins was a Plenipotentiary at the Peace concluded at that place in 1675. From 1680 to 1684 he was Secretary of State. He died in 1685 at Hammersmith, whence his body was conveyed to Oxford; it was received with great ceremony, and buried in the chapel of Jesus College after lying in state in the Divinity School.

Most of the celebrities of Jesus have, of course, come from Wales, and language has confined their reputation within the borders of their own country, but there is one whose repute is well established this side of the border —James Howell (1594–1666), author of "Instructions for Forreine Travel" and of those "Epistolae Ho-elianae: Familiar Letters", which are full of interesting topics and written in a style which has made them cherished by literary men: to Thackeray they were so dear that he had ever a copy at his bedside. "Montaigne and Howell are my bedside books. If I wake at night, I have one or other of them to prattle me to sleep again. . . ." To Howell also must be credited a great affection for Oxford, for on setting out for his travels he wrote to the Principal of Jesus a letter of farewell to him and to his "dearly honoured mother Oxford saluting with her with my dutiful observance and thankfulness for the milk she pleased to give me in that exuberance, had I taken it in that measure she offered it me while I slept in her lap; yet that little I have sucked, I carry with me now abroad, and hope that this course of life will help to concoct it to a greater advantage, having opportunity, by the nature of my employment, to study men as well as books".

Lincoln is separated from Exeter by Brasenose Lane, which goes between the Turl and Radcliffe Square. This passage and New College Lane are the two ways in Oxford which have to the greatest degree a mediaeval atmosphere; it is narrow, unfrequented, dim-lit by night,and bordered by dark grey walls, and down the middle of it is still a "kennel" such as served to drain mediaeval streets. There is in it a sense of beggary and, especially on misty evenings, of ambuscade and weapons ready to be drawn suddenly.

Towards the eastern end of the lane there hangs over it from Exeter garden a horse-chestnut tree called "Heber's", because it shaded the windows of Reginald Heber's room in Brasenose. The tradition is that when the branches of this tree touch Brasenose College opposite

Exeter will " bump " Brasenose on the river, a prophecy which at least once, in 1895, has been fulfilled. A little farther on, on the left-hand side, under the westernmost window of the " schools ", can be seen a St. Andrew's cross cut on the wall. The cross marks where St. Mildred's parish ended and that of St. Mary's began. St. Mildred's Church disappeared when Lincoln College was built, and its parish is merged into that of St. Michael's, but even now, on Ascension Day, this boundary spot is marked with chalk by St. Michael's clerk, and the choir-boys, after the time-honoured custom, beat the mark with willow-wands.

Lincoln College was a result of ecclesiastical reaction in the fifteenth century; its founder, Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, would appear to have been a sympathizer with Lollardy, but eventually he adhered to the orthodox side, and in 1429 founded this, his " little college of theologians ", to " defend the mysteries of the sacred page against these ignorant laics who profaned with swinish snouts its most holy pearls ". He put the seal on his own orthodoxy by, to employ his own manner of speech, grubbing up with swinish snout the bones of Wycliffe at Lutterworth and casting them into the River Swift.

The Bishop died in 1431, leaving his foundation ill-equipped in its struggle for existence; nor were those times of civil war easy ones for a college to develop in. The original charter had been obtained from Henry VI, and when Edward IV became king it had to be renewed. There were courtiers eager to confiscate what little property the College had, but George Neville, at that time Chancellor of England, who was interested in Oxford, having been at Balliol College and having occupied the position of Chancellor of the University, was able to save the College from " greedy thieves of dogs and plunderers ", and persuaded the King to grant a new charter. In his grant to the Rector and Fellows the clerk omitted the words " et successoribus " (" and to their successors "): thus the corporation, by a clerical error, was deprived of its immortality, and would have died at the death of the

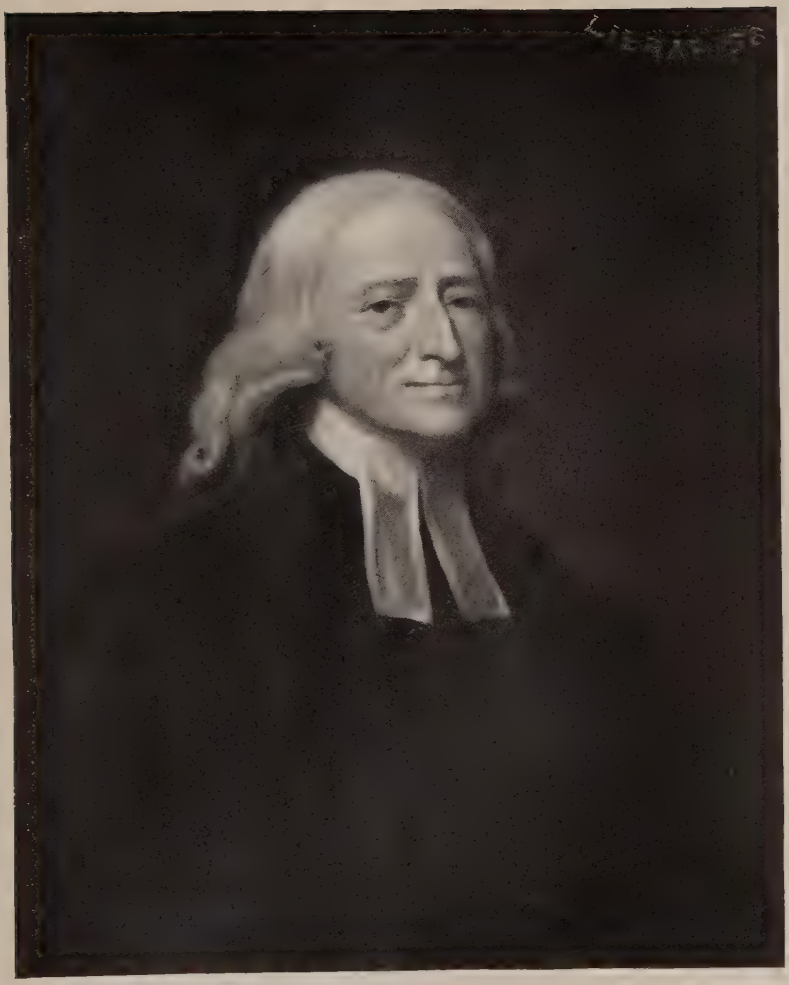
last-surviving Fellow, had the matter not been rectified sixteen years later by Rotherham, Bishop of Lincoln. This Rotherham, Archbishop of York, Chancellor of England, lawyer, statesman, and diplomat, was a munificent patron of learning, and furnished Lincoln College with statutes and a more ample endowment than it had yet possessed.

Rotherham was, by virtue of his office of Bishop of Lincoln, Visitor of the College. The story goes that he was moved to take the affairs of the College in hand by a sermon preached before him by the Rector on the text: "Behold and visit the vine, and complete it which thy right hand hath planted", in which sermon the poor and desolate condition of the foundation was eloquently described. To commemorate Rotherham's generosity and the text which had called it forth a vine was planted in the quadrangle. When, in 1628, the new chapel was building the vine was moved to the inner quadrangle, where still grow two vines, which are probable direct descendants of the original. By Rotherham's provision the main quadrangle was completed by the addition in 1479 of the southern side, the north side, the tower and the hall having been built soon after the foundation of the College. The second quadrangle was begun in 1609 with funds provided by Sir Thomas Rotherham, a late Fellow and Bursar of the College, and a descendant of the munificent Bishop. Williams, Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal, gave money for the completion of this quadrangle and for the building of the chapel. Curiously enough, one of the most effective pieces of architecture in the College is one of the most recent additions. Seen from the southern end of the Turl, the oriel window which looks on to All Saints' churchyard is a very pleasing object, and yet it is not, as it appears, mediaeval, but was put in about 1819, at a period when "Gothic" work, not long revived, was usually very dull and unconvincing.

As for the interior of the building, both the chapel and hall are noteworthy. The former, though not of great

age, has the interest of the glass in the east window (mentioned in a former chapter) and of a good late seventeenth-century screen. The latter is panelled with good woodwork constructed between 1697 and 1700, and retains its louvre, or vent in the roof through which smoke escaped in times when the fire consisted of logs piled in a grate in the centre of the hall.[1] The hall has in it, among other portraits, some of particular interest: Nathaniel, Lord Crew, Rector 1664–8, a supporter of James II, who nevertheless by shifty acts managed to retain his bishopric of Durham in the reign of William III; Mark Pattison, Rector 1861–84, a leader of liberalism and reform in the University; the late Lord Morley; and, to put him last, because he is the most important of all, John Wesley. He, like his younger brother Charles, had been a scholar of Christ Church, but he was elected a Fellow of Lincoln College in 1726, and was a tutor from 1729 to 1735, residing, as tradition goes, in the rooms over the passage from the main to the second quadrangle. This portrait of him, though indifferent as a work of art, has the interest of representing him at the time of life when he was a tutor in Oxford. He and his brother Charles in 1729 organized that movement which became known as Methodism, because of the methodical character of their religious observances. George Whitefield of Pembroke joined the movement some seven years later. The treatment which the Methodists received has commonly been considered a great reproach to the Church of the eighteenth century and to the Oxford of that time. As regards the attitude of the Church, it certainly was not a receptive one. There is perhaps some exaggeration in the general condemnation of the state of the Church in the eighteenth century, for there were many parsons of the type of Parson Adams and the Vicar of Wakefield, men whose piety, humanity, and sympathy more than

[1] Brasenose College was the last to adopt a chimney and fireplace in the side wall. There the open fire in the centre of the hall and the louvre for a smoke-vent were in use until 1760.



JOHN WESLEY
FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE ROMNEY IN CHRIST CHURCH HALL

counterbalanced any want of attention to regular forms and ceremonies, but on the whole the official leaders were no doubt dominated by political considerations and worldly interests, were often scarcely sincere in their professed beliefs, and were at best indifferent towards any "new" movement, since they shared the general apathy of the times, and were suspicious of anything which might upset the fixed order in Church and State. The display of some tact and of some sympathy might have prevented the separation of the Methodists and kindred bodies, such as the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists founded by Charles "of Bala", a member of Jesus College. As regards Oxford, it does indeed seem strange to us that the Methodists should have been ridiculed and pelted as they went to Holy Communion in St. Mary's Church and that some of the High Church Tories should have so busied themselves as they did in persecuting them. Looking back through history, it is easy to condemn, but history deals only with salient features of any problem, and we lose sight of the little detail by which men are swayed. Not all Oxford condemned, even at that time: John Wesley was made a Fellow of Lincoln, and Whitefield spoke of the kindness and moderation of his tutor towards him at Pembroke. Moreover, there is something very understandable about the hostile attitude which certainly the majority adopted. Whitefield says: "My apparel was mean. I thought it unbecoming a penitent to have his hair powdered. I wore woollen gloves, a patched gown and dirty shoes". There is nothing particularly pious about dirty shoes, and ordinary men have at all times quite rightly disliked people who tread unnecessarily on the toes of convention, for eccentricity in dress or behaviour shows either vanity, a desire to attract attention unduly to oneself, or else a mind which sees things out of proportion. It, in itself, was a noble thing to visit the poor, the sick, and the prisoners in jail, but Whitefield expressed the wish that college tutors would send their pupils on such occupations instead of to lectures.

He might have argued speciously that a University education is of no use to pious "penitents", but for those who chose to enter a University it was surely only reasonable to attend to books and lectures and the purposes for which Universities exist. The following dialogue occurred between Johnson and Boswell concerning some Methodists who were expelled from St. Edmund Hall: "Sir, that expulsion was extremely just and proper. What have they to do at a University who are not willing to be taught, but will presume to teach? . . . Sir, they were examined and found to be mighty ignorant fellows". *Boswell:* "But was it not hard, Sir, to expel them, for I am told they were good beings"? *Johnson:* "I believe they might be good beings; but they were not fit to be in the University of Oxford. A cow is a very good animal in the field; but we turn her out of a garden". Johnson was a man of prejudices, but there is good sense in his remarks on this subject.

A reading of Whitefield's memoirs, entitled "A Short Account of God's Dealings with the Rev. George Whitefield" (1740), helps us to correct the balance somewhat and sympathize with the opponents of Methodism, for it is indeed a nauseous book because of its "priggishness", its entire lack of any sense of humour, its pietistic jargon, its cold and hard atmosphere, its want of geniality and broad humanity. When considering men and movements of the past, it is not a bad thing to pause and consider sincerely what we ourselves should have done and thought had we lived at such and such a time. Foolish and wrong as I think, in 1925, such behaviour was, I cannot honestly be sure that, in 1730, I should not have hooted at the Methodists. On the other hand, John Wesley himself was, perhaps, a person whom one would have liked. It is the ever-recurring tragedy in human affairs that the great men of a movement do good, while the little men who catch the phrases and exaggerate the conduct injure their own cause and irritate people so that they run to extremes of prejudice and hostility.

CHAPTER X

Wadham College—The Science Museum—Keble College The Parks

MANKIND are apt to be particular in their tastes, and so most of us, however unreasonable and difficult the choice where there is so much variety, incline to say that we like *one* college above all others. When in this particular mood, for my own part, I say that I prefer Wadham above all others. Several considerations determine this choice: the road-front displays itself most happily, being slightly set back beyond a narrow strip of grass. And well worth displaying this frontage is; its proportions are exceedingly graceful, and the eye is drawn towards them by the three string-courses which run the whole length of the building. The surface is of the greatest simplicity, only a touch of ornamentation being added in the form of battlements, the mouldings of the gate-entry, and the mullions of the oriel window and of the bay-windows at either end. Moreover, the placing and design of the chimneys (and chimneys are a test of architects) is wonderfully bold and dexterous, for they are most conspicuous, being as high as the gate-tower, and yet so harmonize with the rest of the structure as not to be in the least obtrusive. Besides, the colour of the stone is most beautiful. Equally or even more pleasing is the frontage which looks on to the garden—a garden which is certainly one of the most beautiful in Oxford. In its original state it was of the formal kind, embellished with clipped hedges and an artificial mount, but was converted into its present romantic character towards the end of the eighteenth century by

Warden Wills, whose portrait, by Hoppner, is in the hall. The lawn makes the gentlest and most charming foreground to the grey buildings, and there is a lovely cedar of Lebanon, though not now so lovely as it was before a snow-storm, occurring in the *summer* term some seventeen years ago, damaged it and destroyed a companion tree.

Besides these artistic attractions there are others, arising from the fact that the College is almost exactly as it was when first built; there is, no doubt, great interest in those colleges which have been added to and which contain work of many kinds and periods, but there is a certain charm about this uniformity of Wadham, the untouched and unrestored masterpiece which remains nearly as it was in the eye of him who first planned and designed it. The unaltered state of the College is, of course, due to the fact that it is among the most modern and to the fact that it did not grow gradually, but owed its origin to a single founder who had a definite scheme in his mind. Other and older colleges have suffered the ruin of time, or have developed by fits and starts, or have been enlarged according to changing fashions or altered manners of life.

The founder was Nicholas Wadham, a wealthy West-Country squire who lived near Ilminster, in Somerset. "He had", said Fuller in his "Worthies", "great length in his extraction, breadth in his estate, and depth in his liberality", and "his hospital house was an inn at all times, a court at Christmas". He married Dorothy, daughter of Sir William Petre, a lady who, after her husband's death in 1609, carried out his intentions with great skill and firmness, and whose portrait therefore rightly hangs with that of her husband in the College hall. Her statue also stands beside her husband's in a niche above the entrance to the hall; above both of them stands James I, who granted a charter in 1610. In that year the buildings were begun, and were finished three years later. The site on which had stood an

WADHAM COLLEGE CHAPEL FROM THE GARDEN

Augustinian Priory, suppressed at the Reformation, lay beside a quiet and private lane (now Parks Road), down which rode in the dead of an August night in 1642 Sir John Byron with a troop of Royalist horse, the first armed band to enter Oxford in the Civil Wars. The lane led to Smith Gate, which was situated where the newest building of Hertford College now stands, and so Wadham was outside the City wall in a place then little frequented.

The stone for the new College came from Burford and Headington, and the timber from Cumnor, but the masons came from Somerset, and from there even oxen were sent to haul the material from the wharves to which it was brought by water to the place where it was required. The supervisor, Mr. Wadham's steward, John Arnold, was a Somersetshire man, and probably a relative of his, William Arnold, was architect and master-mason.[1]

Two strains of architectural conservatism blended in the building of this College. It was arranged on the lines traditional in Oxford: the hall and chapel were placed adjacent to each other, the chapel is of the customary shape, the Warden's rooms were placed in the commanding position over the main gateway. Concerning the last point, it may be noted here that New College is the only one where the Warden's rooms have remained in the same position in which they were when the College was built. There the gate-tower is still part of the Warden's house, and in the south wall of the ante-chapel can be seen a narrow slit through which in other days the Warden could peer from his lodgings to see whether all was well in the chapel. At Wadham the Warden's lodgings were

[1] The façade of the hall-entrance, with its four "Orders"—Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite—much resembles a similar feature in the "Fellows' Quadrangle" at Merton (built 1608–10) and on the tower of the "New Schools" (1613). It has been suggested that the same architect was responsible for all three, but in buildings put up before professional architects superseded craftsmen-architects it is difficult to tell who did the actual designing. Moreover, in architecture as in literature, there was free traffic in ideas, and plagiarism was no offence.

soon moved to the north-west corner of the quadrangle; the room with the oriel window immediately above the entrance which had formed part of them was later occupied by Wren. The undergraduates' rooms, too, were arranged in the usual sets of one large room and three small ones, for in those days three persons occupied one set, the large room being the common bedroom and the small ones being used as studies. Nowadays, of course, when a higher standard of living obtains, the large room is the sitting-room, while the smaller serve as bedrooms, "scout-holes", cupboards, or smaller sitting-rooms. But, besides the planning, the style also followed the Oxford tradition, for in this place the Gothic manner long survived the advent of and general taste for Renaissance forms. The tracery of the mediaeval window is found in Wadham chapel as it is in those of Oriel (1637), Lincoln (1631), University (1639), while even at Brasenose (1656) is to be seen a strange mixture of Classic and Gothic design.

The second strain of conservatism arises from the fact that, some of the masons being Somersetshire men, followed the building tradition of their county, and no doubt had in mind the churches of their own locality. A notable instance of this is provided by the windows of the chapel, which seem to be pure Perpendicular work of the late fifteenth century, yet they are of the same date as the windows of the ante-chapel, which are "Jacobean Gothic", of the kind prevalent in Oxford in the first half of the seventeenth century. The notable glass in these windows has been mentioned elsewhere. The oak screen should also be noticed; it so closely resembles that in Crosscombe church in Somerset that it is thought that the same man designed both. The screen in the hall is also very magnificent.

A glance at the portraits in the hall reminds us that there have been educated at Wadham three great parliamentarians: Richard Onslow (1654–1717), Speaker of the House of Commons, and, in modern times, Sir John Simon and Lord Birkenhead. Wadham has produced

one other Lord Chancellor, whose portrait is not here, Richard Bethell, Lord Westbury (1800–1873).

The College soon became frequented and distinguished: representatives of eminent West-Country families came to it, among them being a son of Sir Walter Ralegh, and Robert Blake, the future admiral. Thomas Sydenham, the greatest of English physicians, who had entered Magdalen Hall, returned from fighting in the Civil Wars to take his degree from Wadham. But it is with the Wardenship of Wilkins that the most famous period in the history of the College is reached. He became Warden in 1648, and through various changes and chances was prosperous, for though he was on the side of the Covenant and Parliament, and married Oliver Cromwell's sister, yet after the Restoration he became Bishop of Chester (in 1688). His prosperity, it should be said, was not due to time-serving, but rather to his learning, moderation, and common sense, to the absence in him of irritating enthusiasm, and to his regard of intelligence in whomsoever it might reside. Round him collected, and in his rooms were held the early meetings of that body of scientists who received in 1662 the charter which formed them into the Royal Society.

"About the year 1645", wrote one of the first members of that body, "there had sprung up an association of certain worthy persons inquisitive in Natural Philosophy, who met together first in London for the investigation of what was called the new or experimental philosophy, and afterwards several of the more influential of the members, about '48 or '49, finding London too much distracted by civil commotions, commenced holding their meetings in Oxford".

Evelyn describes Wilkins as "most obliging and universally curious", and says that "he has in his lodgings and gallery variety of shadows, dials, perspective and many other artificial, mathematical and magical curiosities, a way-wiser, a thermometer, a monstrous magnet—most of them his own, and of that prodigious young scholar, Mr. Chr. Wren". Wilkins wrote several books, which are

full of that quaint humour which scientists allowed themselves in days before science had become deadly solemn and had turned its imagination to purely utilitarian ends. In one of these books, "A discourse concerning a new Planet", he contends that motion of the earth is possible, and meets the objection that did the earth move "high buildings would be quickly ruinated and scattered abroad", by replying that the buildings stand because the motion is natural, and he takes as a comparison a glass of beer on a moving ship. "But", his own words continue, "'but supposing (saith Rosse) that the motion was natural to the earth, yet it is not natural to towns and buildings for those are artificial'. To which I answer: 'ha, he, he'".

Let one other quotation be given, one from "The Discovery of a New World", in which he discusses the possibility of reaching the moon. How, he inquires, shall a man find sleep and diet on the journey? "1. For diet I suppose there could be no trusting to that fancy of Philo the Jew, who thinks that the music of the spheres should supply the strength of food. Nor can we well conceive how a man should be able to carry so much baggage with him as might serve for a viaticum on so tedious a journey. 2. But if he could, yet he must have some time to rest and sleep in. And I believe he shall scarce find any lodgings by the way. No inns to entertain passengers, nor any castles in the air (unless they be enchanted ones) to receive poor pilgrims or errant knights. . . . Notwithstanding all such doubts, I shall lay down this position. That supposing a man could fly, or by any other means raise himself twenty miles upward, or thereabouts, it were possible for him to come to the moon".

If in this kind of writing there is something of the futility there is also much of the charm of, as it were, the childhood and nursery of science.

Of the other members of Wadham who were original members of the Royal Society the most notable were, apart from Wren, who, of course, towers above them all,

Seth Ward, a Cambridge man incorporated M.A. at Oxford, Wren's predecessor as Savilian Professor of Astronomy, President of Trinity College, and Bishop of Exeter and of Salisbury (among his works is a quaint book entitled "Vindiciæ Academiarum", in which he defended the Universities against the "frenzy and weakness" of those who called them "nurseries of wickedness, nests of mutton tuggers, and dens of formal drones"), and Thomas Sprat, who wrote the History of the Royal Society and ended his days as Bishop of Rochester. In the mid-century two other men renowned in ways very unscientific were at the College, Sir Charles Sedley and John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, both famous, as readers of Pepys's "Diary" will remember, for debauchery remarkable even in the Court of Charles II. That side of their character, however, has been unduly stressed and their merits lost sight of. Both wrote some excellent lyrics, which are in most anthologies, and Rochester may be kindly remembered for the epigram which he scrawled on Charles's bedroom door:

> Here lies a great and mighty king;
> Whose promise none relied on;
> He never said a foolish thing,
> Nor ever did a wise one.

It will be remembered that Charles replied that his words were his own, while his deeds were those of his Ministers!

There is another verse of Rochester's, written at a time of strain between King and Parliament, which is perhaps wittier though less well known, called "The Commons' Petition to King Charles II":

> In all humanity we crave,
> Our Sovereign may be our slave!
> And humbly beg, that he may be
> Betrayed by us most loyally!
> And if he please once to lay down
> His sceptre, dignity and crown;
> We'll make him for the time to come
> The greatest Prince in Christendom!

The King's Answer.

Charles, at this time having no need,
Thanks you as much as if he did.

He died at Woodstock in 1680, at the early age of thirty-three, in the presence of Bishop Burnet, who has left an account of the earl's penitence which may well mitigate any condemnation of his character.

For the first half of the eighteenth century Oxford was for the most part Jacobite in its sympathies, though not entirely; Wadham was Whiggish, which accounts for a thing to be found in no other college—the portraits in its hall of William III and George I. In 1715 such were the disturbances in Oxford that a troop of horse was sent to keep order. About the same time George I bought and presented to Cambridge the great library which had belonged to Moore, Bishop of Ely. On this a Wadham man, Joseph Trapp, first Professor of Poetry in Oxford, produced an epigram by which he is chiefly remembered:

King George, observing with judicious eyes
The state of both his Universities,
To Oxford sent a troop of horse; and why?
That learned body wanted loyalty.
To Cambridge books he sent, as well discerning
How much that loyal body wanted learning.

To this Sir William Browne, of Cambridge, improvised a reply, which leaves the contest of wit a drawn match:

The King to Oxford sent a troop of horse,
For Tories own no arguments but force;
With equal care to Cambridge books he sent,
For Whigs admit no force but argument.

There is no doubt that this general obscurantist adherence of Oxford to an extreme and futile political creed made the University more stagnant in the first half of the eighteenth century than the conditions of the times warranted. Certainly in that century there was little development of those scientific studies which had begun

so brilliantly at Wadham. It seems strange that, in a University in which one would expect that every sort of activity of the human mind, every kind of learning and speculation, would be eagerly considered, scientific studies, when they revived in the nineteenth century, should have met with the greatest opposition. The opposition came, of course, from the old school of theologians—theologians lifeless, soulless, and without imagination, worms in the timbers, cobwebs in the corners of the House of Learning in which are many mansions. And probably the scientific movement would have been suppressed (only to break out violently at a later time) had not Sir Henry Acland, a physician of great learning and wide culture, converted Dr. Pusey, who, in turn, persuaded most of the Tractarians to side with the scientists when it came to a matter of voting in the University assemblies. The Science Museum, which, as we go up Parks Road, we come to next, is the outcome of the movement, and in that museum is a great and interesting collection of scientific objects of every kind upon which the present writer is not in the least qualified to speak, beyond saying that the collections are of interest not only to the student, but also to persons as ignorant as himself of the technicalities of science, especially the great anthropological collcetion left to the University by General Pitt-Rivers. The building itself provides a less vast and miscellaneous topic, and one by no means uninteresting. Its erection began in 1855 amid decorum and enthusiasm. A newspaper account (which reminds one of Mr. Lytton Strachey's description, in his "Life of Queen Victoria", of the building of the Albert Memorial) says that a temporary mess-room and reading-room for the workmen were erected close to the site and were opened by the Vice-Chancellor, books were purchased (the titles unfortunately are not given, but no doubt they were of an edifying sort) for leisure-hour reading, "a respectable female" was established with a fire for cooking, and the Vice-Chancellor and other clergymen undertook to keep up morning prayers. A

contemporary describes the building as "rising like a lovely exhalation from the ground", and Ruskin himself thought that the Museum was "literally the first building raised in England since the fifteenth century which has fearlessly put to trial the old faith in nature". In another letter he wrote: "Although I doubt not that lovelier and juster expressions of the Gothic principle will be ultimately arrived at by us, than any which are possible in the Oxford Museum, its builders will never lose their claim to our chief gratitude, as the first guides in the right direction; and the building itself . . . will only be the more venerated the more it is excelled".

The architect was Benjamin Woodward, an ardent mediaevalist and an enthusiast much under Ruskin's influence, and hence he modelled his design on those of Venetian or Veronese palaces of the thirteenth century. Ruskin himself gave advice and encouragement, and erected one of the columns with his own hand; it is said that the workmen took it down and re-erected it, which reminds one of the roadway which Ruskin with the help of a number of undergraduates made between North and South Hinksey, and which to this day remains, a slough of despond for those who think that manual and mental labour can be efficiently performed by one and the same person. Two Ruskinian principles were put into practice in the building. First, that "all art employed in decoration should be informative"; to this end the columns in the interior were made of different kinds of British stone so as to be informative as to geology, and capitals, corbels, and bases of the columns were carved to represent British flora and fauna. (It is, incidentally, this habit of the Victorians of being "informative" whenever, wherever, and however possible which has contributed most to setting against them the faces of the younger generations.) Secondly, "all architectural ornament should be executed by the men who design it": to this end workmen were imported from *Ireland* to work in *England* on a building erected in the *nineteenth* century

in the manner of *Italy* in the *thirteenth* century. Surely a strange confusion of ideas!

It was all, no doubt, very high-minded, and the theories very beautiful to contemplate, and one respects the attempt of those men to prevent a separation between art and science, but the practical outcome of it all is a work which has failed to be the delight and pride of Oxford. Tennyson, whose æsthetic judgment is one to be respected, once walked by the Museum and remarked to his companion, "It's perfectly indecent". The great artist, whether in architecture, painting or literature, is always an admirer of what is best in the work of times past, but he has also a newness and freshness in his mind; he accepts the facts of his own day; he is of his own time and of his own country; he is not in bondage to theories. Ruskin and his school stirred too much the Middle Ages in their grave, and they arose and damned the works of those theorists.

In the neighbourhood of the Museum have grown up various scientific departments, and others are now being built; in none of them has the Gothic style been followed; for laboratories the maximum of light is required, and the minimum of arches, niches, decoration, carving and recesses, where dust and dirt collects. That a building must be made according to the use to which it is to be put is a principle which escaped the notice of the "mediaeval" school.

Ruskin used to walk every morning when in Oxford past the Museum and so into the parks, but this practice he gave up when Keble College was built, as he could not bear the sight of that edifice. The buildings of that college must indeed have been sufficiently startling when first erected, for no red-brick college had previously been known in Oxford, and, moreover, the architect varied the red with most blatant bands and devices of yellow and black glazed bricks. Yet there is good reason to be thankful that the college was not built by a disciple of Ruskin in a "Venetian Gothic" style, or modelled exactly on

any mediaeval form, which probably would have been the case had it not been what it is, for the building was begun in 1868, a period before architecture began to live again.

The architect was William Butterfield (1814–1900), to judge by his work a perverse and obstinate artist, yet one endowed with great originality. His work in detail is abominable, since he took a childish delight in scoring his wall spaces with meaningless patterns, and gave the eye nowhere any peace; but the proportions are admirable. The great quadrangle with its sunk lawn is impressive, and the surrounding buildings, especially the range of the library and hall, are beautifully proportioned. Time is a colleague whom every good architect consults, and Time has already been at work mellowing and completing his partner's work; the bricks are toning down in colour, and even much of the detail is being slowly made less obnoxious. Butterfield worked on precedent to some extent and was, no doubt, much influenced by a book written by the architect, G. E. Street, and published in 1855, called "Brick and Marble", a book written after a tour in Northern Italy. But, whether we like his work or not, it must be admitted that he was a creative architect and not a mere adopter of the styles of other days.

It is probably not too rash to prophesy that, when in years to come artists consider the buildings erected in the nineteenth century, they will rank this of Butterfield's certainly among the most orginal and probably among the best.

In the second quarter of the nineteenth century education was becoming a matter of general interest, and much was being done to forward it, as witness the number of public schools founded between 1840 and 1850. Some twenty-five years before Keble began, schemes were being considered for the founding of a new hall or college, which would help to meet the increasing demand for a University education, and which might be so contrived as to allow of admission of the poorer students, whose interests had

somewhat been lost sight of under changed economic conditions. The "Tractarians", or High Church party, were the most zealous in this matter. About the time when those schemes were maturing died a leader of the "Tractarians", John Keble (in 1866), himself one of the advocates of a new college. He was one of the greatest personalities of the Oxford of his time. He had entered Corpus Christi College in 1806, where he showed himself a brilliant scholar, winning the University Prizes for English and Latin Essays, and being awarded First Class Honours in Classics and Mathematics. He became a Fellow of Oriel College in 1811, and was Professor of Poetry from 1831 to 1841. His chief literary work was the "Christian Year", a collection of religious poetry containing a few pieces of high quality, but a work which owed its great popularity to its themes rather than to its poetic merit. Indeed, as a poet Keble cannot be placed in the first or even second rank; his mind was keen and gracious, but too circumscribed, and bent towards too fixed a purpose to be that of a poet. Theology is not among the Muses.

It was decided that the new college should be called after him and founded in his memory. Funds were raised by public subscription, and building began in 1868; part of it was finished by 1870, and in that year students began to come into residence. Unfortunately the founders were not as sensible as they were enthusiastic: they gave the college no endowment, and were even anxious that it should have none, fearing "State interference" in the future (one suspects that they were a little piqued at the very salutary reforms carried out by the Royal Commission about that time)[1]: they departed from that system of self-government, under which the older colleges had for many generations flourished, and

[1] A speaker, on the occasion of the opening of the college, quoted the tag "vacuus cantabit coram latrone viator", forgetting that if poverty secures the traveller from the robber it also makes the journey at best uncomfortable, and at worst impossible.

provided the new foundation with a constitution in several respects absurd, irritating, and inefficient; they set up the most incredible and crazy series of sumptuary laws, which happily have long since passed into an oblivion where they had best be left undisturbed.

Nevertheless, handicapped as it has been by want of money and by its abnormal constitution, the college has passed successfully its fiftieth year of existence: by the care of its Wardens, by the devotion of those who have been its governors in fact if not in law, by the affection of its members, its reputation has grown steadily. If it has no long history behind it, yet it has what perhaps is a better thing, the prospect of a long and great history in the future. All colleges have had their rubs, lets, and hindrances, their dangers and their difficulties, most of them far back in the Middle Ages; they have flourished and been able to achieve their purposes by revision of statutes and by accumulation of endowments and benefactions. The youngest of colleges cannot be exempt from those struggles and labours which are incidental to the career of institutions as much as of individuals.

The chapel of the college is magnificent in proportion, and externally would have been completely beautiful, had only the windows been much lengthened. Internally that would have been an advantage, too, for then there would have been no room for the very poor mosaics. But, on the other hand, there would have been more space for the equally bad stained glass which is wretched both in colour and design. However, alterations and, unfortunately, considerable expense could and perhaps may one day make the interior very noble. In the inner chapel, built in 1892 from the design of J. T. Micklethwaite, is the famous picture by Holman Hunt, "The Light of the World". It was painted by the artist when he was twenty-five years old: when he was seventy-five he painted a replica which hangs in St. Paul's Cathedral. In the same chapel is another noteworthy picture, of the "Descent from the Cross". It is Flemish work painted

under strong Venetian influence towards the end of the sixteenth century, and has been attributed to Martin de Vos, of Antwerp (1531–1603), a friend and pupil of Tintoretto.

Outside the west door of the chapel is the War Memorial. The names of the 175 members of the College killed in the war are set in oak panelling, round the cornice of which is inlaid the inscription from Bunyan, "So they passed over and all the trumpets sounded for them on the other side". The floor is of black and white marble; the roof contains the arms of the countries which were the chief scenes of fighting. The whole is enclosed by a grille, over the doorway of which is inscribed in gold letters, "Lux perpetua luceat eis". The east panel is unfortunately not worthy of its place: the idea is good, representing Christ in glory, with the emblems of His suffering, between the two soldier saints, St. George and St. Martin, but the execution is poor and the colour garish.

On the other side of the main quadrangle are the hall and library. The hall is the longest in Oxford, being three feet longer than that of Christ Church, though it is not so wide nor so lofty, nor so beautiful. The principal portraits in it are John Keble, painted after his death by George Richmond from a crayon drawing done in his lifetime; William Gibbs, the donor of the chapel, Dr. Talbot, the first Warden, both by George Richmond; the present Bishop of London, by Sir Hubert Herkomer; Lord Gladstone, by P. Tennyson Cole; and three portraits by C. W. Furse (who had he lived longer would have been among the best of portrait painters), of which the best is that of Dr. Lock, the third Warden. The library, considering its youth, contains a surprising quantity of rare and interesting things: there are a large number of very beautiful mediaeval illuminated manuscripts, collected by Sir Charles Brooke; a number of other manuscripts and early printed books, once the property of Canon Liddon; and a number of Keble's manuscripts and some

of his books, among them the very rare first edition of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia". There is also a good collection of editions of, and books on, Dante, and a complete library of works concerning Port Royal. There is, too, a curious and intimate little relic, a beard-brush in a little silver box, presented by Charles II to Gunning, Bishop of Ely (author of the prayer "For All Sorts and Conditions of Men"). With it, one may well imagine, went some good jest unfortunately lost to history!

Nearly opposite Keble is the beautiful open space properly known as "The Parks", or "The University Park", but *not* as "The Park", or "The University Parks". The ground was bought piecemeal by the University between 1854 and 1865, and thereafter was gradually laid out and planted with trees of such a kind and so arranged that they are at their most beautiful in spring and autumn. The space is divided into two by the Cherwell, suavest of streams, not too tamed and academic, nor too wild and unkempt, not at all commercial and athletic like the Thames, but purely a pleasure river. He does not specifically mention it, but I think Keats liked it when he was staying in Oxford in August and September 1817 writing the third book of "Endymion": "For these last five or six days we have had regularly a boat on the Isis, and explored all the streams about, which are more in number than your eyelashes. We sometimes skim into a bed of rushes and there become naturalized river-folks—there is one particularly nice nest, which we have christened 'Reynold's Cove', in which we have read Wordsworth, and talked as may be". Where that cove was we may each determine to our own satisfaction.

This open space which became the "University Park", and was beautified within the last fifty years, had long existed under the name of "The Parks". It is called by that name in the seventeenth century, for Anthony Wood mentions the scholars drilling there in 1642, when the members of the University "began to put themselves

OXFORD FROM WYTHAM HILL
FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY WILLIAM TURNER OF OXFORD (1789-1862) IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PROVOST OF ORIEL COLLEGE

in a posture of defence". He describes how the scholars "marched down through Holywell and so . . . they entered into New Parks where, by their commanders, they were divided into four squadrons . . . and after they had been reasonably instructed in the words of command and in their postures, they were put into battle array and skirmished together in a very decent manner"; and on another day "the scholars . . . repaired again with their arms to New Parks where they were again instructed in the words of command . . . and trained up and down in the exercise of arms in a very decent array, and no less delightsome prospect to behold the forwardness of so many proper young gentlemen, so intent, so docile and pliable to their business, as were those present".

During the late War the Parks again became a training-ground for young gentlemen "docile and pliable to the business" of war. Two infantry Cadet Battalions and one Cadet Wing of the Royal Air Force were quartered in the various colleges: the Parks were used for drills and for practice in bayonet fighting and gas warfare, while for training in trench warfare elaborate fortifications were dug on the west side of Wytham Hill.

One other incident in the story of the Parks is worth mentioning as a quiet conclusion to this chapter. In 1819 Mr. Walker, a Fellow of New College, risked his dignity by riding round them on one of those strange, and at that time new-fangled, forms of bicycle known as velocipede. He remarked *en route*, "Well, if it were not for the fashion I would as lieve walk".

CHAPTER XI

Holywell Street—The Music Room—Mansfield Road—New College—Hertford College

GOING down Holywell Street and continuing down Longwall we are following the bend of the old town wall until, reaching the "High", we see, opposite, the East Gate Hotel, which, as its name implies, is on the site of the gate which continued the wall across the High Street. Under pressure of an increasing population Holywell Street was laid out in tenements during the seventeenth century, which accounts for the numerous and varied specimens of domestic architecture of that century, which fortunately still survive. An indication that the houses on the south side of the road were built on the far side of the town ditch exists in the slope which leads into Bath Court, a delightful nest of cottages situated in what was once the ditch itself, or dried-up ponds beyond the ditch. From the far end of this, as it seems, cul-de-sac a queer jagged and zig-zaggy passage leads through into New College Lane. This little-known, evil-savouring footway is now graced with the appellation "St. Helen's" Passage, a substitute for the older and more appropriate name of "Hell Passage"; an alteration of a kind which is similar to that, even less justifiably effected in the nineteenth century in the case of the road which runs south, at right angles to Holywell and the Broad, past Hertford College to the High. Its ancient name was Cat Street (in the Latin of old documents, "Vicus murilegorum"), but a miracle of propriety converted the cat, or cats, into a lady, and the name became "Catherine Street", and, moreover, by the change a saint was com-

pelled to undertake a piece of patronage, for on the south side of the High used to be the headquarters of the Non-collegiate students, and as they were opposite Catherine Street, St. Catherine's wheel was adopted as their badge. But vulgarity has had its revenge by shortening the designation of the body of Non-collegiate students into " Cats ". But, to return to Holywell, on the north side of the street, nearly opposite to Bath Court, is a hall which Mr. Madan has called " one of the most interesting buildings connected with Music which exists in Europe ", and about which an entire book, under the title " The Oldest Music Room in Europe ", was written some years ago by Dr. J. H. Mee. In that book it is shown that this room was the first to be built entirely for musical purposes. Before its erection concerts had certainly been held in Oxford : Hearne in his " Diary " mentions " concerts given by one Handel with his dirty crew of foreign fiddlers in the Theatre and in Christ Church Hall at five shilling tickets "—be it remembered that Hearne was a Jacobite, a hater of Whigs and of George I, and therefore of all Germans, but there was no concert room in Oxford or anywhere else until this one was opened in 1748 with a performance of Handel's " Esther ". Weekly performances were given until about 1789, when there seems to have been a lack of interest in music and a general adherence to the sentiments of the poem :

> Some cry up Haydn, some Mozart
> Just as the whim bites, for my part
> I do not care a farthing candle
> For either of them, or for Handel—
> Cannot a man be free and easy
> Without admiring Pergolesi,
> Or through the world with comfort go
> That never heard of Dr. Blow ?

After 1789 the room served many purposes, some musical some not, but was not put to regular use until, in 1901, the Oxford University Musical Union redecorated it and

adopted it as their concert hall. It is now the home of the combined Oxford University Musical Club and Union.

Further down the street, on the north side, is Mansfield Road, in which are situated two colleges, or rather halls, for they are not colleges in the proper sense of the word, Manchester and Mansfield, both of which are places of study for Nonconformist theological students. Manchester originated as "the Manchester Academy", which was transferred to London in 1853 and to Oxford in 1889. The older part of the buildings were erected in that year, the architect being Worthington, but in 1914 additions were made by the same firm, which, in artistic merit, are far superior to the rest of the college. All the glass in the chapel windows is by Burne-Jones and William Morris, and is well worth seeing.

Mansfield was transferred from Birmingham to Oxford in 1886, and three years later the present buildings were put up from the designs of Basil Champneys, the architect of the Rylands Library in Manchester, of Girton and Newnham Colleges in Cambridge, and in Oxford of "St. Alban's" quadrangle at Merton and of the Indian Institute (at the west end of Holywell). Mansfield, if it is somewhat lacking in appearance of solidity, is yet of a pleasing design and is planned in a way unusual in Oxford, since it is not quadrangular in form.

Beyond Mansfield Road is St. Cross Road, which leads to St. Cross Church and to Holywell Manor. Here were two wells, once much frequented for their healing properties, one near the east end of the church and one under the altar of the chapel of the Manor House; from one or both of which the Holywell Manor and Holywell Street derive their names. The Manor House passed from being a private residence to becoming an inn, whereby the town cock-pits were situated. It is now a Penitentiary. Where St. Cross Road joins Holywell once stood the gallows erected by Merton College as Lord of the Manor: and there they remained, a grim sign of the roughness and violence of life even in a University town, until about

the end of the eighteenth century. "What, Sir", once exclaimed Dr. Routh, President of Magdalen, "do you tell me, Sir, that you never heard of Gownsman Gallows? Why, I tell you, Sir, that I have seen two undergraduates hanged on Gownsman Gallows in Hollywell—hanged, Sir, for highway robbery".

Returning a little westward up the street one comes, on the south side, to the new frontage of New College. This is by no means a desirable first view of that college, for these buildings west of the gate-house tower (by Sir Gilbert Scott, 1872–6) are among the dreariest and most uninspired in Oxford. Therefore it is far better to approach by New College Lane, which leads to the old and original entrance. This lane, like Brasenose Lane referred to in Chapter IX, narrow and hedged with grey walls has about it a strong atmosphere of times past, and gives one an impression, increased by the entrance gateway itself, that one is approaching a castle: indeed, mediaeval colleges were, by condition of the times, something of fortresses.[1]

But there is one advantage in entering through the New buildings, which is that from there one has the magnificent view of the hall, chapel, bell-tower, and other buildings, lying behind the most complete and best preserved portion of the city walls which remains. From this point of view the college looks more than a castle, and has the appearance of being in itself a fortified city. The proximity of the college to the wall is an accident of site. It happened that there was a piece of more or less vacant land in the north-east angle of the city wall, a space littered with dead cats and dogs and rubbish,

[1] On the right of the lane, just before reaching the gateway, is a building, originally a tithe-barn, which, until 1903, was used as the brewery. Queen's is now the only college which continues to brew its own beer. The bridge connecting the college with these out-buildings and the Warden's Lodging with his garden was erected in the seventeenth century; it is architecturally interesting, since it is a "skew-bridge," that is to say, its line is not at right angles with the street, but oblique.

and frequented by robbers and murderers, which the owners were glad to sell to the founder of the college. In due course a royal license to found a college was granted, provided that the city wall was kept in repair and access to it allowed to the city authorities for purposes of occasional inspection and for defence in time of war. Also two postern-gates were to be made, and so, though the walls were for the most part constructed in the reign of Henry III, the gateway facing the Holywell entrance is probably of the latter end of the fourteenth century, that is to say, contemporary with the college. From the college gardens the inner face of the walls can be seen and the mediaeval methods of mural defence examined. The object of the frequent bastions was to avoid there being any considerable stretch of wall in "dead ground", that is to say, any stretch which the defenders could not conveniently watch, and, if necessary, protect with "raking" fire without exposing themselves to hostile missiles. Along the top of the wall is a walk of sufficient width to allow of defenders taking their stations on it and passing each other. This walk is protected by breast-high walling and battlements. To allow of the rapid movement of larger bodies of troops from one part of the wall to another a space within the entire circuit was kept clear of houses and other obstacles. This passage, which was known as the "Royal Way" or as the "Pomœrium", can sometimes still be partially traced, at Southampton, for instance, to a considerable extent; in Oxford, the space between the Divinity School and the south end of the Sheldonian Theatre, and Merton Street for a short way beyond the Eastgate Hotel are vestiges of it.

The Founder of New College was William of Wykeham (1324–1404), a man of importance not only in the history of Oxford, but of England also. It is hopeless to attempt to understand at all exactly, or at all intimately, the characters of men, however prominent, who lived in days before portrait-painting, before diaries or memoirs were written, before personal correspondence was much indulged

in: indeed, even with these aids it is difficult in later times to feel the magnetic attraction or repulsion of personality. In Winchester Cathedral is to be seen Wykeham's magnificent tomb and chantry—there, too, are the equally splendid tombs of Waynflete and Foxe, founders of colleges, making the cathedral to some degree a mother-church of Oxford—and the features of the recumbent figure are most likely good portraiture, but, to speak in platitude, we learn from it nothing but the colourless, unmoving, outward appearances of the man. The facts of their lives we may know and can deduce from those facts with considerable probability of truth, the main features of their characters, but those little traits, which are so important, which often cause failure or success, are for ever obscured. If one man passed unharmed through a political crisis and another was beheaded, we glibly invent the causes, but one may have owed his safety to the charm of a smile, to a jest, to a persuasive manner of speech, to friendship with some one unknown to history, the other his doom to a sudden flaw in his being, to a gaucheness of manner, to vices apparent to that time but not to ours. We label them as clever, ambitious, crafty, dishonest, moderate, etc., but how many men have ever had these clear-cut qualities? Of William of Wykeham we know the facts of his life: he was born at Wickham, in Hampshire, of poor and humble parents, was educated at a grammar school in Winchester, and became a notary. He then entered the Royal service and became one of the King's chaplains. In those times lay and clerical, political and ecclesiastical advancement went side by side, and Wykeham became also chief warden and surveyor of the castles of Windsor, Leeds, Dover and Hadleigh; during his surveyorship much building was effected at Windsor, the castle taking then nearly the form which it now has. In 1364 he became Keeper of the Privy Seal, and two years later Secretary to the King, being, as Froissart said, "so much in favour with the King of England that everything was done by him and nothing

was done without him". In 1367 he became Bishop of Winchester, and in the year following Lord High Chancellor, an office which he lost for a time when John of Gaunt's party was dominant, but which he regained later and held from 1389 to 1391. These facts go to show that he must have been able and industrious, and it is evident from his career that on the whole he stood by the existing order of things both in Church and State, but only the imagination can fill in the character-details of a personality who rose from such small beginnings to such great position, and who steered his way on the whole successfully through the very difficult and stormy years towards the close of Edward III's reign and the no less troubled reign of Richard II. From his bishopric and from numerous pluralities he had acquired great wealth, some of which he desired to devote to the good of the Church: that would be the conventional wish of a mediaeval ecclesiastic; as to how good might be done to the Church, opinion varied from time to time—"the general opinion of the day was that monks were out of date, that the Church herself was rich enough, and that to send capable men to the Universities was the best way to fight heresy, to strengthen the Church, and to save the donor's soul".

The foundation stone was laid in 1380, the buildings occupied in 1387, and the structure completed with the cloisters and bell-tower in 1400.

The title of the institution was originally "St. Mary College of Winchester in Oxford", but before long it came to be called New College, not without appropriateness, for there were several features in it which made it "new" among Oxford colleges. It was on a larger scale than anything hitherto planned or carried out both as regards personnel and as regards buildings; it set a standard which was followed by two later Founders, William Waynflete and Archbishop Chichele, both of whom had been Fellows of New College, at Magdalen, and All Souls: it fixed the general pattern of the chapel and quadrangle in later foundations.

Wykeham had been impressed by the fact that boys were wont to come to Oxford without sufficient grounding in studies, and so were unprepared and unfitted for the University course: to remedy this he founded a school at Winchester, close by his own cathedral, from which the scholars were to proceed to Oxford. (And so the Public School system originated.) Not until 1857 were Fellowships or Scholarships open to candidates from any school other than Winchester. How much a matter of course it was for a Winchester boy to proceed to Oxford is indicated in a quaint way by an epitaph at Winchester on the tomb of a boy who died at school: it narrates how "he was first in this school and, as we hope, is not last in Heaven, whither he went instead of to Oxford".[1]

Moreover, Wykeham made his college self-contained as regards instruction. Until that time all students had gone to University lectures, but at New College lectures within the college itself were provided to teach all the necessary subjects. Thus Wykeham may be said to have founded the college tutorial system.

The quadrangle, entered from New College Lane, is much as it was in the founder's time, except that a third storey was added and the windows enlarged in the seventeenth century, when it became necessary to provide more accommodation as students by that time were no longer content to be huddled several together in one room. To provide yet more rooms, as the desire for greater comfort and privacy increased, another quadrangle was built, facing the garden, from 1682 to 1683, but not entirely

[1] Hoc Sub Marmore sepultus est
Tho. Welsted
Quem calculi ictu mors
Prostravit in hac schola
Primus erat nec
Ut Speramus in cælo ultimus
Quod pro Oxonio adijt
13 die Ianuarii
Anno { Domini 1676
Aetatis suae 18

completed until 1708, from the design of "William Bird, mason in Oxford". The closed form of quadrangle was here given up in favour of an open court with recessed wings, an original scheme probably derived from the contemporary French fashion. This court faces the garden so peaceful and retired, and on two sides hedged with the quiet antiquity of the grey city walls. It has been laid out more or less as it now is for about a century and a quarter, but was once of the artificial kind, full of toys and devices of which there is a vestige in the mound remaining, although in an unkempt state, in the middle of the garden. It will be remembered that Bacon, enumerating in his essay on "Gardens" the things to be desired, says, "I wish also, in the very middle a fair mount with three ascents and alleys . . .". In accordance with this taste of the sixteenth century this mound was begun in 1529, and added to and embellished from time to time. Towards the close of the next century one Celia Fiennes, writes: "Ye Garden was new makeing, there is a large bason of water. In the middle there is little walks and mazes, and round mounds for the schollars to divert themselves", and she also mentions a "great Mount in the Middle which is ascended by degrees in a round of green paths deffended by greens cut Low and and on ye top is a summer house". About 1750 another description of the mound was written: "There is a lofty artificial Mount, encompassed with Hedges of Juniper, adorn'd with trees cut into several shapes, with stone steps and winding walks up to the Top, and the Top encompassed with Rails and Seats and a Tree growing in the Middle". Lovely as the gardens of Oxford are in their present state, it is a pity that no specimen survives of this artificial sort.

The College possesses another peaceful and delightful plot—the cloisters at the west end of the chapel with their chestnut-timbered roof and close-shorn garth. On the north side of them, built on the line of the city wall, rises the finely-shaped tower which served as bell-tower

to the chapel, and would serve at need as a watch-tower. Wycliffe wrote of Wykeham as one "wise of buildings castles", and no doubt the surveyor of so many royal castles would have military as well as religious matters in his mind when ordering this feature of his buildings. But the only military use to which in fact it has been put was the storing of arms and gunpowder during the Civil Wars.

In the design of the chapel, Wykeham was an innovator in three respects: he introduced the plan of a choir and transepts without a nave,[1] he built the hall and chapel in a continuous line, making an east window impracticable, and he adopted the "Perpendicular" style, of which there were no previous examples in Oxford. The word Perpendicular, the happy invention of Thomas Rickman in a series of lectures on architecture first published in 1817, was derived from the appearance of the tracery in the windows of buildings constructed in the last period of mediaeval Gothic. In that tracery the stone bars run in straight lines from the sill to the arch, which, thus supported, can be made of considerable span. The mullions are strengthened by transoms, and so the window is divided into oblongs, and perpendicularity becomes the dominant feature of the tracery. This style, as differing from the "Decorated", first appears in Gloucester Cathedral about 1330. The west window of Edington Church in Wiltshire (1361) shows a transitional stage between Decorated and Perpendicular tracery: the builder of that church, William Edington, Bishop of Winchester, began to alter his cathedral into the perpendicular style, and on his death in 1366 the work was carried on by his successor, William of Wykeham. That is how the style reached Oxford. The great advantage of the style was that it made possible the construction of larger windows, and so allowed of more space for glass. Here in the ante-chapel is some of the original glass,

[1] Some architects would call the *transepts* of this kind of chapel a *nave*, consisting of one or two bays.

glorious in colour, made for those windows. Poverty preserved this glass, probably the best of its period in England, for in the time of Edward VI it was ordered to be destroyed as being "idolatrous", but the college was allowed to retain the windows until "they were rich enough to replace them"; by the time the means came to replace there had also come quieter days. In queer contrast with this mediaeval glass is that in the west window, completed about 1784 from designs by Sir Joshua Reynolds, representing in its upper part the Nativity and the Adoration of the Shepherds; in its lower the three Christian Virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity, and the four cardinal virtues, Courage, Temperance, Justice and Wisdom. On the merits of this window opinions vary and always have varied; a contemporary guide-book said that the Seven Virtues resembled seven chambermaids; Horace Walpole described them as "washy", though two years earlier he had written, "Sir Joshua's Nativity is glorious . . . the sun shining through the transparencies realizes the illumination that is supposed to be diffused from the glory, and has a magic effect". Personally, I incline towards the contemporary guide-book, and Horace Walpole in his later opinion. The thing, moreover, is a picture out of place; one would not appreciate a painting done in the manner of stained glass, and conversely, one does not appreciate stained glass done in the manner of a picture. The matter may perhaps be compromised by saying that while this glass is vastly inferior to the old which fills the other ante-chapel windows, yet it is better than most of the eighteenth-century work in that kind, better, for instance, than that in the body of the chapel which dates from between 1737 and 1774. The chapel has undergone many changes of destruction and restoration. The reredos at the east end was broken up in Elizabeth's reign. Restoration of it was attempted under the influence of Archbishop Laud, and again towards the end of the seventeenth century. At the end of the eighteenth century Wyatt remodelled the whole interior,

destroying the old roof and making a plaster reredos. In 1879 Sir Gilbert Scott renovated the whole chapel, putting in the organ-case, making a new roof, and replacing some of the old "miserere" stalls. Finally, in 1890 and the following years, the reredos was made as it now stands and decorated with statues of archangels, angels, apostles, martyrs, and prophets designed by Pearson, the architect of Truro Cathedral.

The hall, entered by a stairway under the Muniment Tower, which in every respect (statues, glass, ceilings and flooring) remains as it was in the fourteenth century, has suffered less change than the chapel, though the roof was new-made in 1862. The fine "linen-fold" panelling was presented about 1500 by a Fellow of the College, William Warham, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, the friend and patron of Erasmus: a portrait of him, a copy of the one by Holbein at Lambeth Palace, or the one in the Louvre, hangs over the high table. There is another connection between New College and the learning of the Renaissance in the fact that within its walls Greek was first taught in Oxford by the Italian scholar Vitelli, who was here until about 1488. He, no doubt, taught Greek to the more famous William Grocyn, scholar and Fellow of the College (1467), and afterwards Reader in Divinity at Magdalen College, where Erasmus stayed for a while in 1499 delighting in the society of Grocyn and the other leading Oxford "Humanists", Coelt, Linacre and Charnock. Other portraits to be noticed here are those of Ken, the saintly Bishop of Bath and Wells, one of the "seven Bishops",[1] but one who would not take the oath of allegiance to William III, author of the hymns—

> Awake, my soul, and with the sun
> Thy daily stage of duty run,

and

> Glory to Thee, my God, this night.

[1] Another of these bishops, Turner of Ely, was of New College, as was also Sir Richard Holloway, the only judge who gave decision in favour of the bishops.

Of Sidney Smith (Fellow 1789–1800), founder of the "Edinburgh Review", most manly, sensible, wisest and wittiest of clergymen,[1] author of the shrewd and penetrating "Plymley Letters" in favour of Catholic Emancipation. Wit and a reforming spirit cost him, as they did Swift a century earlier, a bishopric. Among the more recent additions are portraits of Lord Milner and of Dr. Spooner, lately Warden, whose name has got into the "English Dictionary", though probably he has made only a few "spoonerisms" in his life. The greater number are the work of many minds!

Across the western end of New College Lane is a bridge constructed in 1913, which links together the two parts of Hertford College. This college is among the most

[1] Familiar though they are, one cannot refrain from repeating some of his sayings:

"My living in Yorkshire was so far out of the way that it was actually twelve miles from a lemon."

"Macaulay is like a book in breeches. . . . He has occasional flashes of silence, that make his conversation perfectly delightful."

When asked by a lady to write an epitaph on her dog, named Spot, he suggested, "Out damned Spot".

When the difficulties of wood-paving round the cathedral were being discussed by the Chapter of St. Paul's, he remarked: "If my reverend brethren would but lay their heads together the thing will be done in a trice".

When his doctor advised him to "walk on an empty stomach", he asked "Whose?"

To a pretty young lady who complained that she could not bring her flowers to perfection he said, taking her by the hand, "then let me bring perfection to the flowers".

To a man who was questioning him about his beliefs he said: "I have believed in the dogma of Apostolic Succession ever since I became acquainted with the Bishop of ——, who is *so* like Judas Iscariot".

"Of course, if I went to a fancy dress ball it would be as a Dissenter".

"Oh, don't read those twelve volumes until they are made into a *consommé* of two. Lord Dudley did still better, he waited till they blew over."

"How can a Bishop marry? How can he flirt? The most he can say is, 'I will see you in the vestry after service.'"

modern, having been founded and handsomely endowed by Mr. T. C. Baring in 1874, but it has roots in the past from which it derives a considerable savour of antiquity. Its name comes from an ancient residence for scholars which was on this site as early as the end of the thirteenth century, and which was named Hart Hall, from its owner, Elias de Hertford. In 1312 it passed to Walter Stapeldon, Bishop of Exeter, and was used by him to house his scholars before his new foundation, Exeter College, was built. It continued to belong to Exeter College, who let it to a Principal, and as Hart Hall it existed until 1740. During this period John Selden the great scholar was a member of it (1600–1603), "a long scabby-pol'd boy but a good student", as he is described by Aubrey. A little earlier Sir Henry Wotton, diplomatist and, occasionally, a poet, resided there, though he was actually a member of New College. One of his contemporaries at Hart Hall was John Donne, the poet and divine, with whom he formed a life-long friendship. Both were friends of Izaak Walton, who quotes them and refers to them in "The Compleat Angler"; each of them, moreover, is the subject of one of Walton's "Lives," perhaps the most delightful brief biographies in the English language. Parts of the buildings of the present Hertford College date from the Hart Hall period: the library (formerly the hall) on New College Lane is Elizabethan: the part of the quadrangle opposite to the gate is Jacobean, and the south-east part of the quadrangle was built early in the eighteenth century. After a long dispute on the matter with Exeter College a Principal of Hart Hall, Dr. Newton, of whom Hearne remarked that he was "commonly said to be Founder-mad", succeeded in getting the hall converted into a college, but he was not able to give it the means to last long. It had one famous pupil, Charles James Fox (1764–5), who worked so hard as to be advised by his tutor to take "some intermission", and his father, Lord Holland, removed him from Oxford before he had taken a degree and sent

him abroad. But by 1805 there were only two Fellows and no pupils left; in 1814 one surviving Fellow, who was considered "half-cracked", "nominated, constituted and admitted himself Principal"; in 1820 the buildings on Cat Street fell down "with a great crash and a dense cloud of dust". Such was the gradual decay and the spectacular end of the first Hertford College.

What remained of the buildings then became the home of Magdalen Hall, whose habitation close by Magdalen College was burnt down in 1820. Magdalen Hall brought a considerable brood of famous men to be step-mothered by the future Hertford College; William Tyndale, translator of the Bible, Sir William Waller, the Parliamentary general; Sir Matthew Hale, the greatest judge of the seventeenth century; Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, whose "History of the Great Rebellion" provided for the "Clarendon Buildings"; and Thomas Hobbes, the philosopher, author of "The Leviathan". Hobbes died in 1679 at the ripe age of ninety-one: he was studious of longevity in many ways, and one method which he adopted to maintain his health is so charming that Aubrey's account of it must be given: "He had alwayes bookes of prick-song lyeing on his table—e.g. of H. Lawes', etc., Songs—which at night, when he was abed and the dores made fast, and was sure nobody heard him, he sang aloud (not that he had a very good voice) but for his health's sake: he did believe it did his lungs good and conduced much to prolong his life". A medicine indeed worthy of a cultured man!

From 1889 onwards many additions were made to the second Hertford College from the designs of Sir Thomas Jackson. His first work in Hertford, the hall and buildings on the north side of the quadrangle, are not so successful as some of the later work; the staircase turret, a kind of desiccated imitation of the famous stairway at Blois, is especially poor in conception. But the chapel, built in 1908 and completed in 1923 by the fine reredos added as a War Memorial, is an excellent work. In 1903 the

block of buildings on the other side of New College Lane was put up, and are in the present year, 1925, being enriched by the rebuilding of an interesting and ancient chapel, octagonal in form,[1] which lately was concealed behind a shop-front. It was known as the Chapel of Our Lady of Smith Gate, from its position on a bastion of the City wall close by the gate of that name. Unfortunately, when its restoration was taken in hand, it was found necessary to rebuild rather than to restore. However, from the interior of the quadrangle some of the old fourteenth-century work can be seen, and the beautifully carved panel of that period, representing the Annunciation, has been carefully preserved. The pyramidal roofing is such as, by conjecture, covered the original chapel.

[1] A similar chapel is that of Our Lady of the Red Mount at King's Lynn.

CHAPTER XII

Radcliffe Camera—The Schools—All Souls College—Brasenose College

CARFAX is the centre of the town; Radcliffe Square is the centre of the University, and not in a geographical sense only, but also symbolically and historically. On the north side is the building which was once the "Schools" or lecture-place of the University and which is now the Bodleian Library. On the south side is the University Church, with a building—to all appearance part of it, but not really so—which was the first habitation that the University as a corporate body ever had. It lies at the north-east corner of the church, as if it were the north aisle of the chancel, but it is a secular building in origin and probably has never been consecrated. It was built about 1320 in two stories, though the large windows inserted towards the end of the fifteenth century obscure the division made by a second floor. The upper part was used as a meeting-place of Congregation, the body which debated University affairs and gave degrees, and the lower part housed the earliest collection of books possessed by the University. Since the seventeenth century it has been put to no official use.

In the centre of the square is the Radcliffe Camera, a reading-room, and really part of the Bodleian Library.[1]

[1] Originally the basement of it was open, but eventually was closed to make store-room for books, ever-increasing in number, and now, indeed, store-rooms have had to be made beneath the ground between it and the old Bodleian Library. When in 1859 the University Rifle Corps was formed under fear of Napoleon III, with whom relations were at that time somewhat strained, the

This, the mid-most building in Oxford, is fortunately also one of the most splendid. It is difficult not to break into rapture and ecstasy when one thinks of it, so stately, so simple, so complacent. Its dome is second to none save only the dome of St. Paul's; it was built from the munificent legacy of Dr. Radcliffe,[1] eminent physician to William III. Begun in 1737, it was finished ten years later and opened in 1749, the architect being James Gibbs (1682–1754). The number of buildings designed by Gibbs is not very large, but they are very good—St. Martin's-in-the-Fields; St. Mary-le-Strand; the steeple of St. Clement Danes; the quadrangle of St. Bartholomew's Hospital; the Senate House at Cambridge; the new buildings of King's College, Cambridge; Ditchley House, near Woodstock. There are three buildings in Oxford which strike one as being perfect in their kind and at which one can look a thousand times with utter contentment—the cloisters at New College, the garden-front of St. John's, and the Radcliffe Camera. Someone has likened it to a stout and jolly farmer going to market—a comparison which has some force and which is not at all derogatory to the dignity of the edifice. A great building has no doubt a kind of personality—a personality, too, which is not shallow and obvious, but very complex and many-sided. There are times when the Camera does look very comfortable, very domestic, very like a jolly English farmer; there are times when it assumes enormous grandeur and seems to be, as it were, a presiding genius. But, whatever mood it is in, it is always dignified, never a trace about it of trickery or vulgarity or striving after effect. Internally it is as grand as it is externally,

basement was used as a drill-ground. Five years previously a deputation of undergraduates had waited on the Vice-Chancellor to ask for permission to found a rifle corps. The Vice-Chancellor met them politely but coldly, and quoted to them an ancient statute which said that no member of the University might carry arms except for lawful exercise with bows and arrows!

[1] It is said that he lost his post by telling that dropsical monarch that he would not have his two legs for his three kingdoms.

and should be entered also for the sake of the unrivalled view of Oxford's towers and pinnacles, which is to be obtained from the roof.

I sometimes feel, when going up the steps and in at the small doorway, as if I were entering a vault to delve among the bones of dead writers and the dust of their works, but the interior of the building restores immediately one's self-respect and makes even looking into the catalogues an act of dignity. Moreover, emerging again, it may be into a moonlit night, one sees that noble dome, so calm and serene in the mystery of stars and moonlight, so securely set, so unafraid, that all learning is raised in one's estimation and the bewilderment of it unravelled by this great monument in which it is housed. Such should all libraries be, and never dark or mean or ugly.

The Camera and the surrounding buildings are, at all times and states of night and day, beautiful, but perhaps most strangely so at night when there is a mist, for then the street-lamps cause weird shadows, and all is seen dimly and in unearthly proportions. I have seen the spire of St. Mary's elongated until it seemed that the stars were among its pinnacles, and the Camera nearly obscured —but not quite, as if night and mist could never entirely overwhelm such a monument—nearly obscured until it remains only as a great swell of darkness deeper than the surrounding darkness, while its illumined windows most mysteriously give out great beams of clouded light.

On the north side of the square stands the Bodleian Library. That will be dealt with in the chapter on libraries, but inasmuch as a great part of the building in which it is housed was originally used for other purposes, something of those buildings shall be said here. The quadrangle is known as the "Schools", for it was built, between 1613 and 1619, on the site of older buildings put to the same use, to provide lecture and examination rooms. The quadrangle should be entered by the gateway under the tower, save that this gate is open only

THE RADCLIFFE CAMERA

on two days in the year, on one occasion to admit the new Proctors, on the other to allow passage to the procession going to the annual " Encaenia " in the Sheldonian Theatre. The doors themselves are contemporary with the buildings to which they lead ; they contain twenty-eight panels, on twenty of which are coats-of-arms—those of the University, the King, the Prince of Wales, and of the seventeen colleges which existed in 1619. The remaining panels were left uncarved so that arms of any subsequent foundations might be added, but, although Pembroke, Worcester, Keble, Hertford, and the Women's colleges have come into being since that time, no additions have been made to the heraldry on the doors.

When the quadrangle is entered—albeit not by this entrance, but by one of the numerous other approaches—it will be seen that the tower is five stories high, the columns on each storey representing one of the " Five Orders of Roman Architecture " according to the sixteenth-century Italian architect, Palladio. The Tuscan order is the lowest, then come Doric, Ionic, Corinthian, and Composite. On the façade of the fourth story is represented James I seated under a canopy bestowing upon Fame with his right hand a copy of his own writings (or perhaps a copy of the Authorized Version) and a similar gift to the University with his left hand. The Latin inscription states that the schools were erected " in the reign of the Lord James, of Kings the most learned, most munificent and altogether best ". The uppermost room was originally used as an observatory, and remained such until other provision was made in the eighteenth century by the construction of the Observatory in the Woodstock Road.

Over the doorways in the quadrangle are inscribed the names of the various subjects of which the mediaeval curriculum was composed : Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic (making what was known as the Trivium), and Arithmetic, Geometry, Music, and Astronomy (known as the Quadrivium). When the student had spent seven years

in these lecture-rooms he became a Master of Arts,[1] and was then qualified to proceed to one of the "Superior Faculties" of Law, Medicine or Theology, whose headquarters have the place of honour in the quadrangle, facing the main gateway.

Of the middle one of these "Schools" a judge, Sir Roger Wilbraham, wrote in his diary in the year 1603: "The chiefest Wonder in Oxford is a faire Divinitie School with church windoes: and over it the fairest librarie". Certainly the room is a very beautiful work, even without the colouring and stained glass which were removed in the reign of Edward VI, and it is a fine specimen of the mechanical skill reached by the builders in the latest period of Gothic architecture, for the walls are nearly all windows, and the elaborate roof, with its pendants and numerous carved bosses, is a marvellous feat of vaulting. It was begun about 1427, but not completed until 1483, the delay being due partly to financial difficulties, partly to the fact that Henry VI drew away the workmen to his buildings at Eton and Windsor. A doorway at the west end of the room leads into the Convocation House, built in 1634, in the time of Archbishop Laud. The upper part of the Divinity School and all the old lecture-rooms in the quadrangle are now, as has been said above, part of the Bodleian Library, which is dealt with in another chapter, but this will be the place to mention some events of historical note which have taken place in the Divinity School and the adjacent buildings. In the school itself took place in 1555 one of the trials of Archbishop Cranmer for heresy. There lay in state in 1663 the body of Archbishop Juxon, as did also those of Sir Leoline Jenkins in 1685 and of Dr. Radcliffe in 1714. But the political associations are more important and dramatic than the funereal ones. During the Civil Wars Charles I held his Oxford Parliaments in

[1] Though the course for the B.A. degree now occupies three or four years only, a candidate cannot take his M.A. until seven years have elapsed from the time of his matriculation.

the Divinity School. Again, in 1665 Parliament sat here, as Westminster was not safe owing to the Plague. "In the Convocation House sat the Commons, and the Divinity School was employed for Committees". There in 1681 Charles II held that famous Parliament which was the greatest crisis of the reign. The Whigs were determined to push the Bill excluding James from the throne; Charles was determined to prevent this measure. London was mainly Whiggish; therefore he summoned Parliament at Oxford, which was mainly Tory, as were also the surrounding country gentry. "The eventful day arrived", says Lord Macaulay. "The meeting at Oxford resembled rather that of a Polish Diet than that of an English Parliament. The Whig members were escorted by great numbers of their armed and mounted tenants and serving men, who exchanged looks of defiance with the royal Guards. The slightest provocation might, under such circumstances, have produced a civil war; but neither side dared strike the first blow. The King again offered to consent to anything but the Exclusion Bill. The Commons were determined to accept nothing but the Exclusion Bill." The Commons sat in the Convocation House, the Lords in the Geometry School; the King stayed in Christ Church. On the morning of Monday, March 28th, the King arrived on a Sedan chair, bringing with him, in a second carefully-curtained chair, the robes necessary for a dissolution of Parliament. The Commons issued out into the quadrangle in full expectation of Charles making a speech from the throne announcing his submission to their will, but that clever and good-humoured monarch was more than a match for the tumultuous mob of politicians. The Commons were sent up a narrow stairway in the corner of the gate-tower, and the Speaker and a few members were thrust through a side-door into the room where the Lords were sitting. There Charles with a few brief sentences dissolved the Parliament. "I was witness", says the Earl of Ailesbury in his Memoirs, "of the dreadful faces of the members, and the loud sighs. I went up

the House to attend the King at the putting off his robes, and with a most pleasing and cheerful countenance he touched me on the shoulder with this expression: 'I am now a better man than you were a quarter of an hour since: you had better have one King than five hundred'".

On the east side of the Radcliffe Square is the most magnificent and most appropriate War Memorial in the world—All Souls College, founded in 1438 by Archbishop Chichele, "not only for our welfare", as the charter granted by Henry VI reads, "not only for our welfare and that of our godfather the Archbishop, while alive, and for our souls when we shall have gone from this light, but also for the souls of the most illustrious Prince Henry, late King of England, of Thomas late Duke of Clarence our uncle, of the Dukes, Earls, Barons, Knights, Esquires, and other noble subjects of our father and ourselves who fell in the wars for the Crown of France, as also for the souls of all the faithful departed".

Chichele (1362 ?–1443), like William of Wykeham, in whose foundations he was educated, came of parents poor and in a low station of life, but like Wykeham rose to high positions in Church and State. A devoted adherent of the Lancastrian family, he was made Archbishop of Canterbury by Henry V and became his chief adviser. In Shakespeare's play, "Henry V", he is represented as being a prime mover in the war against France, urging it upon the king and justifying it in a speech in Parliament. But, in historical truth, he should not have so much responsibility laid upon him, since he was not an initiator of the war policy, though doubtless he agreed with Henry V's schemes and did his best to further them both during his reign and in the period of Regency which followed Henry's death. And so the founding of this College is to be regarded as an act of commemoration and not as an act of penitence. He had previously interested himself in Oxford by establishing a "chest"

of money for the benefit of poor scholars and by building the College, which he handed over to the Order of St. Bernard, and which later was incorporated in St. John's College. When he came to a charitable work on a greater scale, it was natural that he should link it up with the war with which he had been so much concerned and which even then was overshadowing everything.

The main front of the College faces the High Street, and the old quadrangle is entered through a gateway which is remarkable for its statuary, set in rich niches over the entrance. The uppermost panel represents the angel rousing the dead; one of the two lower niches contains a statue of Henry VI, which by its grace and delicacy very rightly won the approbation of Flaxman, himself a sculptor with a delicate and beautiful touch. In addition to these ornaments the gate-tower has the advantage, unlike most, of retaining its original proportions, since the surrounding buildings have never had an extra storey added to them. For the same reason the whole quadrangle is interesting and beautiful, being as it was in the fifteenth century. Unlike other colleges, All Souls has not had to provide more and more accommodation for undergraduates, for the sufficient reason that it has never had more than a few "Bible Clerks," and even those have recently been abolished. It is a College composed entirely of Fellows, and therefore the only one which retains in organization the character and purpose of mediaeval colleges, for in their origin they were bodies of students and not of teachers. Historically the undergraduate is a kind of paying-guest among a number of students, whose chief duty is to acquire learning themselves and not necessarily to endeavour to make others study. Actually, of course, a number of the Fellows of All Souls do take part in University teaching, and many are Fellows and tutors of other colleges also, but it is allowed to such as wish to pursue their own studies, to do so unhindered by other duties. As Mr. Madan has said: "The College has had its trying times, as in the

eighteenth century,[1] when Fellows were in no wise bound to residence, and when great flocks of Founder's Kin presented themselves for election as Fellows; but these have passed away and left a College which, by the number and prominence of its 'Worthies,' has justified itself as a home of learning for its own sake, not necessarily connected (till lately) with the education of others".

On the first floor on the east side of the quadrangle is a lecture-room, once the library, well worth seeing for its fireplace and rich plaster ceiling, dating from the close of the sixteenth century. The entrance to the chapel, to see which one does not have to pay, as Pepys did, five shillings, is in the north-west corner. It is a stately building with the slender grace of its period (it was consecrated in 1442), but, like so many chapels, somewhat cold with want of colour, for it was much damaged during the Reformation. By some chance the north windows of the ante-chapel, one of them containing a portrait of Chichele, were spared and remain as notable specimens of fifteenth-century glass. But the greatest glory of the chapel, and, as Sir Gilbert Scott described it, "the most beautiful work of the age which has come down to our time", was broken and its statues destroyed. The remains of the reredos were covered over with plaster, upon which, in the time of Charles II, was painted a fresco of The Last Judgment, a work which Evelyn thought "too full of nakeds for a chapel". That was replaced in 1715 by a large painting representing the

[1] Hearne mentions the death of a certain eighteenth-century Fellow—"an old, rich, miserable Fellow of All Souls', Dr. Thomas Sergeant", and proceeds to relate that "there is an epitaph upon him that goes about among some waggs, viz. :—

> Here lyes Doctor Sergeant within these cloysters,
> Whom if the last trump don't wake, then crye oysters.

'Twas made upon him some years since, and was occasioned because the doctor would never answer or come to anyone hardly that knocked at his door; but if a crye of oysters was raised he would immediately come out, being a great admirer of them, as indeed he was of other good eatables as well as drinkables"

Apotheosis of Chichele—"dispicable", Horace Walpole called it, and very likely he was right, as the subject sounds an odd one and above the capacity of an indifferent early eighteenth-century painter. Meanwhile the fragments of the reredos were quite forgotten until, in 1872, workmen repairing the chapel roof accidentally came upon them. At an expense of over £10,000 the reredos was restored under the direction of Sir Gilbert Scott, and statues inserted in the niches; for these statues the sculptor, Geflowski, took as models several of the Fellows of the College. A traditional joke alleges that one of the Fellows, anxious to be thus immortalized, offered himself, somewhat late, as a model, and was told that the only vacancy was among the "lost souls". The reredos is more magnificent than those at New College or Magdalen, and derives a peculiar grace from the upward curve in the middle of each tier. The black-and-gold screen, which separates the chapel from the ante-chapel, was erected in 1664, and is good work of its kind, albeit ponderous in design.

This chapel was one of the earliest to possess an organ, for in 1458 we hear of an "organ-player" who was punished and "wept bitterly", but now it is unique in having no such instrument. In 1549 the Reformers decreed the abolition of "the things they call organs", as likewise they banned bell-ringing, comparing the sound of it to "the voices of people quarrelling or insane". Those whose studies lie near to steeples will have some sympathy with this hostility to excessive bell-ringing; it is indulged in moderately in these days, but must have been truly intolerable in pre-Reformation times. As for "the things they call organs", a violin or a piano is worth an acre of those wide-spreading, massive mechanisms. It was a bad day when orchestras in churches were given up in favour of forcing air through those pompous tubes; and it is sad to think how much money is spent, even by the poorest parishes, on those enormous engines of music. A curious architectural distortion is noticeable in the

ante-chapel, which does not form a perfect rectangle, but one in which the two longer sides are not parallel with each other; in other words the west wall is not at a true right-angle with the nave. This may be due to an error of calculation by the builders or to a rigid adherence to a site-line on the street. The hall was built in 1729, and has no especial architectural features, but it has an atmosphere of privacy about it which is not found in other halls which are more frequented, and which marks it as a dining-place of Fellows only. Round the walls hang several interesting pictures, of which the following deserve special notice: Linacre, a replica of an original in Windsor Castle, attributed to Quentin Matsys; Edward Young, the poet, by Highmore (this portrait, the only known original painting of him, was given by Young to the novelist Richardson, whose widow gave it to the College); Sir Charles Vaughan, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; the Marquis of Salisbury, by W. B. Richmond; Lord Curzon, by Lazslo; and the present Archbishop of York, by Fiddes Watt. There is to be seen, too, in the hall, Mr. Speaker Abbot's chair, which was in the old Houses of Parliament burnt down in 1834, and this reminds one that in the parish church at Radley, a village some five miles south of Oxford, is another parliamentary relic, the canopy which was once over the Speaker's seat, a fine piece of woodwork, presented to the church in the seventeenth century by Speaker Lenthall. In the early eighteenth century a scheme had been set on foot to destroy the old College and rebuild it in the "Italian" fashion. To his credit, Hawksmoor, the architect, set his opinion against the plan, expressing himself in favour of the retention of "antient durable Public buildings that are strong and useful instead of erecting new, fantasticall, perishable trash, or altering and wounding the old by unskillful knavish workmen". The fifteenth-century part of the College was, with the exception of the hall, kitchen and cloisters, preserved and, instead, ambition found its outlet in the construction of a new quadrangle not indeed

constructed in the "Italian" manner but in a quaint and romantic Gothic style. First, the library on the north side was begun in 1716, externally a bald imitation of the chapel opposite, but internally a splendid room, which will be described in the chapters on Libraries; then the range with Hawksmoor's curious twin towers was built, and finally the quadrangle was completed about 1734 by the "piazza" cloisters and the "dovecote" gate on the west side. Horace Walpole thought that the architect had "blundered into a picturesque scenery not void of grandeur especially if seen thro' the gate that leads from the Schools". "Grandeur" seems hardly the right word to have used; people have vented their spleen or humour on Hawksmoor's work, calling it sham or ignorant Gothic or likening the towers to telescopes or sugar-paste decoration. Nevertheless, though we must deny to the quadrangle in general and to the towers in particular such epithets as "grand", "solid", or "magnificent", yet they have a whimsicality, a romantic fantasticality which may save them from complete condemnation.

Recently touches of colour, so much wanted in the greyness of Oxford, have been added here and there; notably the great sundial, made by Sir Christopher Wren, on the library wall has been redecorated. It is a very accurate sundial, and it is said that people used to set their watches by it. I do not know that accuracy in a sundial is especially commendable: I prefer those that stand in gardens and seem to ease Time's flight and which don't bother to be correct within half an hour or so, not having the cruel exactness of a clock. Sundials have leisure to be wise and philosophical, as their mottos show: what could be written around a clock or watch except perhaps "Be quick" or "You are late!"

No account of All Souls, however slight, would be complete without reference to the mythical Mallard which has become the emblem of the College. According to a custom well established by the seventeenth century, at midnight on the 14 January the Fellows, led by an elected

Lord Mallard, searched for the bird with lanterns, staves, and a song, in somewhat the same manner and with as little success as the Bellman and his crew hunted the snark :

They sought it with thimbles, they sought it with care ;
They pursued it with forks and hope.

The origin of the ceremony is obscure : it is said that in the early days of the College a buried mallard was found by workmen in a drain, and that some time later a thirteenth-century seal bearing the sign of a griffin and inscribed with the name of a clerk, William Mallard, caused a college poet in the sixteenth century to link the two events together in the song which is sung when the bird is hunted :

The Griffin, Bustard, Turkey, Capon
Let other hungry mortals gape on,
And on their bones with stomach fall hard,
But let All Souls men have their Mallard.

The Romans once admired a Gander
More than they did their best Commander,
Because he saved, if some don't fool us,
The place that's named from the scull of Tolus.

The poets feigned Jove turned a Swan,
But let them prove it if they can ;
As for our proofs it's not at all hard,
He was a swapping, swapping Mallard.

Then let us drink and dance a Galliard
In the remembrance of the Mallard,
And as the Mallard doth in poole
Let's dabble, dive and duck in bowl.

and after each verse comes the chorus :

O by the blood of King Edward,
O by the blood of King Edward
It was a swapping, swapping Mallard.

It is not known which King Edward is the one sworn by.

The hunting of the mallard takes place once in a hundred years ; the next occasion will be in the year 2001.

On the west side of Radcliffe Square stands Brasenose College. Its gateway, well-proportioned and richly decorated with " perpendicular " panel-work, is on the site of the pre-existing Hall from which Brasenose gets its name, and from which it is directly descended. " Brasenoze " Hall, so called as early as the latter part of the thirteenth century, was no doubt named from the conspicuous feature of its knocker, a lion's or leopard's head made of bronze and pierced with a large ring, a knocker which possibly was older than the Hall itself, as it is thought to be a sanctuary ring of the twelfth century. It is to be seen in the College hall above the high table, and is one of the oldest and most interesting relics in the University. In days when a University had few if any permanent buildings, and not much property in the way of books and archives, there was but little to prevent scholars migrating from one place to another, and a migration was not infrequently undertaken, especially by students in foreign Universities, in time of pestilence or greater disorder than usual. It is, indeed, supposed that Oxford itself originated (or, at least, its development hastened) by a secession of students from the University of Paris at a time when Henry II was on bad terms with Philip II of France because the latter was aiding Becket. Henry issued an ordinance commanding all clerks holding English benefices and resident in Paris to return within three months. This caused many English scholars to leave Paris, and perhaps they established a "Studium" in Oxford. Anyway, Oxford followed the model of Paris, and evidence of a University here becomes strong about 1167.

For some reason, in 1333, the students of Brasenose Hall departed to Stamford, taking with them the emblem of their house. The Stamford colony did not last long, as Edward III brought pressure upon them to return to Oxford, for the authorities were much alarmed by the

secession, as is shown by the fact that until 1827 candidates for degrees had to take an oath not to give or attend lectures at Stamford as in a University, seat of learning or general college. Though the students returned to their original home the knocker remained at Stamford until, in 1890, Brasenose College bought the site of the Stamford settlement, and with it the knocker, which was brought back to Oxford after its long exile and placed in its present position. The prodigious nose which is over the archway of the main gate is probably a relic of the old hall, and is mentioned as early as 1534.[1] Brasenose Hall became Brasenose College in 1509 by the care of two founders: William Smyth (1460 ?–1514), a member of Henry VII's Council, Chancellor of Oxford, Bishop of Lincoln, Lord President of Wales, a man who looked well after his friends, relations and proteges, and, in consequence, left behind him " the perfume of charity ", and Sir Richard Sutton, of whom little is known save that he was wealthy, a member of the Inner Temple, a Privy Councillor in the reign of Henry VII, and that he died in 1524.

The foundation-stone was laid, by Bishop Smyth, in 1509, as is recorded by an inscription over No. 1 staircase, and by 1516 the quadrangle was completed or very nearly so. It is a quadrangle of singular charm partly because of its own intrinsic merits—the dormer windows added in the reign of James I are outstanding for their beauty even among the many dormer windows in Oxford—but more especially because of its situation, which is best appreciated from the west side. Above the gateway rises the great mass of the Radcliffe Camera like a steep and rotund hill; I never see this view without calling to mind some village nestling under a high down, such as Bincombe in Dorsetshire, set close under the great swell

[1] It is alluded to in Beaumont and Fletcher's play " Philaster ", acted in 1608, in Act V, Scene IV, where the " third citizen " says " I'll have his nose, and at mine own charge build A college and clap it upon the gate "

of the Ridgeway, and the Camera takes as many vareities of colour in different lights as does a hill. Moreover, the spire of St. Mary's is also in view, providing a contrast of shape. From the new quadrangle of All Souls also the Camera is well seen, but there is a curious difference between that view and the one from Brasenose. Perhaps the frame of genteel eighteenth-century buildings at All Souls gives the Camera a more ordinary aspect than does the older, more homely, gabled quadrangle of Brasenose.

The hall on the south side of the quadrangle is a pleasant room of excellent proportions. The glass in the south window by the dais, containing the arms of England and France, is a memorial of the occasion when, early in the nineteenth century the prince, who was to be Louis XVIII, visited Brasenose and took lunch in this hall.

There are some pictures of note here; above the dais are those of the two founders, and an especially interesting one of Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's, student, Principal, and benefactor of the College. One of his minor claims to fame is that he invented, accidentally, bottled beer. Having left a bottle of that liquid buried in the ground he found it later on "not a bottle but a gun, such the sound of it when it opened". It is obvious from the rods and hooks included in the picture that he was a fisherman of note and, indeed, as such he, and this very portrait, are mentioned by Izaak Walton in the "Compleat Angler": "The good old man . . . like an honest angler made that good, plain and unperplexed catechism, which is printed with our good old service books. . . . This good man was observed to spend a tenth part of his time in angling, and also (for I have conversed with those who conversed with him) to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish, amongst the poor that inhabited near to those rivers in which it was caught, saying often 'And charity gave life to religion', and, at his return to his house would praise God he had spent that day free from worldly trouble;

both harmlessly and in recreation that became a churchman. And this good man was well content, if not desirous, that posterity should know he was an angler, as may appear by his picture now to be seen and carefully kept, in Brasenose College (to which he was a liberal benefactor)". What a pleasant practice that is, to have painted into your portrait something emblematical of your tastes or some trivial thing of which you were proud or fond! At the far end of the hall is a portrait of Joyce Frankland, a sixteenth century benefactress: *she* holds conspicuous in her hand a watch, a thing rare and costly in those days. Without that watch in her hand she would have been nothing but a name and a piece of coloured canvass, but she has become more than a name and is made lovable by that childish, human vanity of having her watch painted in.

Here is a portrait of Robert Burton (Commoner 1593), author of that book which was the only one which got Dr. Johnson out of bed two hours earlier than he wished to rise: "The Anatomy of Melancholy, What it is: With all the Kinds, Causes, Symptomes, Prognostickes, and severall Cures of it. In the Three Maine Partitions with their several Sections, Members, and Subsections, Philosophically, Medicinally, Historically, opened and cut up. By Democritus Junior. With a Satyricall Preface conducing to the following Discourse: Macrob, Omne Meum, Nihil Meum". He wrote on melancholy, he tells us "by being busy to avoid melancholy", though his friends found him "very merry, facete, and juvenile". Nevertheless he was undoubtedly of a melancholic nature, and a biography has narrated how, when a fit of it was on him, "he could only get relief by going to the bridge-foot at Oxford and hearing the bargemen swear at one another, at which he would set his hands to his sides and laugh most profusely". I fancy not a few since Burton's day have walked occasionally the slums and by-ways of Oxford to find in their vigorous and natural life a change from the affectations and respectability of learning.

While speaking of Brasenose men of letters, there are others to be mentioned who do not happen to be represented in the hall. Most notable of them all is Richard Barnfield (1574–1627), the author of that exquisite lyric on the nightingale which begins—

> As it fell upon a day
> In the merry month of May

and which of all poems on that much-sung bird seems to me to strike truest to its plaintive cry. Nowadays to hear a nightingale near Oxford is a thing rare and requiring a well-planned expedition to the closed recesses of Bagley Wood, permission to enter the said wood having been obtained from St. John's College, but in Barnfield's time there was plenty of open woodland and quiet country where nightingales would sing bravely, and one likes to imagine that his poem came to mind in this neighbourhood.

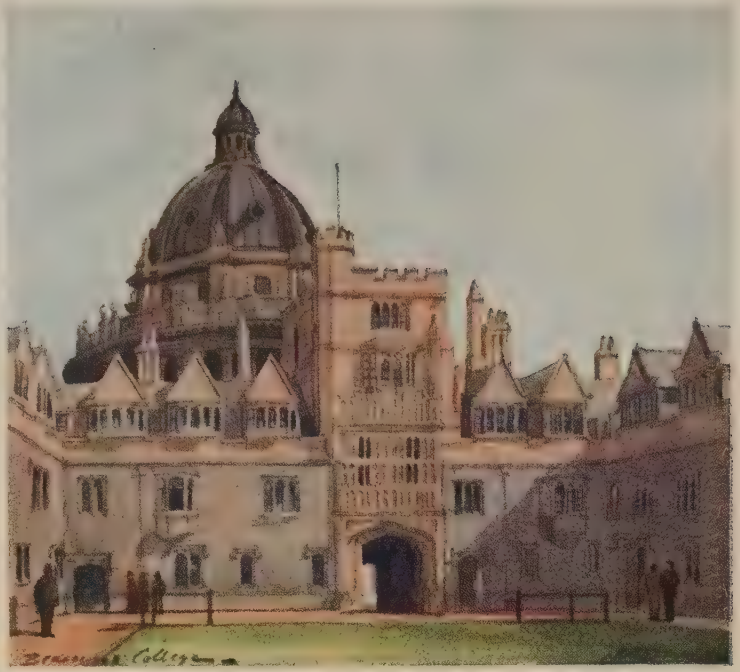
Far apart in time and method was another Brasenose poet, R. H. Barham, the author of the "Ingoldsby Legends", while among poets, though a very minor one, perhaps Reginald Heber should be included. Of prose-writers, John Foxe, the martyrologist, may have been a Brasenose man, though it is not certain whether he was; H. H. Milman, the once-famous author of "The History of Latin Christianity" and the "History of the Jews" was educated here, and became in 1821 Professor of Poetry in the University. Walter Pater was a Fellow of the College—as an undergraduate he was at Queen's—and I suppose will always have a great reputation as a writer, though his fragile, soft, and languorous style seems somewhat musty and faded now. It is, of course, easy to pick a few epithets and sling them at the giants of other days. But time reduces the stature of most writers save only the greatest, save only those in whose works is a vitality and a close touch with the facts of life. Where is the vitality of Walter Pater? Quite evaporated whatever

there was! His style dies of its own lethargy, languor, and artificiality.

It is a curious thing that the great-grandfather of the first President of the United States and the grandfather of the second President, were both Brasenose men. Laurence Washington entered the College in 1619. When he left there was outstanding a buttery bill of seventeen shillings and tenpence, which was paid off in July 1924 by a party of American lawyers then visiting Oxford. The Reverend Thomas Adams, grandfather of President John Adams, matriculated in 1649, and became a Fellow in 1652: ten years later he was removed from his Fellowship because of nonconformity, and he went to Flore in Northamptonshire, where he established a Quaker meeting-house.

Reverting to the portraits in the hall, two by Sir William Orpen must be noticed before we leave: one is of the late Principal, Dr. Heberden, and is a fine work of art; the other, it must be confessed, a wooden and lifeless painting of Earl Haig, Commander-in-Chief during the late War. In the porch-way of the College gate is a tablet bearing the simple and impressive inscription: "This record is here set that those who pass by may be put in mind of Field Marshal Earl Haig and all the other Brasenose men who devoted themselves at home and abroad to the service of their country in the time of peril 1914–1918".

The chapel was originally on the first floor of No. 1 staircase, but in 1656 was begun the building of a new chapel, which was completed in 1666. In 1663 a new library was opened, and thus an extension of the College was made to the south, an extension which in modern times has gone on by the addition of another quadrangle and the High Street frontage mentioned in another chapter. Architecturally, the chapel is a curious work, showing an odd mixture of Gothic and Renaissance features. The magnificent fan-vaulting of the roof looks as if it should date from the fifteenth century, but what



BRASENOSE COLLEGE QUADRANGLE AND THE RADCLIFFE CAMERA

appears to have happened is that an old hammer-beam roof was brought from the chapel of St. Mary's College (now Frewin Hall) and a new plaster ceiling fitted to it. It is possible that the builder of the chapel, one Jackson, was also largely responsible for Laud's buildings, at St. John's and for the porch of St. Mary's Church; if so, he was a craftsman of great skill and ingenuity. In the ante-chapel is a memorial to an undergraduate, Mervyn Prower, who in 1851 was killed in a "Town and Gown" riot by a butcher's knife—"Inter tumultum plebis obdormivit" the inscription runs—this must have been one of the last catastrophes to happen in those disturbances which happily have ceased to occur these last fifty years or so. A vivid account of such a riot may be read in that once famous book, "Verdant Green", a book which gives a picture of Oxford life no longer recognizable but, with allowances for artistic touches, no doubt true to the life of seventy years ago.

There is one curious little external detail over the cloister doorway which faces Radcliffe Square, namely, the Royal coat-of-arms. Now, it is certain that the arms were put up in 1659, that is to say during the Commonwealth, and at a time when the College was under a Principal put there by the Parliamentary Visitors!

CHAPTER XIII

Oriel—Merton—Corpus

THREE Colleges south of the High Street have yet to be considered. Of these we will first deal with Oriel, since its new front is conspicuous on the High Street itself. This front, the latest addition to the College, was put up in 1911, from the designs of Mr. Champneys, and with funds bequeathed to the College by one of its most eminent members, Cecil Rhodes.[1] The memory of that empire-builder is not, so to speak, very happily housed in Oxford. At one time he lived in rooms in No. 6 King Edward Street, as a tablet on that house commemorates, but architecturally King Edward Street reaches the very depth of meanness and ugliness; dirty yellow bricks are there heaped up until they take the form of a rectangular block pierced at regular intervals with what serve for doorways and windows. The new buildings at Oriel certainly may have the name of architecture, but are scarcely an artistic addition to the High Street. They are angular and ponderous, not unlike the edifices which a child makes with wooden bricks. On the road front of the buildings are statues of Rhodes, Edward VII, George V, and sundry fifteenth-century Provosts, under whose rule the College entered on a period of prosperity; they are not great specimens of the sculptor's art, but look as if they were posing for a photographer or bracing themselves to look cheerful in spite

[1] The inscription on the façade is a chronogram since the larger letters form Roman numerals which, placed in their proper order, make the 1911 (MDCCCLLVIIIIII): E LARGA MVNIFICENTIA CÆCILII RHODES.

of their elevated and perilous positions. It is well to hasten down Oriel Street to the older parts and to the main gateway of the College. The actual founder of Oriel was Adam de Brome, Rector of St. Mary's Church, and Almoner to King Edward II. In 1324 he obtained two dwellings for a projected Society of Scholars, to be called the College of St. Mary in Oxford, but in 1326 Edward received the surrender of these possessions and re-established the society, appointing de Brome as first Provost. But de Brome, seeing that Edward's power and position were uncertain, six months later transferred the College to the protection of Henry de Burghersh, Bishop of Lincoln; and this was a step which events proved to be prudent, for in 1327 Edward was deposed, while the Bishop of Lincoln, who was an adherent of the Queen's party, was in high favour with the new Government and was able to procure benefits for the College. Among the property acquired by the College (in 1329) was a hall named La Oriole, which stood on the site of the present main quadrangle, and from which the College derives its name, for St. Mary's College was officially known as Oriel College by 1367. The derivation of La Oriole is uncertain; it may have come from some architectural feature of the hall—"oriole", for instance, sometimes meant a portico, sometimes a corridor or gallery, or, since La Riole (from the French *ruelle*) is found as the name of a mediaeval street in London, it may have come from that word and arisen from a narrow passage leading from the High Street to the hall. During the Middle Ages and the sixteenth century there collected around Oriole Hall a number of miscellaneous buildings, grouped into quadrangular form, but by the beginning of the seventeenth century they had proved inadequate for the needs of the College, and so in 1619 the task of rebuilding was begun. In that year and in the following one the south and west sides of the quadrangle were built; the other sides were begun, after an interval, in 1636, the whole being finished in 1642 by the completion of the

chapel. The arrangement of the quadrangle is similar to that at Wadham and at University, finished some years later—that is to say, the hall and chapel are in one range on the side opposite to the main gateway.

The hall is approached by an inviting flight of steps and an open portico, the parapet of which is fretted with the words "CAROLO REGNANTE", signifying that it was built in the reign of Charles I. Above the portico are two quaint and stubby statues purporting to represent Edward II and Charles I, though their features are scarcely distinctive; in another niche above there is a statue of the Virgin and Child. The hall itself is a bright and cheerful room, which owes not a little of its attraction to its redecoration by Mr. Comper, who has added the panelling, some glass and the excellent buttery-screen. In the middle of the wall above the dais hangs an eighteenth-century full-length portrait of Edward II. Below it is a large sword made in the fifteenth or sixteenth century, perhaps at Solingen in Germany, which used to be in the Manor House, the property of the College, at Swainswick in Somerset. Below that is a portrait of the first Viscount Halifax, Chancellor of the Exchequer 1846, and Secretary of State for India 1859–66, who was educated in the College. On one side hangs a large picture of Joseph Butler, Bishop of Durham, author of the famous "Analogy of Religion", who entered the College in 1715. Walpole describes him as "wafted to the See" of Durham "in a cloud of metaphysics in which he remained absorbed". His is the greatest name connected with the College during the eighteenth century, except that of Gilbert White of Selborne, who entered in 1740 and took his B.A. Degree in 1743. From that date he was a Fellow of the College for fifty years, all of which time he was out of residence, except for about one year, 1752–3, when he returned to Oxford to act as Proctor. A chair which belonged to him is in the library, and the Common room possesses his writing-table. On the other side of Edward II's portrait is a large picture of Queen Anne

* ACTUALLY "REGNANTE CAROLO"

painted by Michael Dahl ; it was presented to the College, and hung here out of loyalty, and not because the Queen had any particular connection with the place.

The portraits of Archbishop Whately (undergraduate and Fellow); Thomas Arnold (undergraduate of Corpus and Fellow of Oriel), the great headmaster of Rugby School and reformer of education; Thomas Hughes (undergraduate of Oriel), author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays"; and John Keble (Scholar of Corpus, Fellow of Oriel), remind one that the golden age of intellect at Oriel was the first half of the nineteenth century. This period of splendour began with John Eveleigh, who had been at Wadham as an undergraduate and who became a Fellow of Oriel in 1770 and Provost in 1781. It was he who mainly brought about the reform of the examination system and the institution of the Honours Class Lists (1802), and by him and by another Fellow of the College, Edward Copleston, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff, was established that College tutorial system which is the peculiar and effective basis of teaching at Oxford. It so happened that by the statutes of the College there was no class of scholars who had the right of becoming Fellows, whatever their merits or demerits might be, and so Oriel Fellowships were open, as Fellowships in other Colleges have since become open, to members of other Colleges, and, in consequence, the best intellects in the University became candidates. The poets, Arthur Hugh Clough and Matthew Arnold, both of Balliol, became Fellows. A group of Fellows of a different kind were those—Cardinal Newman (Trinity), Keble (Corpus), Pusey (Christ Church), R. H. Froude (Oriel), R. W. Church (Wadham), Samuel Wilberforce (Oriel)—who were the leading minds of the "Oxford Movement", originated by the first three. In 1832 Thomas Arnold had said that "the Church as it now stands no human power can save". There was considerable justification for such a view. The Evangelical movement had spent its force, and the Church was exceedingly unpopular at the time of the Reform Bill,

since the Bishops had voted against it in the House of Lords and since most of the country clergy were Tory in politics. In the Bristol riots the Bishop's palace was burnt by the mob. Whately and Arnold of Oriel were in favour of a revival through a large comprehension of all shades of opinion and through a movement to include Dissenters within the Church. It is very doubtful whether this was a workable scheme or one with sufficient zeal behind it to make it a practicable thing, and, in fact, the revival came about in a very different way and from a very different point of view. In 1833 John Keble preached his famous sermon on "National Apostasy", and in the same year began to appear those "Tracts for the Times", inaugurated by Newman, from which was derived the word "Tractarian", applied to the Oxford Movement. In brief, the Tractarians laid stress on the Divine as opposed to the human character of the Church, on tradition, and on the continuity of the Church. They thus looked back to the age of the "Caroline" divines of the seventeenth century, and beyond them to pre-Reformation times, and beyond them to the age of the Early Fathers. The Movement had, of course, its weak points: the smaller minds among its champions were concerned in a quite childish way with details of ritual and vestments; there was a lack of wi'th of outlook and of liberality of mind (due perhaps to a distaste of liberalism brought about by the tyrannous "freedom" and the ideas, noble in theory but ghastly in practice, of the French Revolution); there was an unwarrantable idealization of the Middle Ages. Nevertheless, the Movement profoundly and permanently influenced the Church of England.

Keble's rooms in Oriel were on the left, on the first floor of No. 2 staircase; Newman's were those, formerly occupied by Whately, on the right of the first floor of No. 3 staircase.

Before leaving the hall there is to be noticed in the gallery a portrait of a famous Oriel man of an earlier

time, Sir Walter Ralegh. Of his life in Oxford we know nothing except that Aubrey reports that he was "under streights for want of money" and that he borrowed a gown from a fellow-undergraduate which he neither returned nor paid for, but that is not an extraordinary incident in an undergraduate's career in any age. It is further added that "in his youth his companions were boysterous blades, but generally those that had witt". No doubt at Oxford he showed those characteristics which affected his later career, for the causes of his misfortunes were not altogether in his stars, but also to a great extent in himself. Aubrey says that he was tall, handsome, and bold, but that he was also "damnable proud", and he gives an anecdote to illustrate his ill-temper. Once he was going out to a dinner-party, at some great house, with his son, to whom he frankly said that he, the son, was such an affronting, quarrelsome fellow that he was ashamed "to have such a beare" in his company. Master Walter promised that he would behave "mighty mannerly", and for awhile all went well at the dinner until his son made some boorish remark; whereupon "Sir Walter being strangely surprized and putt out of his countenance at so great a table, gives his son a damned blow over the face. His son, as rude as he was, would not strike his father, but strikes over the face the gentleman that sate next to him and sayd 'Box about: 't will come to my father anon!'"

The chapel is as dark and gloomy as the hall is light and cheerful, the good daylight being almost entirely excluded by the stained-glass windows,[1] and one cannot

[1] Some of these windows were designed by Dr. John Wall (1708–76), who had been an undergraduate at Worcester College and was a Fellow of Oriel. He is best known as a writer on medical topics, but he had artistic tastes, and, combining these with experiments in manufacture of porcelain, founded in 1751 the china factory in the City of Worcester. The designs of the glass are not bad, but the colour is too opaque. It is a curious thing that another Oxford man, John Dwight, of Christ Church, discovered about 1670 the method of making salt-glazed stoneware, for which he

stay long in it because of the feeling of being stifled or buried alive. In fact, there is nothing of note in the chapel except a picture, on the north side of the altar, painted by Bernard van Orley (*c.* 1490–1560), a Flemish painter who studied in Italy under Raphael, and who was one of the first artists to blend Flemish with Italian features.

Another quadrangle lies to the north, composed of buildings erected on the east side in 1719, on the west side in 1730, on the south side in 1817, and closed on the north side by the library and common rooms, of which the foundation stone was laid in 1787. This building, designed by Wyatt, is indeed chilly, grim, and gaunt; the upper part seems to have no artistic connection with the lower part, and the whole is surmounted by a most depressing cornice.

North of the library is another quadrangle, partly composed of the new buildings facing the High Street, and partly of older buildings which are relics of St. Mary Hall, which, before it became incorporated in Oriel, led a semi-independent existence, its Principals being chosen from among the Fellows of Oriel. The most distinguished of these Principals was Cardinal Allen, who established in 1568 the English Roman Catholic Seminary at Douai. The most notable student of the hall was the anatomist John Hunter (1728–93), who came here at an advanced age for an undergraduate and who, partly for that reason and partly because of his devotion to science, certainly knew his own mind and had his own views. "They wanted to make an old woman of me," he said, "and that I should stuff Latin and Greek at the University. These schemes I cracked like so many vermin as they came before me!"

Merton Street is reached from the High Street by the dismal route of King Edward Street, by the more attrac-

set up a manufactory at Fulham. It appears from a diary kept by him that he used his furnaces not only for their proper purpose, but also as hoarding-places for money!

tive Oriel Street, or by the most attractive Grove Street —the last-named being the superlative way because one passes the delightful little cul-de-sac called Grove Place. Merton Street, in which stand Merton and Corpus Christi Colleges, is itself remarkable as being the only road in Oxford still paved with cobble-stones.

Of Merton's claim to be the oldest College something has been said in Chapter III. In 1264 Walter de Merton, a Justiciar and Chancellor of the reign of Henry III and, early in the reign of Edward I, Bishop of Rochester, founded on his estate at Malden, in Surrey, a "House of Scholars of Merton" which should manage its estates for the maintenance of twenty scholars at Oxford. The Warden was to live at Malden. Thus the original foundation was divided into two parts. In 1266 the founder purchased the present site of the College, and in 1274 he drew up revised statutes which established the Warden at Oxford and laid down rules for the governance of the scholars in their new home, and these statutes became the model for the first Cambridge College, Peterhouse, and for later foundations in Oxford. The object of the foundation was to provide discipline and training for the secular clergy; the students were to study the Seven Liberal Arts before they proceeded to theology, and were to prepare for an active life in Church and State, for a career in any profession, since "the clergy of the thirteenth century, besides their spiritual duties, were the civil servants, the physicians, the artists, the historians of the time". The foundation soon justified itself by its results: within a century the College had produced six Archbishops of Canterbury; "the best training to be had in England for physicians was obtained within its walls; the works of the Merton astronomers acquired a world-wide reputation". Not as much as could be wished is known of these early scientists, as most of their writings were lost in the time of Edward VI when, as Wood tells us, a cartload of manuscripts was removed from the Merton Library, but some of their work survived

and eventually found its way to the Bodleian Library. Chief among the names are John Ashenden, considered by Wood the greatest of the Merton School; Richard of Wallingford, a skilled maker and inventor of astronomical instruments; John Gadesden, physician to Edward II; and Ralph Strode, a logician and scholastic philosopher, whom an early record calls a "nobilis poeta", who wrote a poem called "Fantasma Radulphi". To him, with Gower, Chaucer dedicated his poem, "Troilus and Criseyde":

> O moral Gower, this book I directe
> To thee, and to the Philosophical Strode,
> To vouchen sauf, ther nede is to corecte,
> Of your benignities and zeles gode,

and it has been said, on doubtful authority, that under his tutorship Chaucer put his young son Lewis, for whom the fond father wrote a treatise on the astrolabe—"the first text book on the Astrolabe in the English language". Strode was an opponent of John Wycliffe, who may have been a Fellow of Merton before he became Master of Balliol, though the evidence is not conclusive.

No peculiar names or events occurred in the history of the College during the fifteenth century, but as often trivial things are the most interesting two small incidents may be mentioned here. In 1487 among Fellows elected was one Hugo Shakspere, but he was known as Hugo Sawnder because the name Shakspere, as the College register states, "vile reputatum est"—that is to say, was thought one not fit for a gentleman to have! Why, we cannot tell; perhaps it had a military or too swashbuckling a savour to be fitting for a scholar. Poets have usually been fortunate in their names, possessing well-sounding ones of no violent significance. Perhaps Shakspere was *not* fortunate in his; perhaps it is one of his triumphs to have made us indifferent to the oddity of his name! The second incident is that in 1488 an organ for the chapel was ordered to be built by a certain

CHRIST CHURCH FROM THE MEADOWS

William Wotton. Now, Lambert Simnel, the Pretender to Henry VII's crown, is described as "son of Thomas Simnel, late of Oxford, joyner", and also as the son of an organ-maker of the University. Wood thought that he must have been the son of William Wotton, as he was the only organ-builder in Oxford at that time. It has recently been shown that Thomas Simnel and William Wotton lived in adjacent houses in the parish of St. Thomas, so that it is most likely that they were partners, one doing the joinery and the other the musical parts of their occupation. Thus all mystery about Lambert Simnel's parentage disappears.

In the sixteenth century the scientific bent of the College again became conspicuous: a Warden, John Chambers, was physician to Henry VIII, and was one of the founders of the College of Physicians. But much more celebrated is Sir Henry Savile, who entered the College in 1565 and became Warden in 1585. He was a man of many attainments and of deep scholarship; he was Tutor of Greek to Queen Elizabeth, "who favoured him much"; he was held to be as able a mathematician as any of his time; he translated the Gospels into English for the Authorized Version, borrowing books for the purpose from the Merton Library; he was the founder of the Savilian Professorship of Astronomy and Geometry. "He was a severe governour," says Aubrey; "the scholars hated him for his austerity. He could not abide *witts*: when a young scholar was recommended to him for a good witt, (he said) 'Out upon him, I'le have nothing to doe with him; give me the plodding student. If I would look for witts, I would go to Newgate, there bee the witts,' and John Earle was the only scholar that he ever took as recommended for a witt." This John Earle, scholar and Fellow of Merton, was the future Bishop of Salisbury, author of the "Microsmography", a collection of character sketches including some Oxford ones, such as "An Old College Butler", a "Downright Scholar", "A young Gentleman of the University", etc. He died

in 1665 and was buried in the College chapel. Savile himself was a laborious student. "He was so sedulous at his study that his lady thereby thought herself neglected, and coming one day to him as he was in his study, saluted him thus: 'Sir Henry, I would I were a book, too, and then you would a little more respect me'. Whereto one, standing by, replied 'Madame, you must then be an Almanack that he might change every year'! Whereat she was not a little displeased". Savile was Provost of Eton as well as Warden of Merton. Both the institutions which he ruled are depicted in the monument in the ante-chapel of Merton.

The College was closely connected with the Civil Wars. When in September 1642 Colonel Arthur Goodwin occupied Oxford for the Parliament he was lodged here, and later, when in 1643 the City became the Royalist headquarters, Queen Henrietta Maria established her Court at Merton, while the King lived in Christ Church. The room over the archway leading into the "Fellows' Quadrangle" is known as "The Queen's Chamber"; from that room a private way was constructed through the hall, the chapel, and the garden of Corpus to Christ Church, in order that communication might be rapid and secret. The Queen was in residence at Merton for barely a year, but the King was some two years longer at Christ Church, and Merton must have been thronged with courtiers and councillors. While Charles was in Oxford the Warden of Merton was deposed as being anti-Royalist and an absentee, and in his stead the King appointed his physician, William Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. "He was alwayes very contemplative", says Aubrey. ". . . When Charles I by reason of the tumults left London, he attended him, and was at the fight of Edge hill with him; and during the fight the Prince and Duke of Yorke were committed to his care: he told me that he withdrew with them under a hedge, and tooke out of his pockett a booke and read, but he had not read very long before a bullet of a great

gun grazed on the grounde near him, which made him remove his station ".

The College was bitterly opposed to Harvey's appointment, as he was a Cambridge man, and they petitioned the King to appoint one of their own body, but Charles was never a man to consider other people's feelings, and insisted on his own choice. However, Harvey's Wardenship was of short duration, as he left for London when Charles fled from Oxford.

After the Restoration Merton again received a royal visit. In September of 1665 Charles II. with his Queen Catharine and their Court, took refuge here from the great plague until February of the following year, and during that period the scholars were sent home. Frances Stuart, Duchess of Richmond, and the Countess of Castlemain were given rooms in the " Fellows Quadrangle "; the latter bore a son to the King within the walls of the College. Perhaps Anthony Wood was right in affirming that the courtiers, though " neat and gay in their apparell ", were " very nasty and beastly . . . rude, rough, vaine, empty, careless ". [1]

On this same occasion the Duke and Duchess of Monmouth accompanied the royal party, and were lodged in the neighbouring College of Corpus; the Duke's name was entered on the College books as a member, but it was erased from the Corpus books after his rebellion in 1685. That rebellion, by the way, roused a certain amount of martial activity in Oxford. A messenger was sent by the University to London, and authority was obtained from there for raising troops; commissions were sent to Oxford and a Royal Warrant for the provision of arms. In consequence the first martial duty of the scholars was to go out some miles from Oxford, under the Earl of Abingdon, to convoy four loads of

[1] Anthony Wood (1632–95), the antiquary to whom all who write on Oxford are so much indebted, was a member of Merton College, and lived in the delightful old house, opposite to the College, called " Postmasters' Hall ".

pikes and muskets which were being sent from Windsor for the scholars to train with.

Several companies were raised in the various Colleges —one at All Souls which trained in the quadrangle of that college; one at Christ Church, whose parade-ground was Peckwater quadrangle; one at New College; one at Wadham and Lincoln Colleges, which drilled in the garden of Trinity College; and one at St. John's. The last-named was unfortunate, as they were not able to get up to strength and their captain was ill with smallpox during the training. Sometimes there were "battalion parades", as we should say nowadays. On 13 July, 1685, for instance, "all companies gathered in Christ Church Meadow and trained under the Earl of Abingdon. . . . The prime (i.e. senior) officers, in scarlet coats, scarves about their waists, and white feathers in their hats". We are told that one of the officer's feathers "was so big that nothing of his hat could be seen". In spite of their energetic training only one of these companies saw any "active service", for the rebellion was soon crushed at the battle of Sedgemoor. It was the All Souls company which was called upon for service of a mild nature. It went to Islip, to watch the London Road and stop all suspected persons. Parties scattered about the country on this police work, and went as far as Dorchester, Abingdon, and Faringdon. The troops went to a farewell dinner with the Earl of Abingdon at Ricot [or Rycote, as now spelt] and, as Wood says, "came home well fuzzed"—so well "fuzzed" that the story goes that on their merry homeward journey they split their drum, which at this day hangs in All Souls College.

In 1681, when the Parliament sat in Oxford, as described in Chapter XII, the Queen was again lodged in Merton with some of the Court, but only for about a week. In 1693 Richard Steele became a member of Merton, and though he left without a Degree in 1694, his College was proud of him and received, with very laudatory remarks, in 1712 a gift of the "Tatler". No other names of

eminence are found among the students of Merton until, in the nineteenth century, those of Creighton, Bishop of London, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Lord Chancellor Halsbury are added to the roll of fame.

When, in 1266, Walter de Merton acquired a site for his College, a church was already standing, that of St. John the Baptist, which was handed over by the Abbey of Reading for the use of the scholars, the ante-chapel serving, until the end of the nineteenth century, as the parish church. This church was soon replaced by a new building, which remains the most splendid of college chapels. Had the nave been added as was intended—the intention is obvious from the archways blocked with ashlar and from the buttresses erected to replace the support of the continuing walls—the chapel would have been of cathedral magnificence, but a nave was never added, perhaps, because of the example of the naveless plan at New College.

The oldest part of the chapel is the choir, constructed in the last decade of the thirteenth century, the great east window is a magnificent specimen of "Decorated" tracery, while the side windows, which contain very precious contemporary glass, are of varied "geometrical" tracery. The whole choir, viewed externally with its bold plinth-mouldings and graceful buttresses, combines solidity with grace, simplicity with decoration in the happiest mixture. It has the appearance of being firmly set on the ground, of becoming lighter in build as it rises. The transepts are of uncertain date, but the tracery in the windows is "Perpendicular" and of the first half of the fifteenth century. The lower part of the very lovely tower was probably built in the middle of the fourteenth century, and the upper part completed about a century later. This tower has not the lofty grace of that of Magdalen, but it is richer—and, being built a half-century earlier, is a specimen of "Perpendicular" style in the zenith of its development.

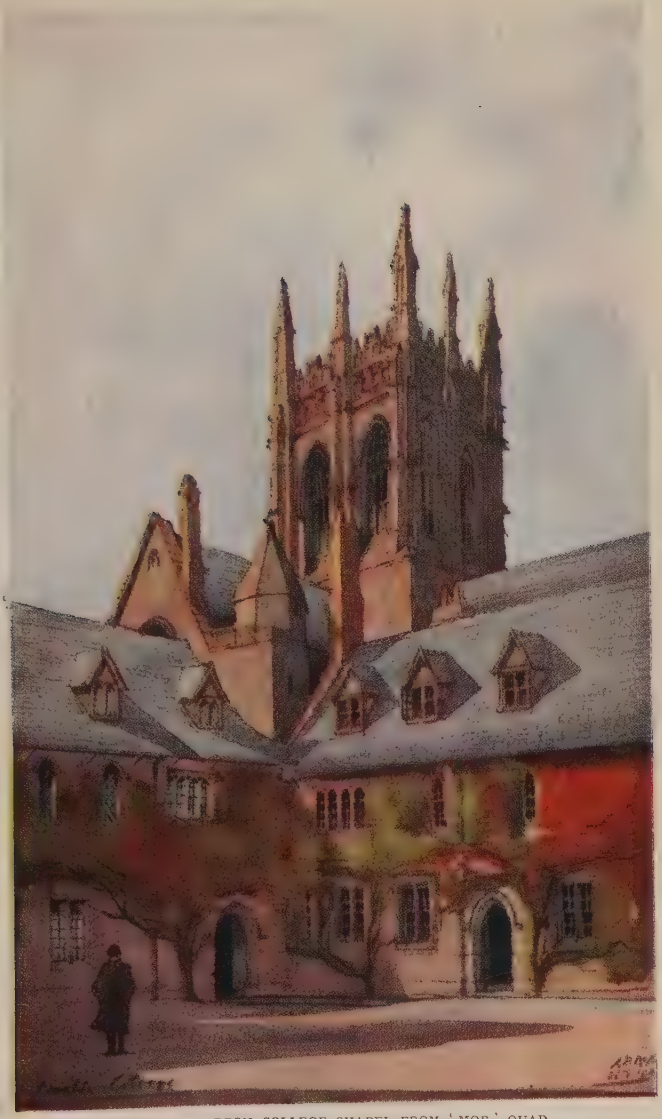
The street frontage of the College has lost its character,

having been re-modelled at the end of the eighteenth century, and again during the early part of the nineteenth. The carved stone "votive table" over the porchway is perhaps a copy of the original panel carved between 1482 and 1507. The hall has been much repaired and altered, both within and without, though the main parts of the fabric are contemporary with the earliest days of the College. The porch was added in the Elizabethan Age. An ancient door of the hall has survived; it is bound and decorated with magnificent ironwork, which is the oldest in Oxford—being of the thirteenth century.

To the west of the hall a passage-way leads past the sacristry (1311), and the treasury (thirteenth century) into "Mob" Quadrangle—the origin of the name is unknown. This quadrangle, nestling close up against the chapel, is the most mediaeval one in Oxford; on the south and west sides of it is the famous library (which will be dealt with in another chapter) built in 1377; the north and east sides are probably some seventy years older. It is therefore the oldest of the Oxford quadrangles; the dormer windows of the library were put in early in the seventeenth century.

The "Fellows' Quadrangle", which is reached by an archway under the "Queen's Room" or from Patey's Quadrangle, through which one passes on the way to "Mob" Quadrangle, was begun in 1608 and completed in 1612, with a southern gateway and "Four Order" façade similar in idea to those in the Schools and at Wadham College. It is a good specimen of the architecture of its date, and is seen to its best advantage from Christ Church Meadows. From these meadows the buildings are seen rising high above the old city wall, with their many gables, richly crowned by the tower of the chapel.

Eastward of the front quadrangle is the newest part of the College, known as St. Alban's Quadrangle (completed in 1906 from Champney's design)—since it stands on the site of St. Alban's Hall which was long an adjunct to Merton, and which became incorporated with it in



TOWER OF MERTON COLLEGE CHAPEL FROM 'MOB' QUAD

1890. The most eminent member of the Hall was the dramatist Massinger, the son of a Fellow of Merton. From the quadrangle can be seen the gardens, which at one time were open to the public, and were a famous promenade in the eighteenth century; but such was the flirting there of ladies and gallants that they were eventually closed. Where the north side of the archway leading to the new quadrangle joins on the old quadrangle is a building which may be "the earliest collegiate structure in England", and one of the original buildings bought by Walter de Merton in 1266. The street front of the edifice has been quite altered, as one of its windows was converted into a doorway, and a flimsy balcony-porch added in 1837; but the inner face still has its ancient appearance, though even that has been altered, as stonework of various ages and colours reveals.

Westward of Merton, beyond the pathway leading to Christ Church Meadows, lies Corpus Christi College, founded in 1516 by Richard Foxe, an ecclesiastical statesman, whose fortunes rose with those of Henry VII, who made him Secretary of State and Lord Privy Seal. He baptized Henry VIII, who continued towards him the royal favour. He became Bishop of Durham, and, as such, negotiated the fateful marriage between James IV of Scotland and Margaret Tudor. From Durham he was promoted to the See of Winchester. His educational activities were great, as he was Master of Pembroke College, Cambridge, and Chancellor of that University. At Oxford he was Visitor of New College and Magdalen College, and, as has been said in a previous chapter, drew up statutes for Balliol. Having decided to found a college himself, his first intention had been to devise a house for the training of the monks of St. Swithin's, Winchester; but, it is said, his friend Oldham, Bishop of Exeter, who contributed largely to the new college, remarked, "What, my Lord, shall we build houses and provide livelihoods for a company of bussing monks whose end and fall we may live to see?" Foxe was an

ecclesiastic of the pre-Reformation School, but was an advocate of the New Learning, and a shrewd measurer of the times; he therefore listened to his friend's prophecy, which was fulfilled twenty-five years later by the Dissolution of the Monasteries, and he made his College one for secular clergy. Theology was to hold first place in the teaching, but theology based on the Early Fathers, and not on mediaeval interpretations; lecturers in Greek and Latin were appointed, a thing which caused Erasmus to say that the College would be "one of the chief glories of Britain". To find competent teachers Foxe threw his net wide. He induced Claymond, the best Latin scholar of his day, to resign the Presidency of Magdalen in order to become President of Corpus, and two foreigners were among the lecturers, Vives, a Spaniard, and Kratzer, a famous Bavarian astronomer and mathematician. It was probably he who designed the scientific instruments which appear in Holbein's famous picture of "The Ambassadors". Among the eminent members of the College in its early days were Cardinal Pole, Nicholas Udall, Head Master of Eton and Westminster, author of one of the earliest English comedies, "Ralph Roister Doister"; Jewel, Bishop of Salisbury, and Richard Hooker, author of the "Ecclesiastical Polity". The greatest age of Corpus was, perhaps, the nineteenth century, during which it produced a remarkable series of scholars, several of whom, becoming Fellows of Oriel, helped to make famous the name of that College.

The buildings of Corpus have no such varied interest as those of Merton possess. The main quadrangle, the hall, and the chapel, date from the founder's time. The cloisters and the newer buildings on the south of the older parts were begun in 1706. In the front quadrangle is a curious sundial, constructed in 1581 by a Fellow of the College, Charles Turnbull. It bears the coats of arms of Foxe, Oldham, the Queen, and Oxford; and is surmounted by a pelican, the bird chosen by Foxe as the emblem of the college.

The chapel was much restored about 1675–6, at which time the pavement was put in, and also the panelling, which is similar in design to that in the House of Convocation. Over the altar is a painting of the Adoration of the Shepherds, by Rubens. The lectern was the gift of Claymond, the first President; in the ante-chapel is a quaint and grim memorial brass, representing Claymond as a skeleton in a shroud. The hall is a dark one, and made darker by its massive seventeenth-century wainscotting; but it is worth seeing, if only for the sake of its magnificent roof, constructed about 1525. Because of the wainscotting most of the pictures are hung so high as to be nearly out of sight and mind, but above the dais hangs one, on a lower level, of Bishop Foxe, painted by Jan Rave of Bruges, perhaps the earliest portrait of an Oxford founder taken from the life. It shows him blind, as he became in his later years. The College possesses a small but pleasant garden, with the attraction of a terrace on the old City wall. A pathway between Merton and Corpus leads into Christ Church Meadows, one of the most excellent pleasaunces imaginable. Not only are there obtained from them the beautiful views of the cathedral, of Merton and of Magdalen tower, but in themselves these meadows are a happy compromise between a park and open country. A park is usually too artificial, being "laid out" with many paths, lamp-posts, seats, fountains, and over-domesticated flowers: the open country near a town is usually bedraggled, contaminated and, as it were, exhausted. But these meadows have walks in reason and also comprise real, unsophisticated fields with flowers growing in them.

CHAPTER XIV

The Women's Colleges

THE Women's Colleges require but a short chapter, for their history is not yet a long one, though the movement of which they are the outcome is one of great interest. That movement is connected with the general educational developments of the nineteenth century; nevertheless, the matter of the education of women had been mooted and discussed at various times before that period. One interesting discourse on the topic was put forward by Daniel Defoe in an early work, his "Essay Upon Several Projects", published in 1697. "I have often thought of it", he says, "as one of the most barbarous customs in the world, considering us as a civilized and a Christian countrey, that we deny the advantages of learning to women. We reproach the sex every day with folly and impertinence, while I am confident, had they the advantages of education equal to us, they would be guilty of less than ourselves. One would wonder indeed how it should happen that women are conversible at all, since they are only beholding to natural parts for all their knowledge. Their youth is spent to teach them to stitch and sew or make bawbles: they are taught to read indeed and perhaps to write their names or so; and that is the height of a woman's education. And I would but ask any who slight the sex for their Understanding, what is a man good for that is taught no more". Defoe proceeds to sketch out a scheme for academies for women, of which he would have one in every county and ten in London. He would have the buildings simple

in design and triangular in shape, set in a triangular garden with but one entrance and surrounded by a large moat. As a further protection against the surreptitious advent of men, he would have an Act of Parliament to make it "Felony without benefit of Clergy" for a man to enter the house by force or fraud, even for the honest purpose of inviting one of its inmates to marriage. Within the house he "would have no guards, no eyes, no spies set over the ladies", but would "expect them to be tried by the principles of honour and strict virtue". He would have them taught dancing, music, history, languages. "I would venture", he says, "the injury of giving a woman more Tongues than one"—and, indeed, he would deny no sort of learning. "A Woman", he continues, "well bred and well taught, furnished with the additional accomplishments of knowledge and behaviour is a creature without comparison. . . . On the other hand . . . rob her of the benefit of education and it follows thus; If her temper be good, want of education makes her soft and easy. Her Wit, for want of teaching, makes her impertinent and talkative. Her Knowledge, for want of judgment and experience, makes her fanciful and whimsical. If her Temper be bad, want of breeding makes her worse and she grows haughty, insolent and loud. If she be Passionate, want of manners makes her termagant and a scold which is much at one with lunatic. If she be proud, want of discretion makes her conceited, fantastic and ridiculous. And from these she degenerates to be turbulent, clamorous, noisy, nasty, *and the Devil*". "I need not enlarge", he concludes, "on the loss the defect of education is to the Sex, nor argue the benefit of the contrary practice; 'tis a thing will be more easily granted than remedied. This chapter is but an essay at the thing, and I refer the practice to those happy days, if ever they shall be, when men shall be wise enough to mend it."

Towards the end of the eighteenth century and in the beginning of the nineteenth, there were active a good

many writers and advocates of education. Mary Wollstonecraft, mother of Shelley's wife, published in 1792 her "Vindication of the Rights of Women", a plea for the dignity of her sex and its claims to education. There were other less passionate, less imaginative, and less revolutionary writers—such as Hannah More and Mrs. Barbauld—but they were quite definite that there should be a difference between the training of men and of women. Mrs. Barbauld, for instance, wrote to the following effect: "Young ladies ought to have only such a general tincture of knowledge as to make them agreeable companions to a man of sense, and to enable them to find rational entertainment for a solitary hour. They should gain these accomplishments in a quiet and unobserved manner. The thefts of knowledge in our sex are connived at, only while carefully concealed; and, if displayed, are punished with disgrace. The best way for women to acquire knowledge is from conversation with a father, a brother, or a friend; and by such a course of reading as they may recommend".

The "happy days" of Defoe came when men seriously set about remedying the defect in the nineteenth century; with the general increase of interest in education. It will be remembered that Tennyson's "Princess", published in 1847, deals with the topic.

Naturally, the education of women was disputed about and ridiculed. In 1884 appeared Gilbert and Sullivan's "Princess Ida", a respectful and operatic perversion of Tennyson's "Princess", describing a ladies' academy in which not even male poultry was allowed, and the crowing which roused the ladies from their slumbers was done by "an accomplished hen"; an academy from which an inmate was expelled "because although she knew no man of any kind might pass the walls, she yet dared to bring a set of chessmen in". In that same year Dean Burgon preached a sermon in New College chapel, a sermon subsequently printed and dedicated "To the mothers of England", showing that "to educate young women

like young men and with young men, is a thing inexpedient and immodest ".

Nevertheless, the movement had been progressing steadily. In 1873 a Committee for furthering the education of women was established in Oxford, the leading agents being Mrs. Creighton, Mrs. A. H. Johnson, Mrs. Max Müller, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mrs. T. H. Green, and Mr. J. Addington Symonds. Special examinations for women were set up in 1877, and two years later the first two women's colleges in Oxford were established. Dr. Talbot, first Warden of Keble, and later Bishop of Winchester, on a visit to Cambridge, had been much impressed by the development of education as revealed in Girton College there, and reflecting on problems of education, asked, " Why should the Church not be for once at the front instead of behind in its development ? " In consequence it was decided at a meeting in Keble College to found a hall on a broad Church of England basis, to which, however, other denominations might be admitted—a wise decision, since the segregation of opinions is bad for any cause, and since contact with every kind of thought is necessary for those who seek to be truly " educated ". It was also decided to found another hall which should be entirely undenominational. This was the origin of Lady Margaret Hall and of Somerville College. The former was named after Lady Margaret Beaufort, mother of Henry VII, who, on the advice of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, founded Christ's College and St. John's College at Cambridge, and instituted at the two Universities a Readership in Divinity, still called by her name ; the latter deriving its name from Mrs. Mary Somerville, the eminent mathematician, who died in 1872.

Lady Margaret Hall occupies a delightful position adjacent to the parks, and has grounds stretching down to the Cherwell. Its buildings are partly the work of Champneys, but the " Georgian " portion is by Sir Reginald Blomfield, and is even now being added to by the same architect.

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The building of Somerville presented greater architectural difficulties, as the available ground was a long and comparatively narrow strip lying between Walton Street and the Woodstock Road. The site consisted of the Manor House of Walton and its garden. The house itself, built in 1826, has been retained by a happy conservatism, through all alterations and expansions of the College, as have also the old cottages on the north of the entrance way. The first additions to the house were made in 1881 by Sir Thomas Jackson. Next, in 1885, a block was built at the far end of the site towards Walton Street, by Mr. H. C. Moore. In 1904 these buildings. were joined to the older ones by Mr. Basil Champneys, In this part of the College is situated the library, which comprises a collection of books remarkable for so new an institution. It includes two thousand volumes, at one time the property of John Stuart Mill, presented to the College by his niece. Another gift included the Second Folio of Shakespeare's Works, an early "Black-letter" edition of Chaucer, and a number of autographs, notable among which are a letter written by Charles Lamb and another by Coleridge. Finally, a new wing was completed to the south of the original buildings by Mr. Edmund Fisher. All the buildings, especially the last mentioned, are of very considerable artistic merit; indeed, the Women's Colleges have been fortunate in originating during a period of architectural revival. Edmund Fisher's buildings include the dining-hall, which, like the one in Lady Margaret Hall, though to a greater degree, seems to have a peculiar and appropriate feminine grace.

St. Hugh's College, formerly in Norham Gardens, now in the Banbury Road, was founded in 1886 by Miss Wordsworth, the first Principal of Lady Margaret Hall. Its buildings, completed in 1916 from the designs of Mr. Buckland, are very handsome and are backed by a beautiful garden. The fourth college, St. Hilda's (also graced with a lovely garden), situated on the east side of Magdalen

Bridge, was founded in 1893 by Miss Dorothea Beale, a great advocate of secondary education for women, and Principal of the Ladies' College at Cheltenham.

In 1880 University lectures were thrown open to women, and four years later they were allowed to sit for most of the honours examinations, though not until 1920 were degrees granted to them. That was not, indeed, the final step in the evolution of women's colleges, for further developments will take place, and there are many problems to be faced in the future—problems of government, problems of finance, and problems of administration. At present they are governed by councils, a form of government which we venture to think unsatisfactory as a permanent system. A council is a body of busy people, who have neither time nor opportunity to become an integral part of the institution which they control; they cannot be acquainted with its personnel, nor be in touch with its intimate aspirations and ambitions. It is beneath the dignity of the teaching staff of an Oxford college that they should be controlled by an external body, and it is clean contrary to the ancient and excellent Oxford tradition that a college shall be a self-governing community in which all the teachers have equal power and equal responsibility. However, at present some form of government by a council is probably best, especially a form mitigated, as it is, by the presence in the council of members of the staff, because women are not yet fully practised in the affairs of the University, and they no doubt welcome the advice of men who know the customs, precedents, and methods obtaining in the ancient colleges.

The problem of administration is a still more difficult one. Are the women to be treated exactly like men, or must special rules be applied to them? Accusations are brought against women's colleges that they are too like girls' schools, as their inmates are hedged with over-many precepts and regulations. Those who make such accusations do not sufficiently know or consider how the

social life of women's colleges has already advanced in conformity with the general ideas of emancipation. The historians of Somerville have narrated how, until 1893, a closed bath-chair was kept on the premises to be used by young ladies for the purpose of being conveyed decorously to dinner-parties; how, until about 1895, it was ordained that ladies riding bicycles must always do so in couples, and in any case not use those machines for the purpose of going to lectures; how, in the early days of the college, as it was held unseemly to walk the streets carrying a tennis-racquet, ladies went to tennis-parties in closed cabs! Doubtless there will be further changes; there would be much harm in any frantic and ill-considered attempt to be up to date, and only time can show to what extent women's colleges can or ought to be put on the same basis as those of men.

It is bold to hazard any opinions as to the effect of University education on women, and any opinions so hazarded must be generalizations to which there are many exceptions. Perhaps tutors in Oxford notice that women are more laborious and more conscientious than men, more uniform in their ideas, more apt to take things seriously, more obviously clever when they are clever. Men, in the course of some eight hundred years of education at Oxford, have acquired a certain many-sidedness, a certain insouciance, a wide-spreading sense of humour which enables them to conceal their thoughts, cares, and abilities under an easy and graceful air; to whatever extent they do so in reality, they do not appear superficially to take life seriously; its rubs and ups and downs they for the most part consider lightly. But, after all, if there is a difference between the work of men and women, that is a fact neither strange nor regrettable. It is not desirable that the virtues of womankind, any more than their vices, should be exactly the same as those found in mankind.

There is a story—quite untrue, but which is useful to point a difference—that a lady undergraduate drove

to the examination schools in a cab with her tutor, who, until the moment the cab stopped at the door, read to her out of notebooks. A male undergraduate would amble down to the schools thinking of nothing in particular, or of something quite apart from the forthcoming examination. In result, the lady would produce very conscientious and accurate work of a moderate standard; the man might produce either something very bad or else something distinctive, original, and of marked individuality.

Nothing that lasts is done suddenly. The education of men has been a slow process; the older colleges of Oxford have passed through many stages, undergone many changes, faced many problems, been transformed by slow evolution. It must be the same with women's colleges. Meanwhile, the advent of women has added much interest to Oxford, and must have widened its horizon and extended its influence.

CHAPTER XV

The Cathedral and Some Other Churches of Oxford

IN the midst of colleges and their chapels one is apt to forget that there are churches of interest in Oxford, and one even recalls at times with surprise that this is a Cathedral City. The Cathedral is among the smallest in England—it would have been larger had Wolsey not removed part of the nave in building Christ Church—and it is certainly the most retiring of them, being so much obscured by the Cardinal's great College that its exterior can be seen to any extent only from Christ Church meadows or from the windows of the College library. The uninformed, walking along the east side of Tom Quad, would never suppose that they passed by the west end and the main entrance of an ancient and famous Cathedral. So humble and dark is that entrance that, when one has finally gone down two steps, and passed into the Cathedral itself, one has something of the sensation of emerging from a narrow passage-way into a great and fantastic cavern—a sensation increased by the mixture of styles in the building, and by the choir vaulting, with its pendents hanging like stalactites.

The origin of the Cathedral was a small nunnery, established here about 727 by Didan, a sub-king ruling over the Oxford district, and dependent upon the kingdom of Mercia. He had a daughter, Frideswide or Fritheswithe (meaning " The Bond of Peace "), who urged him to make provision for herself after his death by bestowing his large possessions and inheritance upon some religious fabric. Accordingly, he endowed and built on a piece of dry and rising ground, above the river, a nunnery, wherein lived and died St. Frideswide and twelve

THE CATHEDRAL FROM CHRIST CHURCH LIBRARY

companions devoted to religion. Around the sainted lady grew up, of course, much and detailed legendry, the work of mediaeval writers, who combined piety with the innate human craving for romantic fiction; but we need not repeat here the always-told and not extraordinarily interesting legends. The oldest part of the Cathedral consists of some walling and some arches at the east end of the Lady Chapel. These may be remains of Didan's church, but, if not, they are certainly of the Anglo-Saxon period. Nearby there are fragments of the shrine of St. Frideswide, not Anglo-Saxon, but dating from about 1289. The carving on the shrine is remarkable for its representation of flowers and foliage, so naturalistic that a botanist has been able to identify the plants: maple, columbine, the greater celandine, hawthorn, bryony, sycamore, oak, vine, and ivy leaves. Thirteenth-century carving was mostly conventional, so that this is an early specimen of the development which was to become characteristic of fourteenth-century work. Under the easternmost arch, between the Latin Chapel and the Lady Chapel, is a beautiful Perpendicular Watching Chamber, built about the end of the fifteenth century, and perhaps designed as a place from which to watch the precious things put upon the shrine (which was a much-frequented place of pilgrimage), though the structure may have been built as a chantry-chapel, or even have been intended as a new and more elaborate shrine for the saint. Didan's church was destroyed in 1002 during the great massacre of the Danes, commanded by Ethelred the Unready to take place on St. Brice's Day throughout England. In the destruction of the Danes, the church was also destroyed, for the victims took refuge in it. The matter is briefly summed up by the chronicler, William of Malmesbury: "Into the tower of St. Frideswyde they were driven, and as men could not drive them thence, the tower, was fired and they perished in the burning". Two years later Ethelred rebuilt the church on a greater scale. Soon after St. Frideswide's death the nunnery was handed

over to a chapter of Secular Canons, and was nevermore a place of residence for nuns. It became in Henry I's reign a priory of Augustinian Canons. About 1160–80 the church was rebuilt again, and it has been disputed among architects, how much was then allowed to survive of Ethelred's work. It has been maintained that there are considerable remains of the Anglo-Saxon church in the present choir. Almost certainly three shafts of a window in the western triforium of the south transept are Anglo-Saxon, and therefore relics of Ethelred's church, but it is difficult to believe that much, if anything, else remains of that period. A remarkable feature of the Norman work is that the triforium is a "blind" one, carried by a sub-arch, the main arch continuing above the triforium. A similar arrangement exists in a bay on either side of the nave of Romsey Abbey in Hampshire. The east end of the choir is not Norman work, but a nineteenth-century rebuilding made by Sir Gilbert Scott, who then replaced a fifteenth-century window with what is a tolerably successful, if somewhat mechanical, reproduction of the twelfth-century style.

The Lady Chapel is mainly of the Early English (thirteenth-century) period, while the chapel north of it, known as the Latin Chapel, is of the fourteenth century. About 1480 the choir was roofed with the elaborate vaulting which somewhat resembles that in the Divinity School. The suppression of the priory prevented the whole church being similarly vaulted, and the wooden roofing of the nave and transepts is of the sixteenth century. In the latter half of the fifteenth century were inserted the present windows in the clerestory of the north transept. Thus every period of English mediaeval Gothic is represented in the Cathedral, which, therefore, in detail is of great interest, even though, regarded as a whole, it cannot compare with many others in England.

The stained glass includes some examples which are worth attention. The oldest, dating from the early years of the fourteenth century, is to be seen in the Latin

Chapel, and that in St. Lucy's Chapel was made later in the same century. In a window in St. Lucy's Chapel is a panel which represents the murder of St. Thomas à Becket. It is interesting because the portion of glass on which the martyr's head would be has disappeared, and has been replaced by a piece of plain glass. It is usually said that this is accounted for by the attack made on the memory and relics of Becket in the reign of Henry VIII, when the shrine at Canterbury was destroyed and the saint's name erased from the Service Books. Certainly windows containing representations of Becket were destroyed, and one would have thought that the window would have been totally wrecked; but the removal of one small piece may have been a compromise on the part of someone wishing to retain the glass, and yet to obey authority, or the pane may have been broken by, so to speak, some private fanatic who dared not smash the whole of the glass. In the seventeenth century there was introduced a considerable amount of glass of the Van Linge School, of which unfortunately only two complete specimens remain. It has been lamented that, to suit the glass, the tracery of the windows was altered; but one ventures to think that the glass is more precious than the tracery. One of the specimens, which is signed "Abraham van Linge fecit 163–", is at the west end of the north aisle of the nave; it shows on one side Jonah sitting under the gourd, on the other the city of Nineveh, and therein lies the delight of this window, for Nineveh is charmingly heaped up, and the gradations of colour on roofs and walls are truly beautiful. The other specimen, which is perhaps—but not certainly—by van Linge, is in the south aisle of the choir. It shows Bishop King, last Abbot of Osney and first Bishop of Oxford. In the background is the best existing view of the ruins of Osney Abbey, as they were about 1630–40.

In the nineteenth century a great deal of Flemish glass was displaced in favour of windows by Burne-Jones, whose earliest work (1858) is at the east end of the Latin Chapel.

It illustrates the story of St. Frideswide, and its small and brilliant pictures are much admired, especially that showing the death of the saint. Other windows designed by that artist and executed by Morris, Marshall, Faulkner and company are at the east end of the Lady Chapel, one being in memory of a member of Christ Church (F. G. Viner), murdered by Greek brigands, and another representing the martyrdom of St. Cecilia. Another Burne-Jones window is at the west end of the south nave aisle, but the best of his work here is the window at the east end of the south choir aisle, depicting the story of St. Catherine of Alexandria. In the centre light is the figure of the saint, with the features of Edith Liddell, whom the window commemorates. A year or so ago there appeared, and still remains, on the wall below this window two damp patches, one forming a profile bearded head as of a figure out of a Blake drawing, the other making a very accurate profile portrait of Dean Liddell, the father of the girl to whose memory the window above was set up. So true a likeness is it, that when first noticed it attracted very great attention; some thought it must have been surreptitiously made by an artist, others were interested psychically, but a verger has been heard to say that he had seen it forming during twenty-five years. It is well known that damp patches often assume the outline of faces; it is said that Leonardo da Vinci advised his pupils to study them. Nevertheless, it is a remarkable and curious thing that an exact likeness should have appeared of a late Dean of Christ Church in this particular place in this particular building.

A prominent piece of glass-work is in the large window at the end of the north transept representing St. Michael fighting the dragon; but it is scarcely a great work of art, as the design is too widespread and the colouring too warm to be comfortable to the eye. If the colouring in the Burne-Jones windows is apt to be a little weak, that in this window (by Messrs. Clayton and Bell) errs in the other direction.

Of the monuments in the Cathedral the most curious is that of Richard Burton, author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy", who died in 1639, and is here buried. It bears an inscription composed by himself:

PAUCIS NOTUS, PAUCIORIBUS IGNOTUS
HIC JACET
DEMOCRITUS JUNIOR
CUI VITAM DEDIT ET MORTEM
MELANCHOLIA.

Above it is Burton's bust, surrounded by an oval frame; on the top are his arms, and at the sides a sphere and a calculation of his "nativity", also composed by himself, Altogether a memorial very characteristic of the man. In the south transept and in St. Lucy's Chapel are several monuments which witness to the part played by Oxford in the Civil Wars, for here lie Viscount Grandison, who died in Oxford of wounds received at the siege of Bristol in 1643; Sir Edward Littleton, Keeper of the Great Seal, who took up arms for the King "during the execrable siege of this City"; Viscount Brouncker, Chamberlain to the Prince of Wales; Sir Henry Gage, Governor of Oxford, killed at the fight at Culham Bridge in 1644; Sir William Pennyman, who died of camp fever in 1643; and Major-General Sir John Smith, who was killed at Cheriton in 1644. His deed at Edgehill, which won him his knighthood, is one of the most picturesque episodes of the Civil War. At that battle the King's standard-bearer was Sir Edmund Verney, one of those magnanimous men whose searchings of heart make one realize the full tragedy of civil war; he did not entirely sympathize with Charles's cause, and he saw that the war would bring all to ruin, that "neither papist nor puritan, aye nor protestant, but will be the losers by it", yet he knew that he must cast his lot in with one party or the other, and having decided that he would stand by the King, he did so with unshakeable loyalty. When the standard was entrusted to his care, he said "that by

the Grace of God they that would wrest that standard from his hand, must first wrest his soul from his body". He made good this noble boasting, for in the battle, when offered his life if he would surrender the standard, he refused, and was cut down after killing many of his opponents. It is a tradition that so firmly was his hand gripping the shaft entrusted to his charge that it had to be cut off before the standard could be released. The emblem was then handed over to the Earl of Essex's secretary. Captain Smith, of the King's Life Guards, picked up an orange-coloured scarf and wound it about him —for the opposite armies were distinguished by different coloured scarves—and, thus disguised, with two others went into the enemies ranks and made his way to where Essex's secretary was. Telling him that it was not fitting that a penman should have the honour of carrying the standard, he snatched it from him, and successfully made his way back to the King's quarters. For this act he was knighted on the field.

Of other objects in the Cathedral there are to be noticed the Jacobean organ screen, built about 1680, and the finely carved pulpit of about 1635. A doorway from the south nave aisle leads into the cloisters, which are small—one side was completely removed by Wolsey when building his College—and not very interesting as regards tracery or vaulting, both of which are of late fifteenth-century work of no particular merit. But the chapter-house on the east side is of great architectural interest. Its doorway is a good specimen of Norman work; the stonework bears signs of fire, but whether as a result of a conflagration of 1194 or of the seventeenth century is uncertain. The room within (1220–40) is a magnificent example of the Early English period—pure in style, admirably proportioned, and beautiful in the detail of its bosses, corbels, capitals, etc. There are some pieces of fifteenth-century glass in the side windows, and in the east wall is the foundation-stone of Wolsey's College at Ipswich.

From the cloisters can be noticed the spire of the Cathedral, very modest and unambitious when compared with the great central towers or soaring spires of other cathedrals, but proportionate to the rest of the building; very restful to look at. The lower part is Norman, and on the sides can be seen the gable-line of the original high-pitched roof, removed in the fifteenth century. The rest of the tower and spire is of the Early English period. Mr. Dearmer has pointed out that it is "one of the earliest spires, perhaps the very first, ever built in England", and so was an experiment, a pioneer. Spires were, before long, to be made much loftier; pinnacles, niches, tabernacles, were to develop from the simple turrets, such as are on the angles of the tower; but though later spires are more wonderful, they are not necessarily more satisfying than this early attempt.

St. Mary's Church, in size, comes next to the Cathedral, and in importance also; for, though it is, and always has been, a parish church, it is also the University church. In the early days of the University it was used as the library, treasury, meeting-place, court-house, place where academical disputations were made, and the scene of degree-conferring. Its connection with the University is now largely a matter of sermons, "official" ones being preached every Sunday morning and unofficial ones in the evenings for Undergraduates.

There were two churches on this site previous to the present building, one founded in Anglo-Saxon times and another which replaced it in the reign of Henry II. Of the present church the greater part is fifteenth century, the choir having been built about 1460 and the nave some thirty years later; but the chapel to the west of the tower, and the Old Congregation House to the east of it, are both of the early part of the fourteenth century, though they were to some extent remodelled in the following century. Both were built by the founder of Oriel College, Adam de Brome, who is buried in an altar-tomb in the chapel mentioned above. Still older than

these parts of the church is the steeple itself, since it was built towards the end of the thirteenth century, being begun in the reign of Edward I and completed in that of Edward II, as the style of the architecture indicates, for the lower part belongs to the "geometrical" period of Decorated Gothic, while the upper part is less severe, more efflorescent at the base of the spire. The pinnacles, niches, and statues have had to be repaired and renewed at various times, the latest renovation taking place in 1895, when Sir Thomas Jackson designed new pinnacles, and when the old statues in the niches in the great pinnacles had to be removed because of their decay. Only one original statue remains; the others were replaced by Sir George Frampton, who modelled his work on the old figures, which are now stored in the Congregation House, and which are considered to be good examples of English sculpture of a fine period of that art. The steeple occupies a peculiar and very effective position: before the Old Congregation House and Adam de Brome's Chapel were built it stood clear of the body of the church, being at the end of the north transept, and not, as would be usual, at the west end or over the crossing of nave and transept. The reason for its position is not known, but whatever it might be the result is very effective. As for the detail of it, I cannot refrain from wishing that the base of the spire was less ornamental, as the numerous pinnacles seem to me to frustrate its endeavour to soar, and to make what would be graceful and slender appear somewhat stunted and stout. The lavish "ball-flower" decoration, when seen too closely, also reminds me at times of barnacles covering sea-washed objects. Neither do I feel quite content with another famous feature of the exterior of the church, the porch on the south side. In his diary, under the year 1637, Laud wrote: "In this year the Porch at St. Marie's was finisht at the cost of my chaplayne, Dr. Morgan Owen, which was 230£". Four years later the erection of the porch formed the content of one of the charges brought against the Arch-

bishop at his impeachment: "That there was a very scandalous statue of the Virgin Mary with Christ in her arms set up in the front of the new Church Porch of St. Mary's next the street, to which Mr. Nixon deposeth he saw one bow and another pray". But it is not with any religious significance of the porch that I am concerned here, but only with its artistic merit. It is certainly a curious and interesting work, but surely somewhat of an extravaganza, too heavily ornamented; and the twistings of the columns give them an appearance of weakness, whereas columns should look strong and stately. But the iron gates in front of the porch are very pleasing, very rich and delicate.

The interior of the nave is obviously arranged to be a place of much preaching. Professor Sayce has told of the bedel at St. Mary's who remarked: "I have listened to University sermons for fifty years and, thank God, I still remain a Christian". The woodwork of the galleries and of the pews on the floor, much in quantity and not good in quality, having been constructed in 1826, when "Gothic" imitations of any kind were poor, especially in wood, prevents the architectural merits of the nave being fully appreciated. From the present pulpit Newman and Keble preached their famous sermons, and from an older one, now vanished, John Wesley preached his last sermon before his secession. In old times the nave must have been clear of fixtures, for on great occasions scaffolding was erected, as when Cranmer in 1556 recanted here his recantation, and when in 1566 Queen Elizabeth, for four hours on three consecutive days, listened to disputations on moral philosophy, law, medicine, and theology, and herself made a Latin speech at the end. She was accompanied by the Spanish Ambassador and the Earl of Leicester. Did the latter, his mind wandering from this prolix business, think at all about Amy Robsart, who six years previously was buried in this church, though where is not now known?

St. Michael's, in Cornmarket Street, deserves place

next to St. Mary's because of its ancient and most interesting tower. It stands in one of the busiest and most frequented streets of Oxford, where people hasten to and fro, and have scarcely time to glance at this most venerable antiquity, which has remained since the Norman Conquest almost unchanged, while the City around it has altered much, and many generations of people in the street have come and gone, with an infinity of change of thought, manners, costume, and mode of life. The tower has every appearance of dating from the Anglo-Saxon period; it is made of rubble, and has no facing of squared stones, only the angles being strengthened with "long and short" work—that is to say, stones placed alternately vertically and horizontally. The belfry windows are composed of a two-headed opening divided by a baluster, or "mid-wall shaft", shaped roughly with an axe, or, perhaps, "turned" on a simple kind of lathe. It is stated in Domesday Book (1086) that the "Priests of St. Michael" had two tenements in Oxford; the chronicle of Abingdon Abbey relates that Robert D'Oigli, the first Governor of Oxford under William the Conqueror, restored churches both within and without the City. This evidence shows that D'Oigli built churches, and that St. Michael's was existing in his time. There can be no certainty that the tower is not a pre-Norman work, nor, on the other hand, that it was not built by Robert D'Oigli. Its Anglo-Saxon character does not necessarily furnish an objection to its Norman origin, because it is quite probable that English masons were employed, and they would naturally follow the old methods and designs. The Norman invaders were comparatively few in numbers, and we can readily imagine that native craftsmen might be the only ones available. At Exeter Castle, undoubtedly built by the Normans, there is, for instance, a characteristic Anglo-Saxon triangular-shaped window, no doubt the work of a local mason.

It may well be that this tower was built by D'Oigli, like Wykeham's Tower at New College three hundred years

later, partly as a campanile, partly as a tower of defence. It stands just where the north gate stood—that is to say, in an important position in the line of the town's defences, for it was from the north, in which quarter there were no waterways, that the wall could be most easily approached and attacked. Twenty-seven feet from the ground-level there is, on the north side of the tower, a doorway which probably gave access to the wall or to temporary galleries of defence, constructed of boards and raw hides, called "hourdes" (from which is derived our modern word "hoarding"). South of the tower vestiges have been found of a ditch, so that possibly at one time the wall ran south of it, and was later deflected to the north in order to include the tower. It is, therefore, uncertain whether the building was originally isolated from the church, and whether it stood clear of the City wall on the north or south side. No trace remains of the Norman church itself, the present building being mainly of the fourteenth century. There is nothing particularly noteworthy about it, except that the chancel is unusually lofty for its width.

St. Mary Magdalen was originally a Norman church, but no work of that period remains in it. The north aisle of the existing building was put up in 1841 to commemorate the Oxford Martyrs; there is appropriately kept within the church the door of Cranmer's prison in the Northgate. The south aisle is of the fourteenth century, with ornamental parapet, decorated tracery in the windows, and somewhat elaborate buttresses with niches for statues. The statues now standing in those niches are modern work of doubtful merit. The body of the church was much restored in the nineteenth century, and has now but little character. The tower was built about 1530, perhaps with material brought from Rewley Abbey.

It was usual in the Middle Ages to leave a clear space immediately outside of the chief gate of a city, as it was unsafe and inconvenient to have the main entrance obstructed. Beyond that space houses would be built

as the town developed, and a population would grow requiring a church. It is evident that St. Mary Magdalen was built in an open space, for it is still isolated from other buildings, having a road on either side of it, and the width of St. Giles's beyond it is accounted for by that street being once a large open stretch. Very often a church outside a city gate was dedicated to St. Giles—there is, for instance, the church of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, in London—but the cult of St. Giles does not appear to have been very widespread in England before the twelfth century, and so that is perhaps the reason why it was not this church near the north gate, but one farther away, and built at a later time, which was dedicated to that saint.

St. Giles's Church, at the junction of the Banbury and Woodstock Roads, has still the air of rusticity, the appearance of a building separated from the town life, as once upon a time it was. It is perhaps the most lovable of Oxford churches—simple, unpretentious, and harmonious. Much of its attraction is due to the fact that it is nearly all of one century—the thirteenth. Architecturally it is interesting in that it provides an example of the development of the Early English style, especially as regards the treatment of windows and the evolution of tracery. The south aisle is one of the oldest parts—built quite early in the thirteenth century—and it will be seen that the windows there are single "lancet" openings, splayed on the inner side so as to admit more light. In the north aisle, built perhaps some twenty years later, several of the lancet windows are grouped together, forming three adjacent lights. A "hood-moulding" then is added, covering the several semi-detached openings; when this is done, a blank stone surface is left between the hood-moulding and the tops of the window-lights, a space which obviously demands either decoration or piercing. In the belfry windows of the tower it will be seen that a small lancet opening has been put between the over-arch and the heads of the pair

ST. GILES'S CHURCH FROM THE WOODSTOCK ROAD

of lancets. When such an opening is enlarged, and made in circular forms of various kinds, tracery has clearly entered on a stage in which it rapidly develops into great variety and elaboration. At the east end of the church is a window which shows tracery definitely evolved, for there the space between the hood-moulding and the triple lancets is occupied by three circles of stone containing quatrefoils. The date of the window is about 1260.

We return now to Robert D'Oigli's activities. Another of his churches is perhaps St. Peter's-in-the-East. The picturesque tower is mainly a fourteenth-century structure, but in its peculiar " batter ", or slope from the base upwards, it resembles the old Norman tower at the castle, and it is therefore possible that later builders followed the Norman design, or that they even utilized a considerable part of the original fabric. It may be that the tower, like that of St. Michael's, was intended partly as a defence of the eastern part of the City, though it is definitely within the walls. It has been suggested that the two turrets at the eastern end of the church served as sentry-boxes, as they had openings from which a watch could be kept over the streams and meadows around the east gate; but perhaps that is a somewhat fanciful idea, since the tower would furnish a higher point of vantage, and in days of very short-range missiles there was no need for watchmen to be heavily protected. The chancel is Norman, and its vault-ribs are decorated with a very unusual chain pattern. The lady chapel, standing at right angles to the chancel, was built about 1240, and was once used as a chapel by St. Edmund Hall. The porch is fifteenth-century work, but the doorway within it is a rich late Norman example. Beneath the chancel, and entered from the outside by a stairway leading through a buttress, is a Norman crypt, which in interest compares with that at Canterbury Cathedral. Whether it is part of D'Oigli's original church, or is later Norman work, or is the original crypt with an extension, is doubtful. The peculiarity of this kind of crypt is that its vaulting

is higher than the floor of the nave, and that from the north and south sides of the nave steps led down to it. The carving on the capitals and on some of the bases of the shafts supporting the vaulting of the crypt is worth noticing.

Of other ancient Oxford churches not much need be said. St. Ebbe's was rebuilt, 1814–16, and its only interesting feature is a fine Norman arch, recovered from a builder's yard and now replaced in the church. St. Cross, or Holywell Church, has a Norman chancel arch, which is the only remnant of the original building.

The church of St. Thomas the Martyr, not far from the railway stations, has a chancel of the thirteenth century, with a priest's door (about 1220) on the south side having the original ironwork. The nave is partly Perpendicular, but the north aisle is modern, having been added in 1847. The porch, dated 1621, is interesting, as it bears the arms of Robert Burton, author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy", who at that time was vicar.

Probably few people can make up their minds as to which kind of mediaeval architecture they prefer—the massiveness and barbaric richness of Norman, the grace and simplicity of Early English, the lavishness and variety of pattern of Decorated, or the stateliness of Perpendicular. There is a great variety of Gothic forms, and all have their attractiveness; nevertheless, it is sometimes pleasant to see a church not of Gothic design. The Middle Ages employed that manner of building because it was the manner of the time—a living and growing method of building, not confined to ecclesiastical uses, but employed in all kinds of edifices. The Gothic revivalists of the nineteenth century restored and built countless new churches in that style, because they thought that "Gothic" and "Ecclesiastical" were very nearly synonyms; they used a style not living in their day, and they produced merely lifeless, soulless, mechanical imitations of mediaeval work. And one has at times a weariness of churches that are Gothic, and it comes as an agreeable surprise that a church need not necessarily have chancel,

nave, aisles, etc., nor pointed arches, nor vaulted roof. Those who feel anything of this weariness will be refreshed, as I have been, to visit All Saints' Church, which is built after the "Palladian" manner, and the interior of which is a large rectangular room. It is true that such interiors have little atmosphere of awe or mystery about them; they are often compared to the hall of a city magnate or drawing-room of a large mansion; but I do not know why we should not sometimes feel that worship can be domestic, and at least there is light, space, and air in these churches, whereas in some of the Gothic kind, especially nineteenth-century ones, there is an atmosphere of gloom and depression.

But whether we like the style of All Saints' or not, it will be generally admitted to be an admirable example of its kind, especially the tower and spire, which contribute to the beauty of the High Street. There was an ancient church on this site, but in 1699 the tower fell on to the building, almost completely demolishing it. The new church, completed in 1710, was designed by an amateur, Henry Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, a man of many accomplishments. He wrote a treatise on geometry and a textbook on logic, which was used until the middle of the nineteenth century, but it is as a musician that he is chiefly known. He composed or adapted more than thirty anthems, and, in a lighter vein, composed the famous round, "The Bonny Bells of Christ Church" and a "Smoking Catch", "to be sung by four men smoking their pipes, not more difficult to sing than diverting to hear", the time being so arranged that each singer is able to take a puff at his pipe:

Good, good indeed! The herb's good weed!
Fill thy pipe, Will; and I prithee, Sam, fill!
For, sure, we may smoke; and yet sing still!
What say the Learned? *Vita fumus.*
'Tis what { you and I, / and he and I, / you, and he, and I } and all of us, *sumus.*

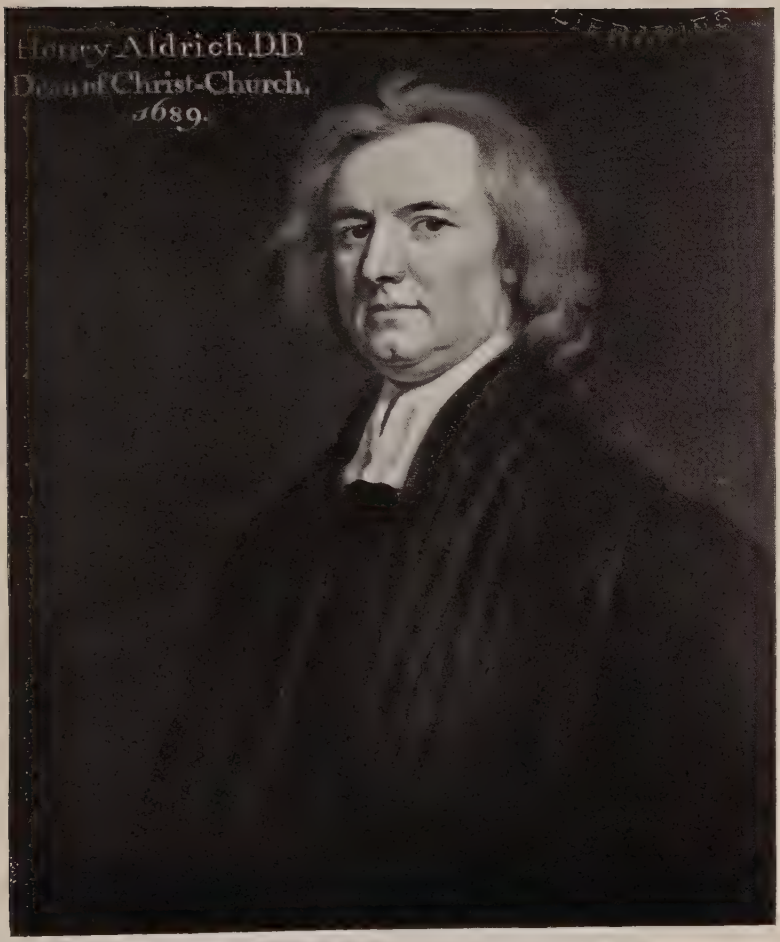
But, then, to the Learned say we again,
" If Life's a smoke, as they maintain,
If Life's a vapour; without doubt,
When a man does die, they should not cry,
That his Glass is run; but his Pipe is out!"

But whether we smoke, or whether we sing;
Let's be loyal and remember the King!
Let him live! and let his foes vanish
Thus! thus! thus! like a pipe of Spanish!

Aldrich was a great smoker, concerning which trait an old story relates that one undergraduate betted another that at whatever hour the Dean was visited he would be found smoking his pipe. But the bet was lost, as when the matter was put to the test, Aldrich was found, not smoking, but *filling* his pipe. Hearne speaks of him with great enthusiasm as " a man of admirable natural parts almost beyond compare; a severe student himself, yet always free, open, and facetious, and so generous that he spared no cost to promote and carry on good designs ". Besides All Saints' Church, he planned the cloister and Fellows' Buildings on the south side of Corpus Christi, and also Peckwater quadrangle at Christ Church. The last-named work has not of late years been a very pleasing object, as the soft stonework, under the assault of Oxford damp and frost, has decayed and flaked to a hideous extent; [1] but now it is being refaced and restored, and one is able to see that the buildings, if not particularly inspired, are at least dignified and adequate. Aldrich died in 1710, and was buried in the Cathedral.

Since the destruction of St. Martin's Church, of which the tower remains in Carfax, and of which something has been said in Chapter I, All Saints' has been the church officially attended by the Mayor and Corporation of the City.

[1] Most of the old stonework in Oxford decays in this way. Once a visitor from the Far West, whom I was conducting round the colleges, remarked that the walls reminded him of the rind of a ripe old Stilton cheese!



HENRY ALDRICH, D.D.
FROM THE PAINTING BY SIR G. KNELLER IN CHRIST CHURCH

CHAPTER XVI

The Bodleian and Some Other Libraries

THOMAS FULLER, with his facility of quaint and concise utterance, remarks of the Bodleian Library that it "stands like Diana among her nymphs and surpasseth all the rest for the rarity and multitude of books; so that if there be any wanting on any subject it is because the world doth not afford them. The Library was founded by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; confounded in the reign of Edward the Sixth . . .; refounded by Sir Thomas Bodley, and the bounty of daily benefactors". As for the quantity of books in the Library, it must be remembered that Fuller was writing in the seventeenth century, in an age when statistics were not compiled. There must then, as now, have been many books "wanting", and, indeed, no library could or would possess a copy of every printed book, of which the total number in the world has been estimated at some 13,000,000. Completeness is not the only criterion of excellence in libraries—a complete library would be largely a mere lumber-room or dust-heap—and the *importance* of the books possessed counts for much. The Vatican Library is, for instance, relatively small, but is of the utmost importance because of the manuscripts it contains. Ten years ago the Bodleian contained 1,050,000 printed volumes, 40,000 manuscripts, and 20,000 charters, rolls, and suchlike documents. Mr. Madan, late Bodley's librarian, has stated that "the Bodleian may fairly claim to rank in size about ninth, and in size and importance together about eighth. It is the largest and most important University library in

the world, and the largest (at any rate in the Old World) which is not aided out of State funds. It claims also to be one of the earliest public libraries in Europe in the sense that it has always been open to those who bring a sufficient recommendation, practically without distinction of class or nationality". Under the statutes of the founder, books are not allowed out of the library—a rule which has been observed, even when the mighty have demanded them. In 1645, when in Oxford, Charles I caused an order to be sent to the Library to the effect: "Deliver unto the bearer hereof, for the present use of His Majesty, a Book intituled 'Histoire Universelle du Sieur D'Aubigné:' and this shall be your warrant". The librarian went to the King with the statutes, whereupon the would-be borrower gave way. Again, in 1654, Cromwell wished to borrow a manuscript for the Portuguese Ambassador; again the statutes were pleaded in denial, whereupon Cromwell commended "the prudence of the founder who had made the place so sacred", and did not press his request.

As Fuller said, Sir Thomas Bodley was a re-founder, and the founder was Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, fourth son of Henry IV. The first University library consisted of books, kept in the upper floor of the Old Congregation House at St. Mary's Church. In 1439 Duke Humphrey gave to the University 129 manuscripts—a very large number for times when books were so scarce and valuable as to be included in inventories among jewels and plate. The University thanked him profusely in a letter which terminated in a promise to celebrate a Mass for his soul both during his lifetime and after his death. Masses are no longer said in St. Mary's, but the Duke's name still appears in the list of benefactors recited occasionally in the Bidding Prayer in the University Church. Five years later the Duke presented many more manuscripts on all kinds of topics, which shows that the learning of the Middle Ages was giving way to the New Learning then spreading from

Italy to all parts of Europe. Furthermore, when the University told him that they intended to add another storey to the Divinity School in order to make a library of which they would like him to accept the title of founder, the Duke gave money and more books towards that purpose. Duke Humphrey died in 1447, and so did not live to see the completion of the building called by his name, as it was not finished until 1488.

The Library was certainly "confounded" in the reign of Edward VI, for in 1550 the Commissioners, in the name of religion, burnt, sold, threw or gave away or otherwise dispersed its contents so thoroughly that only a "great desolate room" remained, and in 1556 the University sold the shelving, now empty and useless. Only four of Duke Humphrey's manuscripts have found their way back to the Library. One of these, "The Epistles of Pliny", contains his autograph, and is in one of the show-cases.

Thomas Bodley, the "re-founder", came of a Protestant Devonshire family, which in Mary's reign was "so cruelly threatened and so narrowly observed" that for safety it had to flee to the Continent. In consequence, he himself was first educated at Frankfurt and Geneva; but on Elizabeth's accession the family returned to England, and the son was sent to Magdalen College in 1559. After taking his degree, he became a Fellow of Merton, where he lectured on Greek and natural philosophy. In 1583 and the following year he was employed in London in the service of the Crown, and then definitely became a diplomat, being sent on missions to Denmark, the Low Countries, Germany, and France. He retired in 1598, and immediately set about what was to prove the greatest work of his life, the renewal of the University Library. "I concluded at the last", he says in his autobiography, "to set up my Staffe at the Librarie dore in Oxon; being throwghly perswawded, that in my solitude, and surcease from the Commonwealth affayers, I coulde not busie myselfe to better purpose, then by redusing that place (which then in every part laye ruined

and wast), to the publique use of studients". Bodley was a man of energy, of wealth, many friends and diplomatic talent; he was no labour-saving benefactor, who merely gives money, takes the credit, and allows others to do the work. He himself stirred up other people to give books; he appointed the first librarian, he supervised all arrangements and details, as the letters extant between him and the librarian amply show. The librarian, for instance, asked for a higher salary, to which request Bodley replied: "I do not doubt but to give you very good satisfaction, but till your Travels (i.e. travails) and Troubles are seen to every Student, it will be best in my Opinion, not to charge the Spit with too much roast meat"!

The Library was opened in 1602, there being collected by then some 2,000 volumes. In 1604 the honour of knighthood was very rightly conferred on Bodley by King James, who, in the following year, paid a visit to the new institution. For the visit Bodley made arrangements and sent instructions to the librarian; he ordered the Library to be swept, and "the Floor to be well washed and dried, and after rubbed with a little Rosemary: for a stronger scent", he adds, "I should not like". He also gave shrewd warning to the librarian that his speech "must be short and sweet and full of stuff", that it should not "exceed the length of six Pater Nosters", and the diplomat concludes by saying: "I know, as near as you can, you will frame your meditation to the King's pronunciation of *i* and *au*". His Majesty's visit seems to have been a success, and no doubt he enjoyed the opportunity of displaying his learning and knowledge of divinity. He was even moved to remark, while reading the inscription below a bust of the founder, that his name should have been Godley instead of Bodley.

Being so careful of his institution, it was natural that Bodley should have opinions as to what kind of books should be included in, or excluded from, the Library. Dramatic literature he held in no esteem, and he wrote

on the matter to the librarian as follows: "Happely some plaies may be worthy the keeping: But hardly one in fortie. For it is not alike in Englishe plaies and others of other nations: because they are most esteemed for learning the languages and many of them compiled by men of great fame for wisedom and Learning; which is seldom or never seene among us. Were it so againe that some litle profit might be reaped (which God knowes is very litle), out of some of our play-bookes, the benefit thereof will nothing neere countervaile the harme that the Scandal will bring unto the Librarie, when it shal be given out that we stuff'd it full of 'baggage bookes' . . . the more I thinke upon it the more it doth distast me that suche kinde of bookes should be vouchsafed a rowme in so noble a Librarie". While Sir Thomas was penning these remarks a certain playwright was still producing "baggage bookes", the early editions of which are now among the greatest treasures of the Library, and about which the Library possesses some 5000 works of comment and criticism! Ten years after Bodley's death the First Folio was published, and crept into the Library in spite of the founder's objection to "plaie-bookes". Bodley had made an agreement with the Stationers' Company—an agreement confirmed by all Copyright Acts of later times—by which one copy of every book published by all licensed printers and publishers in Great Britain was to be sent to the Library.[1] Accordingly the First Folio in due course arrived in sheets, which were sent to be bound by an Oxford binder. When, in 1664, the Third Folio was published and sent to the Bodleian, the First Folio was ejected as an unwanted duplicate. In 1905 a copy of the First Folio was brought to the Bodleian in order that advice might be obtained as to repairing it. An official of the Library recognized

[1] Under the Copyright Act (which applies also to the British Museum, the University Library of Cambridge, Trinity College, Dublin, and the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh) the Bodleian in 1924 received 60,667 books.

the Oxford binding, and so discovered that this was the very copy which had been delivered in 1623 under the Agreement. A subscription was raised, the book bought for £3000 and restored to its original home.[1]

It is an interesting small point that this copy was carefully examined for the purpose of finding out which were the most thumbed pages, and therefore which plays were presumably most in favour with its readers. It was found that the most read plays were "Romeo and Juliet" (definitely more thumbed than any other play), "Julius Cæsar," and "Henry IV".

In the course of time the Library acquired very many valuable Shakespearian items, notably a copy of Ovid, with the dramatist's supposed signature in it, and the only known copy of the first edition of his first publication, the "Venus and Adonis" of 1593. The latter was one item of a great legacy, in 1821, of books which had been collected by Edmund Malone: a complete set of the Folios and some fifty early Quartos came to the Bodleian from this source.

We are now on the topic of rarities, and before going farther in that matter it would be well to go up the stairway in the south-east corner of the "Schools" quadrangle, and so into the Library itself. The part which is first entered, and in which are the show-cases, is known as the "Arts End": this was an addition made by Bodley in 1610–1612 to provide room for more books. At right-angles to this part is the "Old Reading Room", in which Duke Humphrey's Library was situated; but the present ceiling and bookcases are those with which the room was furnished in 1602. At the far end of the Old Reading Room is the "Selden End", completed in 1640.

[1] Other copies of the First Folio in Oxford are at Oriel, bequeathed by Lord Leigh in 1786; Queen's, David Garrick's copy, bought in 1850; Wadham, bequeathed in 1775; and Brasenose. The £3000 paid by the Bodleian marked a distinct advance in the price of copies of this book. The rise can be traced by certain available figures of auction sales since 1756 as follows: 1756, £3 3s.; 1790, £35 14s.; 1812, £100; 1864, £716 2s.; 1902, £1050.

It is named after John Selden, who bequeathed some 8000 books and nearly 400 manuscripts.

A whole volume would be required to expatiate on the exhibits because of their rarity and interest. Comparatively few in number as they are, owing to lack of space they are from time to time re-arranged, but the most interesting volumes are on permanent view. In the "Arts End" of the Library the cases mostly contain manuscripts. The smallest one, a sermon written in shorthand in the first half of the seventeenth century, measures three-quarters of a square inch, and its thickness is about a quarter of an inch. Lest it should be lost, it was fastened to a piece of wood a foot and a half long. Another oddity of penmanship is the rough and thick writing of the "Ormulum", an enormous poem, the first religious poem composed in English after the Conquest, written about 1215.

Another manuscript connected with early English literature is the only ancient copy of Caedmon's "Metrical Paraphrase of Genesis and Exodus". Caedmon died in 670, and this copy was written about the year 1000. The most interesting parts are the illustrations, one of which represents the Ark as a Scandinavian war-galley, the only large kind of boat with which the illustrator would be familiar.

Of manuscripts with a personal interest is a sixth-century version of the Acts of the Apostles, which was used and perhaps owned by the Venerable Bede in the eighth century; a manuscript containing a contemporary portrait of St. Dunstan; and a Gospel Book, written in the eleventh century, which belonged to St. Margaret of Scotland, sister of Edgar Aetheling, and wife of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scotland. This last has attached to it a touching and romantic story. It contains a contemporary Latin poem, which relates how the book was being taken to a meeting-place, where it was to be used for purposes of taking an oath, but how on the way it fell out of a priest's robe into a stream. A knight, seeing

the book lying on the bed of the stream, dived in and recovered it. It was found to be undamaged, as if protected by a miracle, "except that two leaves which you see at each end in which some crinkling is noticeable because of the water". The poem especially notes that the sheets of silk which guarded the illuminations were washed out by the stream. A life of St. Margaret, probably written by her chaplain, tells us that the book was especially dear to her, and that she took it with her wherever she went. It is recorded, further, that her husband, Malcolm, devoted to his saintly wife, would kiss whatever she valued. What a delightful picture, then, the manuscript reveals, as it conjures back times of nine hundred years ago, of the incident at the clear, fast-flowing Scotch rivulet, of the delight and wonder at the recovery of the volume, of a king pressing it to his lips for love of the queen who read it daily!

The most beautiful manuscript, or one which William Morris considered so, is an Apocalypse of the thirteenth century, though there equal it, or come close to it, an Irish copy of the Gospels written early in the ninth century; a French MS. of 1338 of the "Romance of Alexander", which has the additional interest of marginal illustrations of contemporary trades, sports, and pastimes (including a Punch and Judy show). From the historian's point of view, one of the most precious manuscripts is the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle". Of this there are extant six other copies; but this one, written at Peterborough, is continued for some seventy-five years later than any other copy, and reaches the reign of Henry II.

The Bodleian collection of Oriental manuscripts' is considered to be the best in Europe; of them, too, some examples are on exhibition, one, of general interest, being the oldest version of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyam. It is a beautiful specimen of Persian art of the middle of the fifteenth century. From a copy of the text in this manuscript Edward Fitzgerald made his "translation".

Of the English poets there are some personal relics. John Rouse, Bodley's librarian during the Civil Wars, was a friend of Milton, and received from him for the Library a copy of the "Poems" of 1645, enriched with a long Latin poem in autograph addressed "ad Johannem Rousium . . ." This book is shown, together with some personal belongings of the poet—his snuff-box, etc. In another case are relics of Shelley—a copy of the pamphlet, "The Necessity of Atheism", his watch, an autograph poem, the copy of Sophocles which he had in his hand when he was drowned. In the Picture Gallery are more Shelley mementos, including the guitar which he sent to Jane Williams with the lines :

> Ariel to Miranda : Take
> This slave of music for the sake
> Of him who is the slave of thee.

The Picture Gallery (from which, by the way, is obtained a good view of Exeter College garden and of the buttresses which Wren constructed, as the pressure of books was causing the walls of the Library to bulge) contains not only pictures, but more show-cases exhibiting rarities of the Library and also some miscellaneous objects of interest. Notable among these objects is the strong-box, with an elaborate system of locks, given by Sir Thomas Bodley to the Library for the purpose of keeping its reserve of cash ; a chair, presented in 1662 by the King's store-keeper at Deptford, made from the wood of Sir Francis Drake's ship, "The Golden Hind", in which he sailed round the world ; the writing cabinet, still containing quill pens, sealing-wax, scissors and other accessories, which belonged to Edward Hyde, Earl of Clarendon, author of the "History of the Great Rebellion". In the eighteenth century the State Papers of this Minister were left to the Bodleian, among them being certain slips of paper, which give us direct access to the Council Meetings between 1660 and 1665. Charles II used to pass questions along the table to his chief adviser, who

wrote the answer underneath and sent the paper back to the King. Such little pieces of paper should no doubt have been immediately consigned to the fire or waste-paper basket, but were fortunately preserved by Clarendon, and are now documents, most precious, to the historians of those times. From other sources we know that Charles was apt to get exceedingly bored with the debates at the Council Table, and on these slips of paper we find his laborious mentor and Minister endeavouring to make His Majesty pay attention to the matter in hand: "I doubt you do not think enough of the business of Scotland"; or, on an occasion when the King was evidently getting very fidgety and hungry, "This debate is worth three dinners, I beseech you be not weary of it, but attend with all patience". Another note deals with domestic affairs. "I would willingly", scribbled Charles, "make a visit to my sister at Tunbridge for a night, or two, at furthest, when do you thinke I can best spare that time?" To which Clarendon replied: "I know no reason why you may not for such a tyme go the next weeke, about Wensday or Thursday. . . . I suppose you will do with a light trayne". Charles: "I intend to take nothing but my night-bag". Clarendon: "Yet you will not go without 40 or 50 horses". Charles: "I counte that part of my night-bag"!

Among the autographs in the cases in the Picture Gallery are a Latin exercise book of Edward VI and, of modern times, Tennyson's manuscript of "Gareth and Lynette", and Thomas Hardy's "Poems of the Past and Present". There are in the Library about 5600 books printed before 1501, of which there are exhibited a few of the most interesting and most famous as regards the early history of printing. First there is a "Block-book" that is—a book of which the leaves were printed from type cut in relief on a piece of wood. Then it became apparent that time and labour would be saved if each letter were separate, and so could be used for different books. The first book made from movable

type was the Bible, printed about 1450 at Mainz, by Gutenberg, Fust, and Schoefer. It is known as the Mazarin Bible, because its existence was unknown until a copy was found in 1760 among Cardinal Mazarin's books in Paris. The Bodleian copy was purchased in 1793 for £100. In 1911 another copy fetched £5800 at an auction sale—the highest price ever given for a book up to that time.

There is here the first book printed in English, Caxton's "Recuyell of the Histories of Troy", printed in Bruges about 1471, and several other examples of Caxton's work, including a little advertisement, of which only one other copy is known, issued in connection with his service-books. The most splendid book exhibited is a copy of Pliny's "Natural History", printed on vellum at Venice in 1476, and enriched with illuminations. But they are all beautiful, all these early printed books, with their paper still as white as when it came from the press, and their ink still black and quite unfaded.

In the gallery are also some inscriptions on clay and some papyri. Of these the most interesting is a small slip, discovered in Egypt, which contains some sayings of Our Lord which are not found in the Gospels: "Wherever there is one alone, I say, I am with him", "Raise the stone and thou shalt find Me; cleave the wood and there am I". The fragment, probably dating from the second or third century after Christ, is undoubtedly genuine, but whether the "sayings" are authentic cannot, of course, be proved; they may be a version emanating from the philosophers of Alexandria of Our Lord's original words. Another writing on papyrus is a letter written by a schoolboy about A.D. 200 to his father. It has been translated as follows: "Theon to his father Theon, greeting. It was a fine thing of you not to take me with you to the city! If you won't take me with you to Alexandria I won't write you a letter or speak to you or say good-bye to you: and if you go to Alexandria I won't take your hand nor ever greet you again. This

is what will happen if you won't take me. Mother said to Archelaus 'it quite upsets him to be left behind'. It was good of you to send me presents on the 12th—the day you sailed. Send me a lyre I implore you. If you don't, I won't eat, I won't drink, there now!" Unless the brat was joking, let us hope he got a beating instead of a lyre!

Robert Louis Stevenson has told us how his first novel, "Treasure Island", grew out of a map which he drew one day by chance: "I made a map of an island; it was elaborately and (I thought) beautifully coloured; the shape of it took my fancy beyond expression; it contained many harbours that pleased me like sonnets, and with the unconsciousness of the predestined, I ticketed my performance 'Treasure Island'. I am told that there are people who do not care for maps, and find it hard to believe". Stevenson would have been delighted, as all people of fancy and imagination will be delighted, with certain maps which hang on the wall of the gallery. There is one of Palestine made in the reign of Edward I, a blotched affair indeed, but its charm lies in the queer architectural devices which represent castles and towns. Damascus, for instance (in the top left-hand corner) is represented by a gateway in which stands a most fierce dog, or perhaps a lion, and outside the gate rabbits pop their heads up above the grass. But more delightful still is a map of Great Britain, made in the fourteenth century (described on the frame as MS. Gough. Top. 16). The west coast is nearest the bottom side of the frame, and the north, off which lies the "Insula de Orkeney," is towards the left-hand side. For the fourteenth century this map was probably a work of exactitude, as the roads are marked in red, many towns shown, and the distances between these towns marked; but it is the romance and the art of the map which pleases so much. In the North Sea are shown a narwhal and a shark—wonderfully well painted they are—just as they would appear when swimming a little distance below the surface of the water. Off the

Orkneys is a shipwreck, and near it rafts, put off by the mariners, and on Scotland, where Sutherland is, runs the inscription, "Hic habundant lupi" ("here wolves abound").

Of the pictures in the gallery the best is perhaps a portrait of Sir Kenelm Digby, attributed to Van Dyke; but other notable ones are those of Sir Martin Frobisher, by Cornelius Ketel; Flora Macdonald, by Allan Ramsay; and the Marquis of Lothian by Watts. A very curious portrait is one of Isaac Fuller (1606–72), painted by himself when drunk! There must not be overlooked a portrait of Oliver Cromwell, beneath which hangs the inscription: "In 1913 the Chancellor, some Masters and Scholars of the University, including Heads of Houses, Professors, and Historians, well versed in the Cromwellian period . . . subscribed to purchase this portrait of a great Englishman for the Bodleian Library, of which he was a benefactor within the University of Oxford of which he was sometime Chancellor". Cromwell presented twenty-four manuscripts to the Library. When Chancellor, an office he held from 1651 to 1657, he appointed a Vice-Chancellor, John Owen, under whose rule, as the Royalist Clarendon had to admit, the University "yielded a harvest of extraordinary good and sound knowledge in all parts of learning".

In every College library would be found rarities and things of interest, but there is space to describe and time to see only a few of them. The library which comes next in interest to the Bodleian is that of Merton, since it is the oldest in Oxford, and among the oldest in England. It was built about 1377 by William Rede, Bishop of Chichester, to provide more ample accommodation for readers and for books ever increasing in number. Until that time the manuscripts were kept in chests, provided with three locks, each having a separate key, so that the precious books could not be taken out except in the presence of several members of the College. One such chest is still preserved in the library. Bishop Rede's

library was probably modelled on that in the House of the Carmelites in London, which stood on a site now occupied by the offices of the "Daily Mail", for several members of Merton visited that house while the library was building, and the Carmelites presented a door to the College. The library in its arrangements and fittings is typically mediaeval. It is placed on the first floor, and not on the ground floor, in order to avoid damp and to obtain more light. It was lighted by a series of narrow lancet windows; projecting from the wall between these windows were double book-cases, having three shelves on each side and a counter on which books could be read. Between each pair of cases was a narrow bench on which each reader sat. The books were chained to a rod which ran along the length of the shelves, the chain being long enough to allow of the volumes being taken out of the shelf and placed on the reading desk. The Library as it is now has to some extent been altered, though for the most part it retains its mediaeval appearance. The barrel-roof was constructed in 1502–3; the woodwork of the staircase dates from the early years of the seventeenth century, and the large dormer windows were inserted in 1623. Even with the addition of these windows the room is none too light, and it can be readily understood why in the Middle Ages libraries were usually built facing east and west, for so would be obtained the greatest amount of morning light. The bookcases have been increased in height, and, except in one instance, the chains have been removed. Until 1825 undergraduates were not allowed into the library—only senior members of the University; but from the first Fellows and Masters could borrow books, certain precautions being taken. No book, for instance, could be removed without some pledge being left in the form of money or one of the borrower's own books, as is shown by entries in the College Register, e.g. 1498: "The Warden borrowed a book from the Library and left another as pledge. This was judged of too small value, and he therefore added as well S. Jerome

upon Isaiah ". 1512 : " A Map of England in the Library lent to the Dean of Wells—he deposited forty shillings as a security. When it came back five months later it was much damaged. Yet the Dean had received his forty shillings back. The loss must be made good ".

The library at Corpus Christi College, built about 1517, though it was added to in the eighteenth century, is another fine example of the " stall " system—that is, of projecting cases with benches between. The system of placing bookcases against the wall was adopted abroad in the sixteenth century, but did not reach England until the next century, the earliest example being at the Bodleian Library. There, in the Old Reading Room, the stall system was in use and still remains, but when the Arts End was added the shelves were placed against the wall. The latest example in Oxford of the mediaeval arrangement of a library is that of Queen's College (1693–6). It is a room of noble proportions, with a magnificent plaster ceiling; moreover, the original bookcases—that is to say, the higher ones, for the lower ones between them are modern—are enriched with carvings designed by Grinling Gibbons, and executed either by that master himself or under his supervision.

Dr. Johnson once stated that he liked Trinity College library best to read in, but that " if a man has a mind to prance, he must study at Christ Church, and at All Souls ". Though actual leaping and dancing would rightly be discouraged by the authorities, there is no doubt that the mind does " prance " in All Souls library, for though externally its architecture is dull imitation Gothic, internally it is a noble and spacious room, magnificently proportioned. Here the bookcases are all against the wall, and a great floor-space is left unoccupied. The library is named after Christopher Codrington (1668–1710), a member of Christ Church and a Fellow of All Souls. His profession was that of a soldier, and as such he fought in Flanders under William III, and was eventually made Governor of the Leeward Islands.

Defeated by the French at Guadeloupe in 1703, he retired to Barbados, where he spent the rest of his life among his books. At his death he left to All Souls £10,000 and a vast number of books. In 1716 was laid the foundation stone of the library, though the building was not completed until forty years later. The famous lawyer, Sir William Blackstone, spent several years arranging the books. The most precious possession of the library is a collection of Wren's drawings for the rebuilding of London after the Great Fire, among them being the original designs for St. Paul's Cathedral.

The foundation stone of Christ Church library, designed by Dr. George Clarke, was laid in the same year as that of Codrington's library at All Souls. It has not the largeness and magnificence of that room, as it is divided into two floors and separated into several parts, but externally the building has a certain massive dignity. Like All Souls library, this one received a magnificent benefaction from a cultured soldier, for General John Guise, who served under Marlborough and fought at the battle of Carthagena in 1739, gave to it a collection of drawings and paintings by old masters. Of the paintings the best is perhaps the "Virgin and Child with Angels", a lovely product of "the workshop" of Piero della Francesca.

The last library we shall mention is that at Worcester College, notable not only as a fine example of an eighteenth-century library, but also because of the books it contains. It is very rich in Civil War pamphlets and miscellaneous documents dealing with that period, in seventeenth-century plays, and in old Spanish books. It also possesses architectural drawings of the greatest interest, including some of Hawksmoor's and several by Inigo Jones, among them being his plans for the Palace of Whitehall. Besides his drawings, the library contains some of that architect's books, the most interesting of which is perhaps his annotated copy of Andrea Palladio's "Treatise on Architecture". The seventeenth century was a period of

QUEEN'S COLLEGE LIBRARY

great, if somewhat rudimentary, interest in science—we have seen in an earlier chapter how the Royal Society originated in the middle of that period. It was an age in which lived a number of eminent scientists, physicians, mathematicians, astronomers, and chemists, but also among the generality of men there was an amateur delight in things scientific. Of this we have a slight example in the copy of Palladio's book, for on a blank page at the end of it Inigo Jones has written, among many other oddments, a prescription for a cold in the head : " To purge and open the head of my Ld. of huntington the IX of Dec. 1638, fill a pipe full of good tobacco, light it so as it be in a cole of fiere, presently wrapp a fine linnen cloth about the Head of the pipe, and hould in under ye nostrills so as the fume goith throw ye cloth up in to ye head, and when the tobacco is noaw out light it againe and do as beffore more or less as you see occasion ". Then there is a marginal note, " I yoused this & found that it moved ye cattarr, but I took a great could and Rume after itt going abroad to soone ". It sounds a painful form of homeopathy. We too often hear of the great only in their greatness, and it is pleasant to think of the famous man snuffling the hot fumes of a pipe and jotting the result down in a master-work of architecture.

CHAPTER XVII

Concerning Inns

NEITHER Time, Temperance, nor Proctors are ever likely to eradicate from University life the frequenting of inns and taverns, for these places of refreshment and entertainment have for many centuries been a large feature in the social life, not only of Oxford, but of England in general. It is true that nowadays to the undergraduate inns are, so to speak, a luxury, places of occasional resort, but at one time they were almost a necessity both to the junior and senior members of the University. Common Rooms where there is warmth and comfort, where wine and conversation and social amenities are obtained, are comparatively modern institutions. The first Senior Common Room was probably established at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1650. At Oxford Merton led the way in this respect in 1661. The first Junior Common Room was devised in the garden quadrangle at New College about 1678. But only gradually did such rooms replace inns and taverns which, until the second half of the seventeenth century, were the sole places where dons and undergraduates could smoke, drink, talk, and be at social ease. When we consider the life of the undergraduate in a mediaeval college it becomes very easy to understand how grateful resort to inns must have been in those days. Students slept several together in a room which certainly was not heated by a fire in winter; they had to attend many times a day services in an unwarmed chapel; no merriment was allowed when they dined in hall, but the Bible was read to them during the meal, and only on rare and great

occasions were they permitted, as at New College, to linger in the hall when the meal was over, to gather round the open fire, and indulge in songs or poetry or discuss " the chronicles of kingdoms or the wonders of this world ". Any extravagance of dress, any giving way to natural vanity, was strictly forbidden. Nor was there much, or any, outlet of energy and spirits obtainable by means of games : the original statutes of New College, for instance, prohibited unseemly sports, illicit games, inordinate leapings and wrestlings and tumult and noise. Hawks and hounds and dice and chess were quite forbidden. There was some variety of ordinances on these matters ; the statutes of St. John's College allowed a certain amount of hunting and hawking, but, on the other hand, the University statutes of 1636 banned the hunting of wild animals (such as deer, hares, or conies) with dogs and snares, and the using of guns and cross-bows, though the long-bow might be carried for " honest recreation ".

In the time of James I, Bishop Barlowe, Visitor to Brasenose College, was asked to distinguish between noxious and innocuous games ; he expressed the opinion that " Bowes and braynes, if long and deepely bent, will quickly weaken and cracke ", and so for relaxation allowed the use of a tennis-court. Cricket was not invented or indulged in until about the middle of the eighteenth century, when matches were played on Bullingdon Green, beyond Magdalen Bridge. A rough kind of football seems to have been played long ago, for the statutes of the University, drawn up in 1584, decree that " if any minister or deacon shall goe into the field to play at football . . . he shall be forthwith banished the University ". In 1666 four members of the University had their degrees suspended for a year because they had played football. This hostility to the game was no doubt due to the free fights which seem to have arisen from it. But an organized system of games were a movement of the nineteenth century. Football, as we understand it, was a mid-nineteenth-century invention. Rowing began a little earlier, as we

have shown in Chapter I. The river had been used in an individualistic way much earlier for boating and bathing. We hear of an undergraduate drowned in 1689 at " Pattin's Pleasure ", which I suppose is the present bathing-place, " Parsons' Pleasure ". The poet, George Wither, of Magdalen, had written a song about the river :

In summer time to Medley
My love and I would go,
The boatmen there stood ready
My love and I to rowe.

For creame there would we call,
For cakes and pruines, too ;
But now, alas, she has left me
Falero, lero, loo.

It was not until towards the end of the seventeenth century or beginning of the eighteenth that undergraduates had rooms to themselves, and so lived in any degree of comfort in quarters in which they could privately entertain their friends. The first meal taken out of hall was probably breakfast, which is first heard of about the beginning of the sixteenth century. In mediaeval times there were two meals in the day : dinner about ten o'clock and supper at five. The practice grew up of going to the buttery hatch in the early morning and getting there a tankard of beer and a piece of bread, which rudimentary meal was taken away and consumed by the students in their rooms ; thus would appear to have originated the peculiar Oxford social breakfast. Beer, I believe, was still sometimes drunk at breakfast almost within living memory.

In the Middle Ages—and, indeed, for some time after them—the undergraduate led a life of discomfort and of strong repression, and even after the Middle Ages, until modern times, he had little to do in his spare time save to wander about, play a rough game of football, ride, fence, or poach. Poaching was a favourite pastime ; we have seen in Chapter IX how Antony Ashley Cooper paid

farmers for what his comrades had stolen ; in 1586 Lord Norreys imprisoned a scholar for poaching, an act so much resented that when he entered Oxford one day undergraduates threw stones down on him from the top of Magdalen tower ; we are told that the future admiral, Blake, when at Wadham College, " would steal swans ". Highway robbery was even sometimes practised. To such diversions did bold spirits fall, who, in later and happier times, might have lived in peace and won a " Blue " !

Hedged with ascetic rules, unable to obtain comfort or recreation within their colleges, the students naturally flocked to the innumerable taverns to be found in the town, and there, under a great reaction, frequently indulged in the most terrible orgies of drinking, quarrelling, and fighting. The most famous of all mediaeval " town and gown " riots originated in a tavern called " Swyndlestock ", of which the vaults still remain underneath the shops at the south-west corner of Carfax. On St. Scholastica's Day in 1354 some scholars called there for wine. " The vintner brought them some, but they disliking it, as it should seem, and he avouching it to be good, several snappish words passed between them. At length the vintner giving them stubborn and saucy language, they threw the wine and vessel at his head." Neighbours joined in the dispute, and anon the bell of St. Martin's Church was rung to gather the townsmen together. The Chancellor of the University endeavoured to stop the tumult, but was shot at and had to flee ; whereupon St. Mary's bell was rung, and the scholars collected together and fought the townsmen with shot of arrows. The next day certain townsmen, to the number of about eighty, went into St. Giles's parish armed, and seeing some scholars walking in Beaumont fields issued out of St. Giles's Church, where they had concealed themselves, and from a distance shot at the scholars, killing one and wounding many. Whereupon again the bells of St. Martin's and St. Mary's rang to summon the rival parties. The townsmen were reinforced by some 2000 countrymen, who marched into

the City bearing a black flag before them and crying: "Havock! havock! no quarter, smite hard, give good knocks, we will have no masters". The gownsmen retired behind the doors of their colleges, hostels, and lodgings; many of the latter, nevertheless, were broken into and sacked. The fighting continued into the third day. Meanwhile the King, who was at Woodstock, had summoned there the Chancellor and officers of the University, and drastic steps were taken. The Bishop of Lincoln put the town under an interdict, the King sent the mayor and bailiffs to the Tower of London, the sheriff was dismissed, and 200 townsmen arrested. The end of the matter was that Edward III increased the powers of the University, giving it "a most large Charter, containing many liberties, some that they had before and others that he had taken away from the town", while the mayor and chief citizens were ordered to attend annually on St. Scholastica's day a Mass in the University Church sung for the repose of souls of the slain scholars, and to pay an offering of forty pence. This penance remained obligatory until 1826. This is the most famous of tumults which originated in taverns, but there must have been countless other occasions, unknown to history, on which animal spirits and passions, too tightly curbed by college regulations based on mediaeval ascetic notions, burst their bounds.

The general standard of manners at any particular time would, of course, affect the amount of drinking at the University. In the latter part of the seventeenth century and during a large part of the eighteenth manners throughout the country were lax and coarse. In the time of Charles II, Anthony Wood estimates the number of taverns and inns at Oxford to be 370, and apparently they were well patronized, especially by members of those colleges, which, unlike Trinity under the guidance of Dr. Kettell, did not lessen the attraction of the tavern by providing good beer within the college gates. Anthony Wood complains much of

drunkenness: St. John's he describes as "a most debauching college" and New College as "much given to drinking and gaming and vain brutish pleasure". Writing in 1674 a certain man relates as follows: "There is against Balliol, a dingy, horrid, scandalous ale-house, fit for none but draymen and tinkers. . . . Here the Balliol men continually lie, and by perpetual bubbing, add art to their natural stupidity to make themselves perfect sots. The Head being informed of this called them together and in a grave speech informed them of the mischief of that hellish liquor called ale . . . and advised them by no means to have anything more to do with it: but one of them not willing to be preached out of his beloved liquor, made reply that the Vice-Chancellor's men drank ale at the Split Crow, and why should not they too". The Vice-Chancellor being appealed to, sensibly replied that there was no harm in ale, and that he would not interfere unless the Fellows of Balliol did worse. And so it was the dons who frequented this ale-house! They, indeed, like the undergraduates, sought social ease at inns until the eighteenth century was almost passed. Coffee-drinking was introduced into Oxford in the seventeenth century. Evelyn says in his diary: "There came in my tyme to the Coll: one Nathaniel Conopios out of Greece. . . . He was the first I ever saw drink coffee which custom came not into England until thirty years after". Evelyn was at Balliol about 1640, and perhaps meant "thirteen" instead of "thirty" as a coffee-house was opened in Oxford in 1650: "This year", Wood says, "Jacob a Jew opened a Coffee House at the 'Angel'[1] in the Parish of St. Peter in the East, Oxon; and there it was by some, who delighted in noveltie, drank". And again he notes: "1654, Cirques Jobson, a Jew and Jacobite, borne near Mount Libanus, sold coffee in Oxon in a house between Edmund Hall and Queen Coll: corner"; and under the year 1655:

[1] The "Angel" was somewhere on the site of the present Examination Schools.

" Arthur Tillyard, apothecary and great royalist, sold coffee publicly in his house against All Souls Coll: He was encouraged to do so by some royallists now living in Oxon, and by others who esteem'd themselves virtuosi or wits ". In 1659 Edward Pocock, Fellow of Corpus and a famous Orientalist, published a work called " The Nature of the Drink, Kauhi or Coffee ". That liquid had some early detractors and had also admirers: Burton in the Anatomy of Melancholy declared that it " helpeth digestion and procureth alacrity ". Oxford imitated London in resorting to coffee-houses; the various colleges frequented their own favoured house. We learn from local satirists that in the eighteenth century young men who considered themselves members of the smart set went to a coffee-house between ten and eleven in the morning and again in the afternoon. Apparently some of these houses kept small libraries of books, for in a contemporary account we read that " amorous tales may be perused over Arrack Punch and jellies; insipid odes over Orgeat or Capilliare; politics over Coffee; divinity over Port; and defenses of bad generals and bad ministers over Whipt Syllabubs. In a word, in these libraries, instruction and pleasure go hand in hand, and we may pronounce in a literal sense, that learning no longer remains a dry pursuit ". To this day it may be observed that a certain coffee-house, or in more gorgeous phraseology " restaurant ", in Cornmarket Street is much frequented about eleven o'clock in the morning, and it is a complaint made by the men that they can scarcely find seats because of the number of lady undergraduates there.

Of course, by now, most of the ancient inns of Oxford have disappeared or been put to other uses, but some deserve detailed notice, though for the most part, with more sumptuous days, they have acquired the title of " Hotel ". The " Mitre " in the High Street has beneath it some ancient vaulting of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but the part above ground is not earlier than

the seventeenth century; one of the gables facing on to the courtyard is dated 1631, while the road front is of the eighteenth century, and was perhaps built when the increase of coaching brought more custom and necessitated increased accommodation. The first stage-coaches began to run between London and Oxford early in the reign of Charles II, taking two days over the journey, which was broken for the night at High Wycombe or Berkhampstead. Anthony Wood tells us that in April 1669 a "flying coach" began in summer time to do the journey in one day, leaving Oxford at 6 a.m. and arriving in London at 7 p.m. Of a coach running in 1671 the following advertisement was published: "A good coach and able horses sets forth every Monday, Wednesday and Friday for Oxford, performing the stage in one day, and sets forth from the "Mitre" in Oxford for London every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Performed if God permit". The number and frequency of coaches increased rapidly after the middle of the eighteenth century when attention was given to the condition of the roads, and they were much improved. Besides the "Mitre" the other chief coaching-inns were the "Angel", now disappeared, and the "Star" or Clarendon Hotel, as it is now called, in Cornmarket Street. The "Star" was an inn quite early in the seventeenth century, but the present buildings are of the eighteenth century.

An interesting and vivid account of a scene at the "Mitre" in 1782 is described in his "Travels in England" by a German pastor named Moritz. He walked from London to Oxford, a thing evidently unusual and eccentric in those days, as he was regarded with much suspicion, and at Nuneham Courtney, which he reached at nightfall, he was flatly refused a bed and even food, though he obtained with difficulty a pot of beer. Continuing perforce his journey to Oxford he was overtaken by a clergyman who accompanied him for the rest of the way. "At length my companion", says Moritz, "stopped to take leave of me, and said he should now go to his college.

And I said, said I, I will seat myself for the night on this stone bench and await the morning, as it will be in vain for me, I imagine, to look for shelter in an house at this time of night.

"Seat yourself on a stone! said my companion, and shook his head: no! no! come along with me to a neighbouring ale-house, where, it is possible, they mayn't be gone to bed, and we may yet find company. We went on a few houses further, and then knocked at a door. It was then nearly twelve. They readily let us in; but how great was my astonishment when, on our being shown into a room on the left, I saw a great number of clergymen, all with their gowns and bands on, sitting round a large table, each with his pot of beer before him. My travelling companion introduced me to them as a German clergyman, whom he could not sufficiently praise for my correct pronunciation of the Latin, my orthodoxy, and my good walking.

"I now saw myself, in a moment, as it were, all at once transported into the midst of a company, all apparently very respectable men, but all strangers to me. And it appeared to me extraordinary that I should, thus at midnight, be in Oxford, in a large company of Oxonian clergy, without well knowing how I had got there. Meanwhile, however, I took all the pains in my power to recommend myself to my company, and, in the course of conversation, I gave them as good an account as I could of our German universities, neither denying nor concealing that, now and then, we had riots and disturbances. 'O, we are very unruly here, too', said one of the clergymen, as he took a hearty draught out of his pot of beer, and knocked on the table with his hand. The conversation now became louder, more general, and a little confused:

"Among these gentlemen, there was one of the name of *Clerk*, who seemed ambitious to pass for a great wit, which he attempted, by starting sundry objections to the Bible. I should have liked him better if he had confined

himself to punning and playing on his own name, by telling us, again and again, that he should still be, at least, a *Clerk*, even though he should never become a *clergyman*. Upon the whole, however, he was, in his way, a man of some humour, and an agreeable companion.

"Among other objections to the Scriptures, he started this one to my travelling companion, whose name I now learnt was *Maud*, that it was said, in the Bible, that God was a *wine-bibber* and a *drunkard*. On this Mr. Maud fell into a violent passion, and maintained that it was utterly impossible that any such passage should be found in the Bible. Another Divine, a *Mr. Caern*, referred us to his absent brother, who had been already forty years in the church, and must certainly know something of such a passage, if it were in the Bible, but he would venture to lay any wager his brother knew nothing of it.

"'Waiter! fetch a Bible'! called out Mr. Clerk, and a great family Bible was immediately brought in, and opened on the table, among all the beer jugs.

"Mr. Clerk turned over a few leaves, and in the Book of Judges, 9th chapter, verse xiii, he read, 'Should I leave my wine, which cheareth God and man?'

"Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, who had before been most violent, now sat as if struck dumb. A silence of some minutes prevailed, when, all at once, the spirit of revelation seemed to come on me, and I said, 'Why, gentlemen! you must be sensible, that is but an allegorical expression: and I added, how often, in the Bible are Kings called Gods!'

"'Why, yes, to be sure,' said Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, 'it is an allegorical expression; nothing can be more clear; it is a metaphor, and therefore it is absurd to understand it in a literal sense. And now they, in their turn, triumphed over poor *Clerk*, and drank large draughts to my health. Mr. *Clerk*, however, had not yet exhausted his quiver; and so he desired them to explain to him a passage in the Prophecy of Isaiah,

where it is said, in express terms, that *God is a barber*. Mr. Maud was so enraged at this, that he called *Clerk* an impudent fellow; and Mr. *Caern* again still more earnestly referred us to his brother, who had been forty years in the church; and who, therefore, he doubted not, would also consider Mr. Clerk as an impudent fellow, if he maintained any such abominable notions. Mr. Clerk, all this while, sat perfectly composed, without either a smile or a frown; but turning to a passage in Isaiah, chapter vii. v. 20, he read these words: 'In the same day, the Lord shall shave with a razor—the head, and the hair of the feet; and it shall also consume the beard'. If Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern were before stunned and confounded, they were much more so now; and even Mr. Caern's brother, who had been forty years in the church, seemed to have left them in the lurch! for he was no longer referred to. I broke silence a second time and said: Why, gentlemen, this also is clearly metaphorical, and it is equally just, strong, and beautiful. 'Aye, to be sure it is,' rejoined Mr. Maud and Mr. Caern, both in a breath; at the same time, rapping the table with their knuckles".

The description of this scene terminates with the remark that "At last when morning drew near, Mr. Maud suddenly exclaimed, d——n me, I must read prayers this morning at All Souls!" It must be added that we do not know how many of the company were dons, and that "Mr. Maud" was a Mr. Modd, a chaplain of Corpus, whom the President and Fellows of that college are recorded to have admonished for drunkenness! The quotation I have given is a long one, but its length may perhaps be excused, as the passage presents a picture of an eighteenth-century tavern society with a vividness and sense of humour which would not be unworthy of Fielding.

One of the most ancient and certainly the most beautiful of hostelries is the "Golden Cross" in Cornmarket Street. The street front has unfortunately been

COURTYARD OF THE 'GOLDEN CROSS' HOTEL

rebuilt, and nothing ancient or attractive appears until the courtyard is entered. An inn on this site was sold by Osney Abbey to a vintner in the reign of Richard I. From about 1390 to 1810 the property was owned by New College, having been bought by William of Wykeham, which accounts for the arms of that college on one of the spandrels of the old gateway. The range of buildings on the left as one enters the courtyard probably date from about 1430. The bay-windows on the ground-floor are later insertions (probably eighteenth century), but the upper floor, with its beautiful oriel windows and heavy eaves, is a splendid example of fifteenth century domestic architecture. The range of buildings on the right-hand side, with its gables and picturesque bay-windows, dates from the latter part of the seventeenth century. The inn has been known by the sign of the Cross since 1400, and may it long survive, for not only is it a lovely example of architecture, but it has also about it the true and enchanting atmosphere of an old English inn, of farmers' carts, cold beef, tankards of beer, market-day jokes, discussions, and traffic. This inn has in its time housed a plenty of distinguished company. The Lord-Lieutenant of Oxfordshire stayed here when he proclaimed James II king; the Earl of Lichfield, after the accession of that monarch, invited the country gentlemen of Oxfordshire to meet him at this inn so that he might canvass their support for the repeal of the Test Act, but only about six arrived. When William III arrived and was made king, Lord Lovelace came to Oxford with two hundred troopers to proclaim the "Deliverer", and stayed at the "Golden Cross". If one could see the comings and goings in the courtyard and overhear the conversations of men, one would have an entrancing abstract of the history of our country. One would hear of high politics and State affairs and talk, no less interesting, of crops and cattle, farm affairs, and small domestic doings. Near to the "Golden Cross" was situated the "Crown",[1] at

[1] No. 3, Cornmarket Street, is on the site of the Crown Inn.

one time kept by the father of Sir William Davenant. It has been mentioned in Chapter VI in connection with Shakespeare who, as Aubrey says, "was wont to goe into Warwickshire once a yeare, and did commonly in his journey lye at this house in Oxon, where he was exceedingly respected". In 1675 the "Crown" tavern was the scene of a singular defeat of the famous Dutch admiral, Van Tromp. In that year he paid a visit to Oxford, during which, writes a contemporary, Humphrey Prideaux, afterwards Dean of Norwich and Under-Secretary of State, "He was much gazed at by the boys, who perchance wondered to find him, whom they had found so famous in Gazets, to be at last but a drunkeing Dutchman". The same informant in another letter gives the account of the admiral's defeat: "We got a greater victory over Van Trump here than all your sea captains in London, he confessing that he was more drunk here than anywhere else since he came to England which I thinke very little to the honour of our University". To abridge Prideaux's account, six men "able at wine and brandy" took Van Trump to the Crown Tavern and "these soe plyed him with both, that at 12 at night they were fain to carry him to his lodgings".

The "Kings' Arms", at the corner of Holywell and Parks Road, a building of pleasant and simple eighteenth-century design, has been an inn for several centuries, but its courtyard, in which plays were performed after the Restoration, "to spite the Presbyterians", as Wood says, has disappeared. In Broad Street is an old inn, the "White Horse". It was perhaps outside this house that there took place, in 1723, an odd diversion in the form of a smoking-match. Outside "an ale-house opposite the Theatre" a scaffold was erected, upon which mounted and performed the candidates for a prize of twelve shillings to be given to anyone, man or woman, who could smoke out first three ounces of tobacco without drinking or going off the stage. "Many tried" (the description is Hearne's), "and 't was thought a journey-

man tailor, of St. Peter's-in-the-East, would have been victor, he smoaking faster than, and being many pipes before the rest; but at last he was so sick that 't was thought he would have died". The victor was an old man, an ex-soldier, who the same evening smoked four or five pipes more for pleasure!

Of the numerous smaller inns scattered about Oxford there is at once less and more to be said—"less" because they have no recorded history, "more" because their unwritten story must go back far into the past and their walls be haunted with memories of countless jovial evenings. All old Oxford men can remember pleasant occasions, incidents not to be forgotten, in taverns either in the town or in the country round. There is one which I remember always with affection; its name shall never be revealed by me either to senior or junior members of the University, nor will any of the company which once frequented it ever reveal its name, for they all went to the wars and none came back. It was Proctor-proof then (and I hope it still is), and, as further security, it had three several exits by which a man might flee suddenly and obscurely. It was kept by "Old Mother ——", who allowed the use of her own ancient and private parlour, in which, indeed, she presided, filling a large horse-hair chair, her fat, bare red arms folded on her lap, and always on the table before her was a glass sometimes of stout, sometimes of gin. It cannot be said that she led the conversation and wit, for her conversation lumbered along and was full of "Lor' now's!" and "Fancy that's!" and of ancedotes, without beginning or end, of Jim or Jack, personages unknown to any of us. But she had a wonderful good humour and a great variety of enormous laughter, so that she was a kind of sounding-board which enlarged and reverberated the merriment of the company. Peace to her memory! She has gone now to another place, maybe to make sack for Sir John Falstaff and to gossip with the Wife of Bath. If the time should come when the young men of Oxford of an evening drink only

coffee in large lounges superbly decorated, in which an orchestra plays classical music, or frequent cinemas in which the art of the film is manifest, or go not out of college on Saturday nights, but read their books instead, no doubt the voice of hypocrisy and of sham culture will say "how admirable"! but there will be another voice—a voice of ancientry, a voice coming from the heart of human nature—wailing in old chimneys and moaning in ingle-nooks, that all is not well with the new generation. But that time is not likely to come. Time, Temperance, and Proctors will not root up entirely the habits of eight hundred years. They have mitigated, if not entirely abolished, the evil side of those habits; no longer do the war-bells of St. Mary's and St. Martin's ring, no longer are knives drawn and tankards hurled about in furious quarrels, no longer is the Chancellor shot at, no longer do Dons frequent horrid and dingy ale-houses. But there is a good side to inns, as all of us have felt, before we became wiser and statelier, no doubt, but less light-hearted and less truly sociable than we were once.

FISHER ROW

CHAPTER XVIII

The Castle—Some Reflections on Leaving Oxford

THERE remains to be noticed one more place of interest and antiquity—the Castle—which lies on the main route between the railway stations and the town.

In days when Oxford had not yet spread to any great extent beyond its walls, the Castle was situated at the extreme west end of the City. In that position it was partially protected by the river: it dominated the town and yet was not surrounded by houses (which was undesirable to mediaeval military engineers because of the possible dangers from fire, civic tumults, or stealthily approaching enemies). In present times it is on the verge of a dishevelled part of the town, though even now somewhat in the process of being tidied up—a part not unattractive by reason of its entanglement of lanes, roads, waterway, yards, wharves and scattering of old houses. There is, indeed, in this part of the town one of the quaintest views in Oxford—the line of old houses known as Fisher Row, to be seen from Hythe Bridge or from Pacey's Bridge, brooding over the river, which at night is decorated with light reflected from their windows and which, in flood-time, is so familiar as to wash their doorsteps and attempt to enter the houses themselves.

The area of the Castle is mostly occupied with the prison buildings, erected about 1805, and by the Shire Hall, built in 1841, and only three portions of the old stronghold remain, the tree-covered mound, one ancient tower, and the crypt of the Chapel of St. George.

A castle now means to most of us a single building, or at most a compact block of buildings, usually of some height. But the word " castle " is derived from *castellum*, a diminutive of the Latin word *castrum*, a fort ; and it meant to the mediaeval mind a considerable space of ground enclosed within an embattled wall strengthened at intervals by towers, including at least one tower of eminent height and much strength as the ultimate point of defence. Inside the wall—often, indeed, mere lean-to structures against it—would be quarters for the garrison and for the retinue and servants of the lord or governor of the castle, and other necessary buildings, such as kitchens, stables, and store-rooms. In early times, in the principal tower itself, but at a later date in a more comfortable building within the walls, would be the living-rooms of the lord or of the governor appointed by the King. A castle like that of Oxford would, in fact, be a little walled town adjacent to a larger town enclosed by its more extensive walls.

It is interesting that both the Mound and Tower survive, for they represent two distinct periods of the art of defence in war. The earliest idea of a defensive structure was to enclose a space of ground by digging a deep ditch and throwing up the excavated earth to form a steep bank or rampart. This was the usual *castrum* of the Romans and the " earthwork " of Britons, Celts and Anglo-Saxons, of which so many survive in all parts of England.[1] At a comparatively late date there arose on the Continent, perhaps in the ninth or tenth century, a new idea in this kind of fortification : the bank raised was small, a palisade was erected upon it, and most of the excavated earth was used to pile up one high mound. Such a mound, made with an excessively steep pitch, would be difficult for attackers to climb in the face of missiles ; the bottom of it would be surrounded by a ditch and a stockade, and

[1] At Wallingford (fourteen miles from Oxford) there remains a portion of the original Anglo-Saxon " burgh ", a rectangular earthwork which enclosed the town.

the flat space on top would also be encircled with a palisade, the defenders thus providing themselves with what had been lacking in the primitive camps—a final strong point for refuge and for a further struggle, in case the entrenchment was carried. The Mound was called the "Motte", and the space enclosed by the bank and palisade was the "Bailey". On the Bayeux tapestry several "mottes" are depicted, the one at Hastings being shown in the process of construction. Such mounds, or vestiges of them, are to be seen in many places in England—at Warwick, Thetford, Berkhampstead, Lincoln, Lewes, Cambridge, Carisbrooke, etc., Often mediaeval writers apply to the "Motte" the late-Latin word "Domnio" (i.e. lordship), from the accusative case of which, "domnionem", is derived the old French word "donjon" anglicized into "dungeon." The well-known Mound at Canterbury, "the Dane John", is, no doubt, a Norman "donjon".

The "Motte" and "Bailey" type of castle was introduced into England by the Normans, and so, although Oxford was a fortified place in Anglo-Saxon times, and although on this very site there was probably some kind of residence belonging to a great man, we may consider the Mound as part of the castle built by William D'Oigli, appointed Castellan and Governor of Oxford by William I. The Mound, which is ascended by a winding path, is some sixty feet high and the flat top is about forty feet across. In the course of excavations carried out in 1794, foundations were discovered of a ten-sided building, precisely the shape of a tower shown to be on this spot in an old map drawn in 1578. When the building was erected we do not know, but probably from the first the Mound bore a structure either of wood or partly of stone and partly of timber. Near the summit, on the south-west side, is a doorway opening on to a flight of steps which leads to a beautifully constructed little chamber of hexagonal shape, strongly vaulted in stone, which contains that very important feature of a mediaeval castle, the well.

In the Pipe Roll (or Sheriff's accounts) of 20 Henry II (1173–4) is an entry of the expenditure of £19 19s. 5d. (about £200 of our money) for the making of a well in the Castle of Oxford. This entry almost certainly refers to the well within the Mound.

The picturesque Tower, which was probably built not long after the Mound had been constructed, can also be ascended, and it affords from the summit a fine view of Oxford and the surrounding hills. To the east and south-east are the towers and spires of the University and City, with the high line of Shotover in the distance. From south to south-west stretches the line of Foxcombe Hill and Boar's Hill, taken up farther west by the line of Wytham Woods. Nearby the base of the tower is the Castle Mill, whose history goes back as far as the Castle itself, for Robert D'Oigli constructed a mill which was probably on or close to the site of the present one.

From the base of this Tower, or nearby, was effected the escape of the Empress Matilda from Stephen's besieging army in 1142. A chronicler of the time (Henry of Huntingdon) tells thus the well-known story: "In that year the King besieged the Empress at Oxford from the feast of St. Michael to Advent. In the latter season, not long before Christmas Day, the Empress escaped across the frozen Thames, dressed in a white garment, tricking the eyes of the besiegers by her white clothes in the dazzle of the snow." Other chroniclers add that she escaped through a postern on the river-side with four knights accompanying her, made her way to Abingdon on foot, and there took horse to Wallingford. As the Tower rises almost sheer from the stream, Matilda's adventure must have begun from near its foot.

A short flight of steps leads down to the crypt of the Chapel of St. George. It may be remarked here that this must be a very early instance of such a dedication. In spite of the popular idea of "St. George for England", there are but very few instances of the use of "George" as a Christian name much before the fifteenth century,

THE CASTLE TOWER

and even then it is rare, so that this saint was evidently not very popular in the Middle Ages, although, in the reign of Edward III he was made Patron Saint of England instead of Edward the Confessor. The Chapel of Windsor Castle, however, is also a Chapel of St. George.

The crypt was re-discovered (having apparently been forgotten) during the excavations of 1794. There are three bays, the vaulting, which abuts at the walls upon square heavy pilasters, being carried over the floor-space by six squat pillars with large capitals, four of which are carved in a rather primitive style, while two are plain. There is distinctly Saxon character in the carving, but modern archaeology would interpret this to mean no more than that d'Oigli employed local masons on the building.

Apart from the siege in the time of King Stephen, the Castle had played but a small part in history, and from the time of Henry III has been chiefly used as a prison. During the Middle Ages it was not required as a royal residence, as palaces had been built at Woodstock and Beaumont. During the seventeenth-century Civil Wars it was garrisoned but military activities lay to the north and east of the City. It was surrendered to Fairfax in 1646, when the City capitulated, and occupied by a Parliament garrison, but from 1652 onwards the defences were neglected and the whole place fell into ruin.

ENVOY

WE have seen some, though few of the countless things which "do renown this city", moved by the old and lofty instinct of mankind to see whatever is rare, ancient, famous, and beautiful. Lofty one may suppose that instinct to be. When at school we did not learn which is the *lowest* mountain in the world or the *smallest* river in England, or relish stories of the most cowardly or most wicked men in history. When grown up we do not normally desire to see the ugliest city in the world or the most infamous district. If we desire the opposite of these things I suppose it is because of some craving in our nature for things which are great and excellent. Yet it is a deficiency in us to delude ourselves as to our motives and to miss the deeper things. Pretending that we are "educating" ourselves, we visit places of historical interest, hasten to the birthplace or tombs of poets, and inspect cathedrals, but we rarely consider or seek to understand the real significance of those places; we do not read the poetry of the poet; we do not understand the history which invests monuments with interest; we do not trouble overmuch about the religion of which churches are an outward sign. A man who should never have moved from his native village, but who had read and appreciated a play of Shakespeare or a poem of Milton or of Keats, would be a more educated man than he who travels many miles to Stratford, Chalfont, or Hampstead out of mere curiosity to see a house in which a famous poet lived.

In sightseeing we are really enjoying ourselves under the guise of "improving our minds," just as in the Middle

Ages under the guise of religion people enjoyed themselves on pilgrimages, as witness Chaucer's " Wife of Bath " :

> And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem;
> She hadde passed many a straunge streame:
> At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne;
> In Galice at seint Jame, and at Coloigne:
> She coude muche of wandering by the waye:

Was it because of piety she had travelled so often and so far ? Let us give her credit for some religion, little though it appeared in her doings, but even so it is clear that she travelled for pleasure; she liked journeys, the gossip, the drink, the jests, the jollity; she wanted to be in the fashion of the times, to be able to talk afterwards of all the places she had been to. So it is with us after the fashion of *our* times; we enjoy travel and sight-seeing, we like to say that we have seen this and that. And there is no harm in that, provided that we do not think that by viewing externals we have sufficiently enriched our minds, and need not trouble further. It would be well if all who visit Oxford and appreciate its beauty and its famous history would reflect as they go homeward whether it is a mere museum of antiquities, only a collection of interesting buildings, or whether it does not embody principles and ideals which should be made more widely known and be more admired than its edifices, which contain the University as the body houses the mind and the spirit of man.

The world is apt to think Oxford narrow-minded, to regard its inhabitants as too much immersed in the petty politics of the place, as so bent on the details of scholarship as to be out of sympathy with unlettered humanity, and blind to the wide horizons and more splendid visions of life. There is some weight in such an accusation, but let us consider for a moment another side of the matter. If Oxford is narrow-minded, is not the world shallow-minded, ever using catch-phrases which it does not understand, ever deceived by charlatans, prone

to materialism, apt to lend its ear to those who shout loudest, disposed to be thoughtless, unbalanced and uncritical ?

Oxford stands for a high quality of work : it realizes that education does not consist in a mere accumulation of facts, and that facts are only material on which to train a critical and disciplined mind ; it protests against superficial and hasty thinking, and demands thoroughness and exactness ; it is very tolerant of all views and opinions which are based on real knowledge and are the outcome of genuine thought. It is a place where is to be found the nearest approach to true democracy, and where the greatest amount of liberty in the real sense of the word is to be found. As little regard is paid here to birth and wealth as anywhere in the world, for both junior and senior members of the University value their fellows by their mental or athletic qualities without caring or even knowing what their wealth or social position may be. It is a place where all sorts and conditions of men are gathered together, and it is personal qualities by which individuals are judged. Rules and regulations there are, as there must be, in any society ; but any college tutor would say that the lightest part of his work is the enforcing of discipline, for it is well understood by those subject to them that the rules are necessary, and are such as allow of the greatest possible freedom to the individual. In fact, custom and tradition and common sense are here much more binding than regulations ; there is a vague but reasonable standard of behaviour to which the inhabitants of the place conform, and if an individual does not observe that standard, it is public opinion which will discipline him much more than official reproach and punishment.

Above all and in sum total, Oxford signifies that the mind is a thing more valuable than matter, that a right judgment and a right behaviour are precious things in human society, and therefore, Oxford is a bulwark against barbarism. It is sometimes thought that barbarism

is a clearly definable thing which will assail us at some obvious time, but the truth is that barbarism is *always* assailing civilization, and that within the walls of civilization barbarians are always present like traitors within the gates. The weapons of barbarism are not always the spectacular ones of fire and sword and material destruction: there are countless persons, apparently respectable, who drive about in motor-cars, accept the laws of the community and live peaceable lives, but are yet so vulgar, so blind to beauty, so neglectful of the higher qualities of life that, compared with them, Attila was probably a cultured gentleman. We are apt to think that civilization will end in some cataclasmic happening, in war, plague or invasion, but it is much more likely to be gradually sapped away and become decayed through the agency of those who are ignorant, thoughtless, ignoble and ungentle. The struggle between civilization and barbarism is always going on; even in Oxford there are enemies, those members of the University who think meanly and do not follow its best traditions, those citizens who pull down beautiful things and make their town ugly, solely in order to get more money or by reason of mere vanity.

A full defence of Oxford would be a matter of great labour, not that arguments would be difficult to find, but because the apologia would involve the profundities of life and thought. "Flat and flexible truths are beat out by every hammer; but Vulcan and his whole forge sweat to work out Achilles his armour." There is but poor smithy-work in these brief pages, and this book is not designed for the construction of defensive armour; but let all who come to this place consider whether it is not one of the fortresses of the powers of light.

We have finished our tour and are come now to the railway station from which so many who have loved Oxford well have departed, taking a last look of it as the wheels of the train, singing a queer chant, draw them quickly away to new places and to destinies as yet unknown.

Many have resentfully wondered that buildings, the work of men's hands, should last so long, so long remain unchanged, while men themselves endure for so little a while, and in that short space change so much. There would be but little regret to leave the place were it only a city of buildings; the ache is at leaving the beauty, the good fellowship, the wisdom, the bright days of which they are as it were but symbols. But now there comes in the great green engine from the west, and as it goes stately by you may see that it is named *The Morning Star*—name of good omen, for it does not do to look back too much; we must for ever set our faces to the dawn: remembering the past, we must look forward still to the chances and adventures which new days shall bring.

OXFORD FROM THE WEST
FROM A WATER-COLOUR BY PETER DE WINT (1784-1849) IN THE POSSESSION OF THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

NOTE

THE writing of a book of this kind is necessarily somewhat of a predatory expedition; therefore the author here wishes to confess what chief books he has looted for information, and to express his indebtedness to the authors of the following: the whole series of "College Histories", published by F. E. Robinson; "The Colleges of Oxford", by Andrew Clark; "The Old Colleges of Oxford", by Aylmer Vallance; "Oxford and Its Colleges", by J. Wells; several books in the series published by The Oxford Historical Society, especially "The Life and Times of Anthony Wood" and "Oxford Topography"; "Oxford Gardens" and "Early Science in Oxford", both by R. T. Günther; "Wren and Tom Tower", by W. D. Caröe; "Oxford", by Cecil Headlam; "Oxford Outside the Guide-books", by F. Madan; "Oxford Cathedral", by the Rev. Percy Dearmer and a book of the same title by S. A. Warner; "The Story of Architecture in Oxford Stone", by E. A. G. Lamborn; "Somerville College", by Mrs. Mansfield and Miss Byrne; "Some Oxford Libraries", by Strickland Gibson; "A Bodleian Guide for Visitors", by Andrew Clark; "A History of the Oxford Museum", by H. M. Vernon and Dorothea Vernon; "The Historic Names of the Streets and Lanes of Oxford", by H. E. Salter; "Shakespeare and the Universities", by F. S. Boas; "Reminiscences" of Oxford, by H. V. Cox, Dr. Tuckwell, and those, recently published, by A. H. Sayce; "The Early Life and Education of John Evelyn", by Maynard Smith; "Brief Lives", by John Aubrey, edited by Andrew Clark. The first two volumes of Sir Charles Mallet's admirable "History of the University of Oxford" appeared when this work was more than half finished, but it has been of great help. This list is scarcely exhaustive: to give information generously, to allow free use of their printed works, is a

virtue conspicuous among the members of the University, and the author fears that he has left many debts and kindnesses unacknowledged.

Mr. E. H. New has kindly read the script of this work and has put at the author's disposal the wide and minute knowledge of Oxford colleges which he has acquired whilst at work on his well-known series of drawings.

Mr. A. S. Owen has done me the good service of reading the proofs. Finally, I am very sensible of my good fortune in obtaining for the book the admirable water-colour illustrations drawn by my friend Mr. Knapp-Fisher.

L. R. O.

Keble College,
Oxford.

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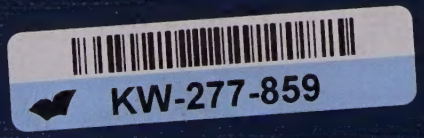
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